D'Youville College

J64

Dark Brown

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1904.

MAR 28

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THE POETS
AND
POETRY OF BUFFALO

EDITED BY

JAMES N. JOHNSTON

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BUFFALO, NEW YORK
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THIS BOOK
IS DEDICATED TO THE
BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY,
AS A
SLIGHT CONTRIBUTION TO ONE IMPORTANT PART
OF THE LOCAL HISTORY
WHICH IT LABORS TO PRESERVE.

PREFACE

An anthology of Buffalo verse has long been talked of and much of the plentiful material for such a collection has been hitherto pointed out. The late David Gray, in articles written for his journal, *The Buffalo Courier*, referred to some of the poets of his time. Mr. Frank H. Severance, while editor of *The Buffalo Sunday Express*, gave considerable attention to our local poets, and in a paper on "The Authors of Buffalo," contributed by him to the publications of The Buffalo Historical Society, named a number of our writers of verse. Papers at different times have been read before our local literary societies on the poets of Buffalo. Mr. Charles Wells Moulton, in his *Magazine of Poetry*, especially in what he named *The Buffalo Number*, gave a selection of poems from Buffalo authors. All these helped to stimulate in many minds a desire to see more from the writings of our local poets brought together in one representative book.

It has not been difficult for my friends to persuade me to undertake the gratifying of that desire; for I have watched the flowering of this native verse with a very warm interest from the early years of my life in Buffalo, when I began acquaintance with men and women in the older circles of those to whom poetry is a delight.

About half a century ago my mother, the late

Jane Nichol Johnston, began a scrap-book hoarding of poems which pleased her, including such local verse, from newspaper print, as she and I thought worthy of preservation. These scrap books, some of them now falling in pieces, have made the nucleus and the principal source of the present collection. Other sources have been opened to me by Mr. Henry R. Howland, Miss Phoebe Vail Salisbury and Miss Marietta Salisbury, Mr. Charles D. Marshall, Mr. John McManus, Mr. George Alfred Stringer, and others. I have been diligent, too, in gleaning from the files of the city press, especially from such literary periodicals as, now and then, have had a brief existence here. Authors, or their living representatives, have given cordial assistance to my work, and publishers who own copyright in many of the poems chosen have been generous in permitting them to be used. Due acknowledgment of the latter courtesy is made in another place.

In forming the collection my greatest difficulties have arisen from the abundance of the material at command. I have found it far beyond my expectation. It surprises one to find how many volumes of verse, public and private, by poets connected in some way with Buffalo, have been put into print. Certainly the number exceeds two score. As David Gray once remarked, our poets begin in the newspapers, then appear in the magazines, and end often by publishing a book. Considering that, three or four generations ago, the ancestors of two-thirds of our present population

did not speak our English tongue, and that we are a commercial and manufacturing community, engaged strenuously in material enterprises, we may feel some reasonable pride in the field of poetry from which these gleanings are made.

I have aimed to make my selection representative in a comprehensive way; not limited to a few of our foremost poets, but extended to less ambitious verse, where it has a merit of its own, or where it is significant of the taste and culture of former times. The poems of the Honorable Jesse Walker, going back into the thirties, have a peculiar value aside from being the first book of printed Buffalo poetry coming under my notice. I have taken some poems because of their historical or personal associations, and a few — which include a small number of my own pieces — at the request of friends. This may be deemed excusable in a book not prepared for general public sale, nor for any pecuniary profit to the editor. Many of the writers represented in the book were or are my personal friends, and it has been a labor of love to bring their work together in a single volume.

The proportion of space allotted to the writers severally is not to be taken always as the measure, in my judgment, of the value of their verse. Historical and other considerations have entered into the apportionment of space. Nor must it be supposed that writers omitted are thought to be unworthy of a place in the book. A few whom I intended to reach, but did not, have written poems that are superior to some that are here.

My thanks are due to the many who have assisted me in this work; primarily to those who encouraged and aided its publication,—to Mrs. John C. Glenny, whose fine taste has added beauty to the book, and above all to my mother, Jane Nichol Johnston, whose aid in the selection and preservation of our local poetry made it possible for me to undertake the present collection.

J. N. J.

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Selections from the works of the Rt. Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe.

Also the editor would express his obligations to all authors included in this collection, or their legal representatives, for copyright poems, or those not copyrighted, whether published in books, otherwise printed, or hitherto unpublished.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Adam, Thekla, ... 434
Albertson, Rev. Charles Carroll, ... 375
Almy, Frederic, ... 270–273
Annan, Annie R. (Mrs. William H. Glenny), . . 166–180
Annan, J. V. W., ... 112
Arey, Mrs. H. E. G., ... 34–42
Austin, Arthur W., ... 212–217
Austin, Mary Evelyn, ... 267–269
Balfour, Grace, ... 241
Barker, James W., ... 226–228
Becker, Charlotte, ... 422–428
Bigelow, Allen Gilman, ... 256–260
Bigelow, Walter Storrs, ... 360, 361
Browne, Irving, ... 246–255
Burroughs, Ellen. (See Jewett, Sophie.) . . .
Burtis, Mary E., ... 218, 219
Burwell, Dr. Bryant, ... 13
Chandler, Bessie (Mrs. LeRoy Parker), . . . 341–344
Chester, Anson G. 66–77
Christy, Edward, ... 15,16
Conway, Katherine E., ... 280–285
Coxe, Rt. Rev. A. Cleveland, ... 203–211
Cronin, Rev. Patrick, ... 293–299
Cutter, Edith Eaton, ... 406–408
Davenport, Esther C., ... 236–238
Ditto, Mrs. John A. (See McKenna, Margaret.) . .
Dixon, Master, ... 1, 2
Dowling, Jane F. (Mrs. Robert B. Foote), . . . 435
Emerson, Agnes D., ... 43, 44
Fernald, Hannah G., ... 402
Ferris, Ellen M., ... 242–245
Ferris, Jessie Storrs, ... 403–405
Foote, Mrs. Robert B. (See Dowling, Jane F.) . .
Fulton, Linda de K., ... 220, 221
Gilder, Richard Watson, ... 429, 430
Gildersleeve, Rachel Buchanan, (Mrs. Gildersleeve Longstreet), ... 45–48

Glenny, Aline, ... 431
Glenny, Mrs. William H. (See Annan, Annie R.) . .
Gluck, Effie Dunreith (Mrs. James Fraser Gluck), . 235
Goetz, Philip Becker, ... 438–440
Gray, David, ... 152–165
Gray, David, Jr., ... 395–398
Green, Anna Katharine (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs), . 196–202
Grote, Augustus Radcliffe, ... 130
Hadley, Clara A., ... 127–129
Hartzell, Rev. J. Hazard, ... 115–119
Hauenstein, Minnie Ferris, ... 277–279
Hibbard, George, ... 318
Hosmer, James Kendall, ... 109–111
Hosmer, W. H. C., ... 239, 240
Howard, Emily M., ... 393, 394
Howland, Henry R., ... 337–340
Hubbell, Mark S., ... 355–359
Hutcheson, Helen Thayer, ... 380–384
Jewett, Sophie (Ellen Burroughs), ... 366–369
Johnston, James N., ... 144–151
Jones, Amanda T., ... 93–106
Kellar, Elizabeth, ... 107–108
Kendall, Ada Davenport, ... 326–328
Keyes, Willard E., ... 377
King, S. Cecilia Cotter (Mrs. Wm. A. King), . . 436, 437
Kittinger, M. J., ... 224, 225
Larkin, Frances Hubbard, ... 391, 392
Larned, Anne Murray, ... 410, 411
Leeming, Emily Howland, ... 415–417
Letchworth, Josiah, ... 222, 223
Letchworth, Sarah Evans, ... 414
Longstreet, Mrs. Gildersleeve. (See Gildersleeve, Rachel Buchanan.) . . . . . .
Lord, Emily Bryant, ... 55
Lord, Rev. John C., D. D., ... 49–54
Loton, Jabez, ... 120–124
MacColl, Mary J., ... 274–276
MacManus, Theodore Francis, ... 370–374
McGee, Thomas D'Arcy, ... 20–25

McIntosh, William, ... 286–292
McKenna, Margaret (Mrs. John A. Ditto), . . . 14
Mahany, Rowland B., ... 345–348
Marshall, Charles D., ... 86–92
Martin, Charlotte Rosalys, ... 376
Metcalfe, James S., ... 441
Mills, J. Harrison, ... 78–83
Mixer, Mary E., ... 125–126
Montgomery, Carrie Judd, ... 319–325
Nichols, Walter Clark, ... 378–379
O'Connor, Joseph, ... 229–234
Olmsted, Mrs. Elizabeth M., ... 132–135
Parke, Charles S., ... 307, 308
Parker, Mrs. LeRoy. (See Chandler, Bessie.) . .
Peterson, Dr. Frederick, ... 309–317
Powers, Rose Mills, ... 412, 413
Ripley, Mary A., ... 136–143
Roberts, Caroline Mischka, ... 432, 433
Robinson, Grant P., ... 113, 114
Rogers, Robert Cameron, ... 445–462
Rohlfs, Mrs. Charles. (See Green, Anna Katharine.) .
Salisbury, Guy H., ... 26–33
Severance, Frank H., ... 300–306
Shalloe, Agnes, ... 362–365
Shea, John Charles, ... 261–266
Sprague, Carleton, ... 442, 443
Stillson, Jerome B., ... 84, 85
Stuart, Matilda H., ... 58–65
Thompson, Mary Norton, ... 131
Tracy, A., ... 17–19
Underhill, Irving S., ... 399–401
Van Fredenberg, Henry A., ... 329–336
Wade, Blanche Elizabeth, ... 388–390
Wade, Elizabeth Flint, ... 385–387
Walker, Honorable Jesse, ... 3–12
Wentworth, David, ... 56, 57
Wilcox, Marrion, ... 418–421
Wright, William B., ... 181–195
Young, Julia Ditto, ... 349–354

MASTER DIXON*

A NEW SONG

Composed in Commemoration of the Completion of the Grand Erie Canal.

Ye brethren dear, who now unite
In this grand scene of pure delight,
We now have reached the glorious height,
The level of Lake Erie.

The waters of the east and west,
The Hudson, Mohawk, and the rest,
In sweet communion now are blest;
They mingle with Lake Erie.

This day we all rejoice to meet;
The glorious work is now complete,
The mountain's levelled at our feet,—
Is levelled with Lake Erie.

Accomplished is the grand design,
The work of Level, Square and Line;
O! Masonry, the art was thine,
To triumph o'er Lake Erie.

Where is the nation that can show
Such streams as through our mountains flow
To the Atlantic, far below
The level of Lake Erie?

* This song was printed in the form given here, on a broad sheet of silk, at the time of the celebration of the opening of the Erie Canal, 1825. Nothing is known of the writer.

The work of many a freeman's hand,
A brave, a bold, a noble band—
The guardians of this happy land,
The conquerers of Lake Erie.

Buffalo,—O! who can ever view
These works so grand, these scenes so new,
And not admire, and love thee, too,
Thou child of ancient Erie?

Around thy paths I love to roam,
For every house is here a home;
I bless the hour when first I come
To meet with thee and Erie.

O! who will not this day rejoice,
And lift on high his grateful voice?
Come—men and women, girls and boys,
Shout for Buffalo and Lake Erie!

This happy day shall ever be
Remembered as a jubilee;
The Lakes, the Rivers, join the Sea,
The Ocean weds Lake Erie.

HONORABLE JESSE WALKER

INVOCATION TO GENIUS

Extract.

CHILD of the skies! spark of celestial fire!
Yet doomed on earth awhile in man to burn
With bright and transient gleams and then expire,
Thy reign no bounds—thy flight has no return.
Thy course, forever onward, cannot learn
The mystery of thy being; nor thought define,
Nor yet the workings of thyself discern.
Must Reason then o'er thee her power resign,
Nor hope to know thy destiny—thy source divine?

Waked into birth by Nature's kindly care,
And from his silent slumbers roused to fill
The measure of the soul, who shall declare
The limits of that high, mysterious skill
That taught the noblest powers of mind distill
From Nature's works their sweets, nor yet to find
Throughout the valley, verdant plain, or hill,
A spot whereon to rest in peace resigned,
But yet must rove through all creation unconfined.

Such is the flight that Genius takes around
The viewless regions of the boundless skies,
That naught of sight remains unseen, or sound
Unheard in all the lovely tones that rise
In song, or scenes designed for mortal eyes;

But various views and harmonies combined
By Nature's plastic hand, with glad surprise
Do charm the finer feelings of the mind,
And blend in that consistent piece, by Heaven designed.

Borne on the ceaseless wing of Time along,
Like burning stars that shoot athwart the sky,
Now seen to fall, and now his course prolong—
Now to depart, yet ever linger nigh—
Immortal Genius wings his way on high,
While Reason's powers her brightest gems display,
At first to shine, and then in darkness die;
The vast extent of earth and air survey,
Nor yet the laws of matter or of mind obey.

His ever kind regard no favorite knows;
The friend of all—of every art the pride—
Alike on rich and poor his smile bestows,
And gives to them the boon by wealth denied.
To him imagination opens wide
Her shining gates, and quick appears a scene
With every sight, and sound, and sense supplied,
Where gentle rivers roll the hills between,
And shades and fragrant flowers adorn the vales of green.

. . . . . .

Let Genius here his nobler powers display—
With living laurels crown the Statesman's fame;
Let Liberty here shine with purest ray,
And youthful Patriots guard the sacred flame!

HONORABLE JESSE WALKER

Here let the Muse's deathless notes proclaim
The beauty of the bright and glittering gems
That shine around immortal Franklin's name,
Till every tongue the ruthless hand contemns
That tears one wreath from off our nation's diadems.

Let Virtue's consecrated temple rise
From its broad basis to the lofty spire;
Of genius claim the holy sacrifice
That Love, and Hope, and Truth divine inspire.
Let Folly, Sin, and Crime in shame retire;
Let proud Oppression meet his fearful doom,
And hated Vice with mournful sighs expire;
Let Freedom live the while in vernal bloom,
And sing her solemn dirge around the Patriot's tomb!

LET LOVE ABIDE FOREVER

Let Love abide forever!
Thus did Affection sing—
Thus wrote the faithful lover
Upon a golden ring;
He gave it to his love—
She vowed to keep it ever;
Witnessed the stars above—
"Let Love abide forever!"

Let Love abide forever,
Nor think the date too long;

In vain might Time endeavor
To swell its sweetest song.
I'm bound to thee with bonds
Which earth may not dissever;
Thy look of love responds
"Let Love abide forever!"

Let Love abide forever!
Though mourning on us come
And sorrows round us hover,
Love rest upon our home.
When in affliction's hour
May holy friendship ever
Exclaim with softening power,
"Let Love abide forever!"

Let Love abide forever;
It was not born to die!
Who shall its life recover,
When falls its dying sigh?
Yes—Love shall live, though death
Our earthly ties should sever,
And sigh our dying breath,
"Let Love abide forever!"

SATURDAY EVENING

The work of labor now is done, and rest
Awaits the happy millions that repose
Upon the lap of ease. Content is there,
To whisper of the promises of Hope—

Of Hope, the bright-winged messenger of peace.
For who, that meets this hour aright, but feels
An inward flow of joy which lifts the soul
To elevated themes and holy thoughts,
Meant for the morrow? Him I envy not
Who would not claim these feelings as his own.
Not all unpleasing is the evening walk,
The gaze upon the stars, whose steady eyes
Have never failed of lustre since the day
The Great Eternal bathed the world in light.
The moon, more proud, but less sublime, walks up
The sky and boasts her brighter than the clouds,
Whose shade but helps to give her glory. These,
The balmy air, the crickets' song, and all
The soft accordances of evening, mould
The thoughts in harmony; but he who views
This scene alone, can see and feel but half
The beauty. Happy he that knows there's one
Who would be with him in this quiet hour.

THE HEARTHSTONE

Pro Aris et Focis.—Cicero.

Deep in the solitude
Of the darkened wood,
Where never hut had stood,
With hammer alone,
Fast by a ledge of rocks,
A man of youthful locks,
With oft repeated knocks
Had shaped a hearthstone.

With trunks of trees, he there,
In rudely measured square,
Built up a cottage where
She he loved would come;
With lusty arm and lone,
He raised and bore the stone,
While Hope alone looked on,
To his rustic home.

Years have passed away;
'Tis a bright morn in May;
Children are at play—
A daughter and son.
A happy home is there,
And the bright altar, where
Uprise both praise and prayer,
Is the old hearthstone.

Day swiftly follows day;
The world calls them away—
Those children at their play—
Sister and brother.
Far, far away they roam,
But back to blessings come,
To happy hearth and home,
For father, mother.

Another year has fled,
And one of these is dead;
For him a prayer is said,
Each day returning;
The other, aged grown,

HONORABLE JESSE WALKER

With widowed heart, alone,
Upon the old hearthstone
Keeps love's light burning.

And there, by day and night,
That flame of holiest light
She watcheth sweetly bright,
And will not falter.
O God! such love that gave,
When she is in the grave!
That ancient hearthstone save!
It is thine Altar.

ADDRESS SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF THE BUFFALO THEATER, JUNE 22, 1835

Extract.

HAIL to thee, City!—the home of the free!
Come thou, the child of the Drama to greet.
Hail to thy children as well as to thee!—
The child of the Drama, they joyous shall meet.
Ye, who have listened to the son of song,
While oft with angel-touch he swept the lyre;
Ye, who of music would the notes prolong,
Or feel the flame that Genius may inspire;
Ye, who would praise the arts divine, that make
The lifeless marble into being wake,
And to the canvas rude, the hues impart
That bid to life the form of beauty start—
Let noble sentiments your mind engage—
Salute ye now the Genius of the Stage!

The Drama comes, we trust, a welcome guest,
And owns your home the Mistress of the West.
Alive to finer feelings of the soul,
Let Genius now your willing hearts control.
And here may Virtue's purest spirit breathe
On him whose brow the laurels love to wreathe.
Let sympathy with sweet amusement flow,
To cheer, with blissful hopes, the heirs of woe.
Let Charity, the child of Heaven, descend—
In him she'll find a brother and a friend.
The orphan's grief he soothes with accents mild,
While yet he owns himself a joyless child.
O'er all the world is Genius doomed to roam—
With thee, fair City, may he find a home.
He chose thee from the little and the great,
The fairest daughter of the "Empire State."

TEHOSERORON*

O BEAUTIFUL and softly-flowing river,
The gentlest of the torrent's daughters,
Departed hath the forest-child forever
From the green margin of thy waters.

Thy banks of beauty once were clothed with wildness;
Of feeling, then, there was no coldness;
The bravest heart was tempered well with mildness,—
The weakest one full high with boldness.

*The Indian name of Buffalo River.

HONORABLE JESSE WALKER

No barge, with whitened sail, the lake was sweeping;
All round the shore the shades were waving;
The waters, now, within were sweetly sleeping,
And now the banks were softly laving.

The red man there his bark canoe was rowing,
And woman little ones caressing;
The beauteous flowers in wild luxuriance growing;
Great Spirit! thou didst give the blessing.

And when the warrior, from the chase returning,
Beheld his children's smiling brightness,
And holy love on fireside altars burning,
His bosom swelled with buoyant lightness.

Here breathed the poetry of love's devotion,
And burst the laugh of bounding gladness;
The spirit struggled here with deep emotion,
When dimmed its light a shade of sadness.

And when he felt the frost of age advancing,
The chieftain told his thrilling story
To fearless children round the war-fire dancing,
Of deeds that built the hero's glory.

When bound him Death, within his soothing slumbers,
His tomb unmarked by stone or willow,
Sung then his funeral dirge the wind's wild numbers,
The moss-grown rock his dying pillow.

Now perished hath his bright, ethereal vision;
The red man's glory hath departed;
Great Spirit! grant a sweet Elysium
To beings here but broken-hearted.

Mid blooming vales and gently rising mountains,
With ivory bow and golden quiver,
Give them, O Heaven, to drink at crystal fountains,
And hunt along the rolling river.

The arrow's point with string elastic throwing,
Give them to guide with aim unbending;
O happiness, in peaceful streamlets flowing,
Grant them the bliss of life unending.

BRYANT BURWELL

ON THE DEATH OF MARY BURWELL

FAREWELL, dear child — we humbly bow
To Heaven's decree, and yield thee now; —
But oh! what keen emotions rise,
While thus we make the sacrifice.

Forgive, sweet child, the falling tear;
Though brief has been thy life's career —
Yet in our hearts shall ever dwell
The thoughts of her we've loved so well.

We've seen thy infant dawn disclose,
Fair, as in June the opening rose; —
But sickness came, with withering blight,
And thou art gone to realms of light.

Parental love delights to trace
Thy mental beauty's nameless grace, —
With all th' affections deep and strong
That e'er to childhood could belong.

Farewell, dear Mary! — rest in peace; —
Thy parents' sorrow soon will cease;
To us, with thee, will then be given
The richest joys of pitying Heaven.

October 18, 1836.

MARGARET McKENNA

(Mrs. John A. Ditto)

LINES ON THE REMOVAL OF A FAVORITE TREE

Farewell, old Tree! mine eyes have seen
Their last of all thy strength and pride;
Gone are thy leaves and foliage green,
And all thy branches scattered wide;
Yet ere the spoiler's ruthless hand
Had dared thy beauty to efface
Thou wert the noblest of the land,
The loveliest, dearest of thy race.

How oft beneath thy spreading shade,
In childhood's merry, thoughtless hours,
With gentle spirits here I played,
And deemed thee coolest, best of bowers;
Within thy sheltering boughs the bird
Was wont to build her tiny nest,
The soft south breezes, too, have stirred
Thy leaves, and lulled my heart to rest.

Long years may pass, and still thy fate
Forever shall remembered be,
For linked with thee in social state
Are recollections dear to me.
May I, old Tree, when life has fled,
And earth receives its kindred clay,
Have one to drop upon my bed
The tears that memory loves to pay.

February 24, 1848.

EDWARD CHRISTY

BUFFALO GALS

As Published with the Music and Copyrighted by William Hall & Son, New York, in 1848.

As I was lumb'ring down de street,
Down de street,
Down de street,
A handsome gal I chanc'd to meet;
Oh! she was fair to view.
Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night?
Can't you come out to-night?
Can't you come out to-night?
Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night
And dance by de light ob de moon?

I ax'd her would she hab some talk,
Hab some talk,
Hab some talk,
Her feet covered up de whole sidewalk
As she stood close by me.
Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night?
Can't you come out to-night?
Can't you come out to-night?
Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night
And dance by de light ob de moon?

I ax'd her would she hab a dance,
Hab a dance,
Hab a dance,

I taught dat I might get a chance
To shake a foot wid her.
Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night?
Can't you come out to-night?
Can't you come out to-night?
Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night
And dance by de light ob de moon?

I'd like to make dat gal my wife,
Gal my wife,
Gal my wife,
I'd be happy all my life,
If I had her by me.
Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night?
Can't you come out to-night?
Can't you come out to-night?
Buffalo gals, can't you come out to-night
And dance by de light ob de moon?

A. TRACY

THE WOODSAWYER

By the crowded thoroughfare all day long
The Sawyer plies his trade;
Ever and aye to the passing throng
Sounding a solo, deep and strong,
From the cord-wood round him laid.

And a very notable wight he is,
That none may overslaugh;
We might forty times freeze, in a land like this,
And many things find to go all amiss,
But for him of the buck and saw.

Maple and birch, and the green beech wood,
He taketh them—straight or askew—
Each one at its worth, like his evil and good,
Nor worketh as one in a dainty mood
With the task he is set to do.

For an iron grip has the hand, I wot,
That driveth his keen-set blade;
And his mailed knee huggeth the log's rough butt
As if it were Poverty's self he'd got,
Like a victim fairly laid.

The splinter shrieks, and the knot provokes
His steel in its path, mayhap,
But deeper it sinks with his sturdy strokes

And the dusts pulse out, amid groans and chokes,
Till the last tough fibres snap.

You might deem in the crowds that come and go,
In an ever-shifting scene,
There were few on him a thought to bestow—
The old Woodsawyer, poor and low,
Plying a task so mean.

But in many a glance that him espied,
How did the envy lurk!
Oh, *he* had no heart from men to hide—
No honor lost—no thorning pride—
Nor was *he* ashamed to work!

Stick after stick, with a patient toil,
That heeds no passing thing,
Till his dusts spread ankle deep the soil,
And the lopt logs lay, like a noble spoil,
Heaped round in half a ring,

Ready to split and pile for a host
Of worthy uses free,—
For the week-day bake, and the Sunday roast,
And to boil the kettle and brown the toast,
When the ladies come for tea.

It may be, too, when the snows come on,
And the panes are feathered with cold,
To crackle and glow on the gray hearthstone,
Cheering the heart of the orphan one,
Or the beggar, poor and old.

A. TRACY

Little the Sawyer gets for his job,
But he hath a conscience true;
And the shilling he puts in his olden fob,
He knoweth he did not filch nor rob,
But earned as a Man may do.

That little, too, it serveth his ends,
And keepeth his state, and all;
For the Sawyer's worth among his friends
Is based no whit on the money he spends,
Or the lackeys at his call.

And who so lordly at eventide,
When he doth his good buck sling!
The crowd, I wot, before his stride,
Though they may not bow, will their ranks divide,
As soon as for a king!

His wife is glad when at last he comes,
And the wee ones at his knees;
They're not so stuffed with cakes and plums
As to sicken and fret—so he picks his crumbs,
And smokes his pipe in peace.

The Sawyer's saw! There be others instead,
From learned lips that fall;
But the plain old saw to earn his bread,
And a roof provide to shelter his head,
Is the noblest saw of all!

BUFFALO, March, 1849.

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE

THE LAUNCH OF THE GRIFFIN

Within Cayuga's forest shade
The stocks were set—the keel was laid—
Wet with the nightly forest dew,
The frame of that first vessel grew.
Strange was the sight upon the brim
Of the swift river, even to him,
The builder of the bark,—
To see its artifical lines
Festooned with summer's sudden vines,
Another New World's ark.

As rounds to ripeness manhood's schemes
Out of youth's fond, disjointed dreams,
So ripened in her kindred wood
That traveller of the untried flood
And often as the evening sun
Gleamed on the group, their labor done—
The Indian prowling out of sight
Of corded friar and belted knight—
He smiled upon them as they smiled,
The builders on the bark—their child!

The hour has come; upon the stocks
The masted hull already rocks—

The mallet in the master's hand
Is poised to launch her from the land.
Beside him, partner of his quest
For the great river of the West,
Stands the adventurous Recollet,
Whose page records that anxious day.
To him the master would defer
The final act—he will not bear
That any else than him who planned
Should launch the Griffin from the land.
In courteous conflict they contend,
The knight and priest, as friend with friend—
    In that strange, savage scene;
The swift blue river glides before,
And still Niagara's awful roar
    Booms through the vistas green.

And now the mallet falls, stroke—stroke—
On prop of pine and wedge of oak;
    The vessel feels her way;
The quick mechanics leap aside
As, rushing downward to the tide,
    She dashes them with spray.
The ready warp arrests her course
And holds her for awhile perforce,
While on her deck the merry crew
Man every rope, loose every clew,
    And spread her canvas free.

Away! 'tis done! the Griffin floats,
First of Lake Erie's winged boats—
Her flag, the *Fleur-de-lis*,
Gun after gun proclaims the hour,
As nature yields to human power;
And now upon the deeper calm
The Indian hears the holy psalm—
Laudamus to the Lord of Hosts!
Whose name unknown on all their coasts,
The inmost wilderness shall know,
Wafted upon yon wings of snow
That, sinking in the waters blue,
Seem but some lake-bird lost in view.

In old romance and fairy lays
Its wondrous part the Griffin plays;
Grimly it guards the gloomy gate
Sealed by the strong behest of Fate—
Or, spreading its portentous wings,
Wafts Virgil to the Court of Kings;
And unto scenes as wonderous shall
Thy Griffin bear thee, brave La Salle!
Thy winged steed shall stall where grows
On Michigan the sweet wild rose;
Lost in the mazes of St. Clair,
Shall give thee hope amid despair,
And bear thee past those Isles of dread
The Huron peoples with the dead,

Where foot of savage never trod
Within the precinct of his god; *
And it may be thy lot to trace
The footprints of the unknown race
Graved on Superior's iron shore,
Which knows their very name no more.

Through scenes so vast and wondrous shall
Thy Griffin bear thee, dear La Salle—
True Wizard of the Wild! whose art,—
An eye of power, a knightly heart,
A patient purpose silence-nursed,
A high, enduring, saintly trust—
Are mighty spells—we honor these,
Columbus of the inland seas!

THE IRISH WIFE

Earl Desmond's Apology.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands or life—
An outlaw—so I'm near her,
To love till death my Irish wife.

* The Manitoulin Isles, in Lake Huron, were supposed by the aborigines to be the special abode of the great *Manitou*, and were feared and reverenced accordingly.

Oh, what would be this home of mine—
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
Upon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort is a mine of gold—
What pleasure in a royal life,
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not wed my Irish wife?

I knew the law forbade the banns—
I knew my king abhorred her race—
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife—
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my star by night,
And twin-like, truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white.
My Irish wife has golden hair—
Apollo's harp had once such strings—
Apollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land;
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life—
In death I would lie near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.

GUY H. SALISBURY

MY MEERSCHAUM

We are friends together, we, my pipe and I;
In the wintry weather, we, my pipe and I,
By the happy fireside, as in days gone by,
Still commune together, we, my pipe and I.
In the sullen winter, when the snow is falling,
When the skies are clouded and the winds are calling,
We revive old pleasures—count our hidden treasures—
As a miser counts his gold, count we o'er the days of old—
Thus we count them over, we, my pipe and I.

A quaint old meerschaum is it, the bowl is carved exquisite,
A grim Turk's head 'tis wrought of, as grim as e'er was thought of—
The mouth-piece rarest amber, and its perfume fills my chamber,
Until with smoke 'tis murky, from fragrant weed of Turkey—
And we are friends together, this queer old pipe and I.
The fragrant clouds are murky, the Turk seems talking Turkey,
And thus talk we together, the rare old pipe and I.

Dearest friends have left me, much has time bereft
me,
But still we keep together, we, my pipe and I.
Cheerful firesides love we, as in days gone by.
When our fortunes vanish, cares they often banish!
If riches go we'll let them, we can soon forget them,
And scarcely shall regret them, we, my pipe and I.
Care we less for treasures than for social pleasures
With the friends still left us, we, my pipe and I.

When the smoke is curling, with its curious whirl-
ing,
Trace I, in the vapor, how our life's brief taper
Dimly burns and paleful, in the darkness baleful—
Burns and dies like thee, my pipe, —like my pipe
and I!
When the smoke is curling, mazy rings unfurling,
Just like love it seemeth, when the young heart
dreameth.
Is it thus love goeth, as its passion floweth?
And thus to thin smoke turneth even while it
burneth?
Think we thus together, we, my pipe and I.

"I SCARCE CAN DEEM IT TRUE"

WHENE'ER I meet some graceful girl
Whose mother once I knew,
In years long gone, when we were young,
I scarce can deem it true

That she has grown to womanhood,
Her child a woman, too!

And when I see a prattling babe
Upon its grandma's knee,
Who was my little playmate once,
Perhaps then loved by me,
It seems a dream—I musing gaze,
Half doubting, wonderingly!

The busy years have fled so fast,
I cannot deem them gone—
Though youth's companions too have passed,
While I have wandered on.
Alas! how oft their names are found
Upon the graveyard stone!

I stand upon the sandy shore
Where once I sought the wave,
And loved to hear the billows roar
That now my footsteps lave;
Where are my mates who sported there?
No answer gives the grave!

And still the years are crowding on,
Each leaves some friend behind,
Until my path is lonely now,
And scarcely can I find
Amid the throng that pass along
One link with human kind!

The golden sun is still the same,
Fair Nature's charms as new,

The wild-flower wears as sweet a smile,
  The sky as bright a blue—
But all things else so changed appear,
  I scarce can deem it true!

TO MOLLY

Little Molly! sprightly elf,
Frolicsome as mischief's self,
  Pure as moonlight,
  Glad as noonlight,
May thy heart ne'er yield to folly,
Charming, darling, little Molly!

In life's troubled times of sorrow,
When I dread the sad to-morrow,
Thy sweet presence gladness brings,
And baffled Care takes sudden wings—
For who would woo pale Melancholy
When dances in dear, bright-eyed Molly?

Only summers five have shed
Girlish graces o'er thy head,
Yet thou winnest love that never
Seeks those maidens fair, who ever
Flirt and flaunt—not Maud, nor Polly,
Kate, nor Jane, can vie with Molly!

Sober age loves childhood's smile,
That weary hours may well beguile;
Cheerily doth young heart's laughter
Cheat of gloom the dark hereafter.

E'en a hermit would be jolly,
For a day, with joyous Molly!

Little Molly! Youth to thee
Seems a constant holiday;
But life's griefs must come ere long,
As storms will hush the wild bird's song—
Yet heed not now, and dress thy "dolly,"
For swift flees girlhood, little Molly!

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BURNING OF THE AMERICAN HOTEL, JANUARY 25, 1865 *

Oh, Fiend of Fire!
Has not old Death enough who wait
Each step that enters at Life's gate—
Bloodhounds held in the leash of Fate,
Whose still feet never tire?

The Fiend of War—
Red Angel at Death's own right hand—
Rolls he not o'er the trembling land,
While troops behind, a myriad band,
His blood-dyed, crushing car?

The Fiend Disease,
With fearful mystic Pestilence,
Whose unseen stroke appals each sense,
Sparing nor Youth nor Innocence,
Nor maid on bended knees.

* The death of three young men of social prominence, James H. Sidway, William Henry Gillet, and George Henry Tifft, who were killed by a falling wall, while serving as volunteer firemen, caused this fire to be long remembered.

The Fiend of Want,
Who haunts the cabin of the Poor,
And enters at its humble door,
Filching away its scanty store,
With fingers cold and gaunt.

The Fiend of Crime,
Who lures within his toils of Sin
Each soul his hellish art can win—
And lost each soul who enters in!—
Fatal the serpent's slime!

Oh, Foes of Man!
Doth not, alas! such stern array
Call dreadful thoughts, with pale dismay,
In every heart of human clay?—
Rests not a fateful ban

On all who live
Within this world of saddest strife?
League not dire ills against our life,
Fell woes with which all paths are rife,
To hunt each fugitive?

Why, Fiend of Fire!
Bring crimson minions of the flame
Our chosen sons to fiercely claim—
To bind dear ones, of cherished name,
Upon thy funeral pyre?

Buffalo, Feb. 18, 1865.

BUFFALO

By Erie's blue and sparkling sea
The tangled forest grew,
And red men o'er the silver waves
Paddled the light canoe.
No pale-face then had sought its shore,
With rail, or steam, or venturous oar,
To wake the echoes there;
The wild beast ranged the solemn wood
To find in its dim solitude
His rude and lonely lair.

The white men came to make their homes
Amid the wilderness,
And back the savage tribes recede
As on the intruders press.
The forests sink—the plough's sharp edge
Soon cleaves the virgin soil,
And waving harvest-fields repay
The thoughtful sower's toil.
The village streets on every side
Their lengthened lines extend,
And dwellings rise, whose circling smoke
From household hearths ascend.

Fair Commerce comes and spreads the sail,
Her engines vex the tide,
And broad canals rich products bear
To Ocean's distant side.
Art comes and rears the stately pile—
Temples of the Living God—

And beauteous homes adorn the spot
Where savage men abode.

History her classic store outspreads,
And Genius wakes the lyre,
And workers shape their wondrous things
By forge and furnace fire.
A teeming city stands to-day
Where once the hamlet stood,
And lofty spires their shafts uprear
Where waved the sylvan wood.

No hoary seat of ancient lore
Hath here scholastic bowers,
But Learning yet hath many shrines
In this dear home of ours.
The people's sons, or rich or poor,
Her priceless boon may share,
And Wisdom's mines reward but toil
And earnest delvers there.

The future largest promise gives
Of glories yet to come,
And busy Toil shall fill our streets
With traffic's ceaseless hum.
"Excelsior" gleams upon the shield
Borne by our Empire State,
And its proud motto 'tis our aim
To grandly emulate!

MRS. H. E. G. AREY

EXTRACT FROM A POEM ENTITLED "MYSELF"

I always knew how many boughs
The latest tempest broke,
And just how far the woodpecker
Had girdled round the oak.

I knew the tree where slept the crows,
And, on the water's brim,
I climbed among the hemlock boughs
To watch the fishes swim.

I knew, beside the swollen rill,
What flowers to bloom would burst,
And where, upon the south-sloped hill,
The berries ripened first.

Each violet tuft, each cowslip green,
Each daisy on the lea,
I counted one by one—for they
Were kith and kin to me.

I knew the moles that dared to claim
The banished beavers' huts,
And sat on mossy logs to watch
The squirrels crack their nuts.

And they winked slyly at me, too,
But never fled away,
For in their little hearts they knew
That I was wild as they.

And always in the winter, too,
Before the breakfast time,
I wandered o'er the crusted snow
To hear the waters chime;

To see how thick the ice had grown,
And where the hasty spray
Its jewels o'er the shrubs had thrown
In such a curious way;

And in a little cavern where
The waters trickled through,
The shape of every icicle
That gemmed its sides I knew;

For there were hermits' huts, and towers,
And cities grand and gay,
And Alpine peaks and tropic flowers,
And fairer things than they;

For oft the sun came glinting through
The chinks some ice lens spanned,
And decked in many a rainbow hue
Those scenes of fairy land.

GENERAL RILEY

They bear him forth, they bear him forth,
And many a cheek is wet,
For throngs that mark a hero's worth
Shall hoard his memory yet;

And, linked with many a noble thought,
The tide of song shall swell
Aloft, the name of him who fought
His country's battles well,
And when the clash of war was o'er,
The wreath of victory proudly wore.

He sleeps at last, he sleeps at last!
On many a blood-stained plain
The death-winged volleys o'er him passed,
And from his brethren slain,
And from the desert's burning track,
And from the tropic sky,
He bore his crown of glory back,
Amid his friends to die.
Fold well his mantle round his breast,
And let the war-scarred hero rest.

His kindling eye shall flash no more
'Mid hosts for battle met;
His ear shall heed no cannon roar—
No bugle rouse him yet;
The heart that never quailed with fear
Where fields are lost and won
Hath met its own stern conqueror here;
The soldier's task is done.
The sword that blazed yon hosts amid
Lies sheathed upon his coffin lid.

Aye, pour your martial music forth—
Bring requiems for the dead,

And weep that from yon lonely hearth
A noble heart has fled.
The wild-wood trees above his tomb
Their victor-wreaths shall wave,
And flowers shall waste their early bloom
In fragrance round his grave.
Fold well his mantle round his breast,
And let the war-scarred hero rest.

RING, ROYAL BELLS

Ring royal bells—ring out great chime!
Thrill with your joy the glowing air!
Make jubilant this blissful time—
This hour of hours—this moment rare!
Ring royal bells! peal wide your notes,
O'er Richmond's town "Old Glory" floats!

Roar cannon! bid the hills resound!
Let every flag its folds display!
Repeat the good news round and round;
The cause of Freedom wins to-day!
Aye, pour it from your brazen throats,
O'er Richmond's walls "Old Glory" floats!

Ring bells! roar cannon! shout each tongue!
The chains have fallen! the free land lives!
Wide be your notes of music flung!
The Lord of Hosts our victory gives.
Peal on, nor let your clangor cease!
The victory that foreshadows Peace.

Oh! bid the welcome news God-speed,
Through every vale and hamlet lone,
On lightning wires, or foaming steed,
For be our God's great mercy known,
That to His name all praise may be
Who giveth us the Victory.

Their doom was sealed when Grant sat down,
With his broad brows, and drooping head,
Calmly before the Rebel town,
And wove his web with shining thread,—
The web that all their armies spanned
And palsied each rebellious hand.

Like icebergs that the sun has kissed,
With neither power to fight nor fly;
How have their hosts dissolved in mist,
Exhaled before his lion eye,
Till wild with joy the hills resound
With conquest sure our arms are crowned.

THANK GOD! THERE'S STILL A VANGUARD

THANK God! there's still a vanguard
Fighting for the right!
Though the throng flock to rearward,
Lifting, ashen white,
Flags of truce to sin and error,
Clasping hands, mute with terror,
Thank God! there's still a vanguard
Fighting for the right.

Through the wilderness advancing,
Hewers of the way;
Forward far their spears are glancing,
Flashing back the day.
"Back!" the leaders cry, who fear them;
"Back!" from all the army near them;
They with steady tread advancing,
Cleave their certain way.

Slay them—from each drop that falleth
Springs a hero armed;
Where the martyr's fire appalleth,
Lo! they pass unharmed;
Crushed beneath thy wheel, Oppression,
How their spirits hold possession,
How the dross-purged voice out-calleth,
By the death-throes warmed.

Thank God! there's still a vanguard
Fighting for the right!
Error's legions know their standard,
Floating in the light.
When the league of sin rejoices,
Quick outsing their rallying voices,—
Thank God! there's still a vanguard
Fighting for the right!

I'VE MET HER

I've met her many a day,
With a soft child-like footstep hurrying by,
And ever, like the summer's sunniest ray,
That vision flits before my raptured eye.

Morning's first beam
Portrays the image to my wakening sight,
And glorious still, in every changing dream,
She flits before me like a thing of light.

In color, like pale gold
Are the soft locks that round her forehead twine
And wreathe in many a bright and waving fold
The breeze-blown roses from her cheeks that shine.

A warm, pure smile she wears,
And the clear brow of one whose steps have trod
Along life's path, unwitting of its cares,
Half-way from infancy to womanhood.

And from her heaven-tinged eyes
A glance of confidence and love looks forth,—
The upward gushing of a fount that lies
Deep-hid, and guileless of the taints of earth.

The name she bears
I have not learned, nor questioned; 'tis enough
To gaze upon a face like that she wears,
And bear its memory on life's journey rough.

It makes a glow
In the sad, homeless heart, and bids it turn

Back from the crowded page of human woe,
And more of life's free, priceless blessings learn.

Like a kind word
To the faint pilgrim, on his weary way,
The warm heart-sunshine of her look hath stirred
My heart's sweet waters into joyous play.

What I have said—
That she hath breathed the breeze on Erie's shore,
And trod the walks that, day by day, I tread,
And quaffed the light,—this know I, and no more.

But there shall dwell,
Ever, a grateful feeling in my heart,
To those who trained that heaven-born soul so well
And Him who could such matchless grace impart.

For unto me
It hath been like the gifts of light, or air,
Or bursting flowers—more prized because I see
The holy smile of Heaven reflected there.

THE DEAD OFF CAPE RACE

The blanching wave along Cape Race in terror shrieks and foams,
While broods above the restless sea the Phantom of Despair;

The waves have quenched the love-light that lit a hundred homes;
The music of a myriad hearts lies hushed forever there.

And human sorrow o'er that spot full long shall watch and weep,
And hear again its moan of Death—its trumpet-blast of woe,
Though still the sun in beauty rides above that charnel deep—
That ship that hath the waves above, and gallant hearts below.

Calmly to that baptismal font of future life they went,
For whom the welcome fires were lit by earthly hearthside fair.
A rush of spirit wings proclaimed their flight far heavenward bent,
And wherefore keeps that sullen sea its croakings of despair?

Ah, swiftly closed Death's temple-vail, and Heaven hath shut them in,
And to the fiery storm of grief the quivering heart lies bare;
While white with terror on Cape Race still foams the sounding main,
The love-light of a hundred homes lies quenched forever there.

AGNES D. EMERSON*

I SIT ALONE

Rainy is the sky!
And the winds are blowing cool
Over the splashing pool,
The clayey ooze and the drowned grass,
And lashing the lengths of rain, as they pass,
Like scourges against my window glass,
With many a sough and sigh.
And here I sit alone,
Though the world is a full, and a broad, and a deep
With nothing but winds to help me moan,
And nothing but rains to help me weep.

My heart, like that strange druidical stone
That is poised on a desolate cliff in Wales,
In its native midnight, unseen and unknown,
Is rocked by passionate gales.
But of all my sorrows, it is most sad
To keep sighing still, in this dreary tone:
"I once had friends—I had—I had!"
Ah, heart! to think that this dark old house
Once echoed with voices and steps more glad
Than those of the cricket and the mouse!
My eyes are tear-blinded, but full are my ears
Of a melancholy sound of rain—
Of rain upon the roof;

* Probably an assumed name. The writer is unknown.

Till I dream that all moments which filled the
train
Of many and many departed years,
Are hurried back, at my soul's behoof—
On airy bridges I hear them cross,
Those numberless little trampling feet—
Above me they go with a rapid beat,
And my heart is o'erflowed with a sudden sweet.
Now—now to recover all its loss!
Now—now—and I almost think to meet
The old-time glances of laughing eyes,
Till the loud wind wakes, with its startling sighs,
The thought that never dies:
That here I sit alone,
Though the world is a full, and a broad, and
a deep,
With nothing but winds to help me moan,
And nothing but rains to help me weep.

RACHEL BUCHANAN GILDERSLEEVE

Later Mrs. Gildersleeve Longstreet

HOMESICK

Homesick for the waves' low murmur by blue
Erie's pebbled shore,
Homesick for the vines that clamber lovingly
about my door,
Homesick for familiar faces that will smile on me
no more.
Homesick for the days now ended, passed from
sunshine into gloom,
Homesick in this stately palace, where a fettered
child I roam;
Homesick in the frescoed grandeur for my dear old
cottage home.
Homesick for the silent voices—tones whose
melody has ceased,
Homesick in this worldly bondage, struggling to
be released;
Homesick at this splendid banquet, longing for a
simpler feast.
Homesick for the dewy roses—roses are not
fragrant here,
Homesick for the stars above them—*there* they
seem so very near,
Bending downward in the twilight; now they
glitter far and drear.

And the arras of the present lifts its foldings in my sleep,
And the blossoms, stars and loved ones waft me benedictions deep,
And the morning, nor the real, cannot clutch the kiss I keep.
Necromancers, weird and pitying, take me back in dreams to dwell,
Soothe my lonely, homesick spirit—string the lute and mend the shell;
And I sing, and sing, and listen, under memory's subtle spell.

SUMMERS THAT WERE

White ripples rose up with a low, sweet song,
And music swept over my young heart's core;
They chanted and laughed the green summer long,
And they'll ripple and chant no more, no more!

They petted the shells on the low, sloped shore,
Those waves with a silvery, floating fringe;
And brought to them hues from coraline caves,
To give to their lips a rosier tinge.

How silent I sit in the spring's soft glow,
And leashes of light, and violets stir,
Bring back, with the deep sea's musical flow,
Memory's mirage of summers that were.

Weird minnesingers, whom nobody hears,
Faces of angels whom nobody sees,

Bring me the summers long buried with tears,
And tell their days over in moments like these.

Blow, blow to me, south wind, bring my dreams back,
With surging of ocean, and sea-shell's hum,
Then manna shall drop on my desolate track,
And out from the vanished years, happiness come.

O ripples, rise up with your low, soft song!
Sweet music, sweep over my sad heart's core!
'Twill seem like the tones of that jubilant throng,
Who drifted from life, leaving me on the shore.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MRS. LOFTY AND I

MRS. LOFTY keeps a carriage,
So do I;
She has dappled greys to draw it,
None have I;
With my blue-eyed, laughing baby
Trundling by,
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers,
Mine has not;
He could give his bride a palace—
Mine, a cot;

Her's comes home beneath the starlight—
Ne'er cares she;
Mine comes in the purple twilight,
Kisses me,
And prays that He who turns life's sands,
Will hold his loved ones in His hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels,
So have I;
She wears her's upon her bosom—
Inside, I;
She will leave her's at Death's portals,
Bye and bye;
I shall bear my treasures with me
When I die;
For I have love and she has gold—
She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.

She has those who love her,—station,
None have I;
But I've one true heart beside me,—
Glad am I;
I'd not change it for a Kingdom,
No, not I;
God will weight it in His balance,
Bye and bye;
And the difference define
'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

Rev. JOHN C. LORD, D.D.

BUFFALO

Queen of the Lakes, whose tributary seas
Stretch from the frozen regions of the North
To southern climates, where the wanton breeze
O'er field and forest goes rejoicing forth,

As Venice to the Adriatic Sea
Was wedded in her brief, but glorious day,
So broader, purer waters are for thee,
To whom a thousand streams a dowry pay.

What tho' the wild winds o'er thy waters sweep,
While lingering Winter howls along thy shore,
And solemnly "deep calleth unto deep"
While storm and cataract responsive roar.

'Tis music fitting for the brave and free,
Where enterprise and commerce vex the waves;
The soft, voluptuous airs of Italy
Breathe among ruins, and are woo'd by slaves.

Thou art the sovereign city of the lakes,
Crowned and acknowledged; may thy fortunes be
Vast as the domain which thine empire takes,
And onward, as thy waters to the sea.

NEW CEMETERY NEAR BUFFALO

Place for the dead—
Not in the noisy city's crowd and glare,
By heated walls and dusty streets, but where
The balmy breath of the free summer air
Moves murmuring softly o'er the new-made grave,
Rustling among the boughs which wave
Above the dwellers there.

Rest for the dead—
Far, far from the turmoil and strife of trade,
Let the broken house of the soul be laid,
Where the violets blossom in the shade,
And the voices of nature do softly fall
O'er the silent sleepers all—
Where rural graves are made.

Room for the dead—
Away from the crowded and ghastly caves,
Where the dead lie heaped and the thick-strewn graves
Do jostle each other like following waves—
In the place where earth's broad bosom yields,
Room for the dead, in woods and fields,
Which dying nature craves.

Place for the dead—
In the quiet glen where the wild vines creep,
And the desolate mourner may wait and weep,
In some silent place, o'er the loved who sleep;

Nor sights, nor sounds profane, disturb their
moan—
With God and with the dead alone—
"Deep calleth unto deep."

Rest for the dead—
Away from all walls—where the wild bird sings,
And the hurrying cloud its shadow flings
O'er streamlet and rock, where the ivy clings
To the ancient oak—the dead should lie,
Till on the ear of death the cry
Of final judgment rings.

Room for the dead—
The living wait their doom, the gay, the strong,
The beautiful—together soon must throng
The doors of death, and they who mourn, ere long
Must lie with kindred dust, and soon or late,
All pass the ever open gate—
Room—room—Oh! give them room!

FORWARD! MARCH!

Dedicated to the Union Continentals by their Chaplain.

For altars and for firesides,
For the country and for God,
For the State our fathers founded,
For the soil on which they trod,
For loyal brethren trembling
Beneath a traitor's nod—
Forward! March!

From the rugged wilds of Maine,
From New Hampshire's mountains gray,
From Freedom's wave-washed cradle
By Massachusetts Bay;
From all New England's valleys
And hilltops, far away—
Forward! March!

From the basin of the Hudson,
From the cities on its shore,
From the borders of the stormy Lakes
Who wake Niagara's roar,
From Pennsylvania's fields of coal
And her beds of iron ore—
Forward! March!

From fair Ohio's loyal States,
From all her fertile plains,
From every flower-clad prairie
Which the Mississippi drains,
From California's rocky walls,
Rich with their golden veins—
Forward! March!

From Treason's prostrate bulwarks,
Where the vaunting foe was met,
Where rebel standards fell before
The avenging bayonet;
From Cumberland's ensanguined shore,
With blood of Patriots wet—
Forward! March!

REV. JOHN C. LORD, D.D.

From the Potomac's guarded banks,
From the shores of the Tennessee,
From Hatteras to Hilton Head,
From Pickens and Tybee;
From every point on every line
From the mountains to the sea—
Forward! March!

For altars and for firesides,
For the Country and for God,
For the State our fathers founded,
For the soil on which they trod,
For loyal brethren trembling
Beneath a traitor's nod—
Forward! March!

TO JAMES O. PUTNAM, ESQ.

How often, James, thy thoughts do overleap
The narrow boundary of our working life,
Which seems to thee but an ignoble strife,
Where none do walk upright, but only creep
To their mean ends; a harvest, which to reap
Demands a hardened heart and sharpened knife,
A soul with petty, selfish interests rife.
So gifted men repine; yet in the deep
And awful counsels of the Eternal King,
Our daily life doth make our destiny;
For this world's labors no defilement bring

To him who, faithful in his passing day,
Knows that its fleeting moments ever fling
Their lasting shadows on Eternity.

TO A FLOWER IN THE DESERT

Suggested by an incident in the life of Mungo Park, the African Traveler.

SWEET Flower, lone dweller in the Desert Wild!
Drinking the scanty dews, and cherished there
By Him who made thee; e'en the tainted air
And driving sands did pass thee undefiled
And blooming still; a Traveler, beguiled
By mocking Mirage, wandered feebly where
Thy tiny blossoms blushed; in dull despair
He laid him down, and feeble as a child,
Hungry and faint, he cast all hope away;
But God had planted thee his life to save;
For when he spied thee as he listless lay,
His heart revived, he thought of Him who gave
Life to the desert flower and rose to pray,
And long years after found another grave.

EMILY BRYANT LORD

HYMN FOR THE VOICELESS

From "Hymns and Songs for the Voiceless."

MAKER of earth, and sea, and sky,
Creation's Sovereign, Lord and King,
Who hung the starry worlds on high,
And formed alike the sparrow's wing,
Bless the dumb creatures of Thy care,
And listen to their voiceless prayer.

For us they toil, for us they die,—
These humbler creatures God has made;
How shall we dare their rights deny
On whom God's seal of love is laid!
Kindness to them is mercy's plea,
So deal with them as God with thee.

DAVID WENTWORTH

LAMENT OF THE GREEK SLAVE

This chain! this chain!
Why should I fettered be?
I sigh — I pant in vain
For liberty!

Across the sea's salt foam,
To my own wild mountain home,
They ruthless came;
And as I chased life's sunny hours away,
With hopes as bright,
And steps as light,
As any woodland fay —
They seized my trembling frame.

I saw my brothers die;
I felt my mother's pains;
I saw my sire with bleeding veins
Across the threshold lie;
And he who taught me first to love —
Who claimed me for his bride —
His valiant soul disdained to yield;
His trusty sword I saw him wield;
But all in vain — in vain he strove,
And all in vain he died!

Could fate be more unkind?
My sisters, too, with arms entwined
About my neck did vainly cling,

As if to seize my parting breath.
They too, they too, oh, God! must feel this sting
That's worse than death!

What am I now? what must I be?
Like the keen dagger's piercing steel
Within my breast I shuddering feel,
And the dread future see.
Was there no friendly blade,
Which such sad havoc made
'Mong those I loved, reserved for me?

My heart—my heart is desolate,
And not one ray of sunshine lingers there;
No hope—no sense, but that of misery, left.
Of friends, of home, of love and Heaven bereft,
Not even death will save me from despair;
Too well, alas! too well, I know my fate.

Could I but free these arms,
I'd rend these hated charms
From off my brow,
Which Heaven so kindly gave—
And *he* has praised so oft
Who now
By Moslem tongues so vilely scoffed,
Lies in a bloody grave.

But ah, this chain! this chain!
It fetters life to me;
I sigh—I pant in vain
For liberty!

MATILDA H. STUART

NOVEMBER

Month of my birth, I bring to thee
This tribute of my fond regret,
And bind around thy solemn brow
The few bright leaves that linger yet.
Thou art the Anchorite of months,
Thou turnest from their hope and bloom,
And clad in mantle brown and gray,
Art moving onward into gloom.

The Springtime hath its fragrant buds,
Its whispers from the birds and streams,
And Summer blushes into life
The April loves and May-day dreams;
September bears her wealth of grain;
October, nuts and leaves of gold—
And even Winter, with its snow
"Rings in the new, rings out the old."

But thou, November, thou art left
With few to sigh for all thy woes,
None dare to kiss the Anchorite,
Or e'en to bless him ere he goes.
The cynic greets thee with a sneer,
The sceptic draws his text from thee,
And boasts that heart and soul alike,
Shall share thy cheerless destiny.

But, dear old hermit, I will come
And press my lips upon thy brow;
I care not, though a woman's love
Should tempt thee to forget thy vow.
For thou to me, like all things here,
Hast gleams of Eden in thy face,
And somewhere in thy brooding heart
There must be still a sunny place.

I find it in the few bright hours
That warmly bear the Indian's name,
And oft-times tremble through thy gloom,
Like love-light o'er the brow of shame.
Thy fallen leaves and withered boughs
Forget to rustle and to sigh,
And folded in a soft embrace,
Seem grateful thus to dream and die.

To me these parting looks of thine
Seem like diviner rays that come
To light the dying hours of those
Whose weary feet are almost home;
Whose furrowed brows and silver hair
Speak of life's spring and summer past,—
Of golden fruit and garnered grain,
And its November time at last.

O! if upon my path must rest
My birth-month's rain and gloom and chill,
If dreary days and starless nights
Are waiting for my footsteps still,—

I ask that, in my parting hours,
The rays of faith and hope divine
May come, like Indian Summer's glow,
To warm and cheer this heart of mine.

Then while my eyes will fondly rest
On this dear world which God hath made
So full of hopes, so full of loves,
So warm with sun, so cool with shade—
Yet will they greet the spirit-face
Of one, my dearest, gone before,
Who waits for her November child,
To fold her to her heart once more.

POEM

Read at the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy, December 23, 1872.

Tread lightly with unsandaled feet,
The place is hallowed here,
We come to consecrate our child
In its decennial year.
This hour hath breathings of its own,
They come from every clime
Where stone or canvass had portrayed
The tender or sublime.

Our Priestess, Art, is standing here
With robes as pure and white
As when we brought our artist child,
Ten years ago to-night.

Baptismal vows were uttered then,
And sponsors gave the name,
And from the altar of our hearts,
The fragrant incense came.

And now the priestess gently smiles
"And through her lips of air,"
She breathes them o'er and o'er again,
Her blessing and her prayer.
Her blessing on those kindly hands
That through the darkest hours
Wove garments for the trembling child,
And crowned its brow with flowers.

A prayer that still their faith and hope
Will keep them weaving on,
Till it can stand in broidered hems,
Its robe of triumph done;
Till it can yield to faithful hearts
The joy they thus have given,
By tinging every form of earth
With softer hues from heaven.

O! Mystic Art, in thee doth blend
The earth-born and Divine.
We know not whence, or what thy power,
Yet worship at thy shrine.
We clothe thee in a woman's form;
We crown thee with her name;
And though the ages knew not why,
They called and knelt the same.

Till from Judea's vine-clad hills
This heavenly answer stole,
"From woman must be born to man
The Saviour of the soul."
Prophetic thought had thus enshrined
The Mary of our race;
And moulded its divinest dreams
In woman's form and face.

Then tread we with unsandaled feet,—
This time is holy now;
For see, the starry East grows bright,
The herald angels bow.
The Christmas anthem for our world
Is trembling in the air.
O! may it steal in every soul,
And find an answer there.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

1834—The Crown of Myrtle.

I BEAR a message here to-night,
From home, from hope, from youth,
And I am laden with the breath
Of tenderness and truth.
My leaves and stems of fadeless green
Are fresh with memories now,
And I can feel them softly press
Upon a youthful brow;

While fifty years, their lights and shades,
Have sailed a mystic way,
And in their place Love's early hope
Is blushing in the day—
As bride and bridegroom's lips repeat
Those "sweetly solemn words"
That must forever stir or break
The spirit's finest chords.
And household forms press fondly near
With blended smiles and tears,
And breathe into that altar hour
The garnered love of years.
And o'er them all are viewless ones
That bend their wings to bear
Love's holy vow, its parting words,
Its blessing and its prayer.

1859—The Silver Crown.

A SILVER hue is on my leaves,
A tender touch of time;
I do not sigh for early glow
Nor for a brighter clime.
I only know the green has changed,
I feel its freshness gone;
And yet my message here to-night
Hath sweetness in its tone.
For youth can never bind our joys
Within its fleeting hours,
Nor can it rob our shaded time
Of fragrance or of flowers.

We lay one hope away to find
Another in its room;
We love, we lose, and yet we keep
Some brightness and some bloom.
And so my silver leaves and stems
Have language all their own;
They whisper to the "bride of years"
That earliest dreams have flown;
And yet the bridegroom at her side
Is nearer, dearer, now,
Than when she wore the "myrtle crown"
Upon her youthful brow.
For both have seen young faces come
To cheer their heart and hearth,
And both have heard young voices call
The sweetest names on earth;
And both together they have shared
Their dear ones' hopes and fears,
And felt love's arms draw closer still
Through all the changeful years;
While o'er their homes were viewless ones,
With bended wings, to bear
A father's deep and tender thoughts,
A mother's earnest prayer.

1884—The Golden Crown.

ANOTHER tinge is on the leaves
Our bride and bridegroom wear;
The green is now within their hearts,
The silver on their hair.

From sunset hours, from garnered grain,
Their golden hue was caught,
And every leaf and every stem
Is stirred by holiest thought.
For "fifty years"—though silent guests—
Have still a magic power;
They breathe on each, they breathe on all;
They sanctify the hour.
We stand with bridegroom and with bride,
And with this household band;
We feel the glow that o'er them falls,
We touch each welcome hand;
And from our hearts and from our lips,
Come words of love and cheer,
To bless the past, and crown with hope
This golden wedding year.
And o'er us still are viewless ones
Who bend their wings to bear
The love of earth and love of heaven
In blessing and in prayer.

ANSON G. CHESTER

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS

I

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can
braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the
other side of the sea.
Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it
with care,
The while their fingers deftly move, their eyes are
fastened there.
They tell this curious thing besides of the patient
plodding weaver:
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works
for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaving stops, and the web
is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork, that his marvelous
skill is learned.
Ah, the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays
him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done
by the frost.
Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and
giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no
tongue but his own can tell.

II

The years of man are the looms of God, let down
from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever, till the mystic web
is done.
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for
himself his fate—
We may not see how the right side looks, we can
only weave and wait.
But looking above for the pattern, no weaver hath
need to fear,
Only let him look clear into Heaven, the Perfect
Pattern is there.
If he keeps the face of THE SAVIOUR forever and
always in sight
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving
is sure to be right.
And when the work is ended, and the web is turned
and shown,
He shall hear the voice of The Master, it shall say
unto him, "Well done!"
And the white-winged angels of Heaven, to bear
him thence, shall come down;
And God shall give him gold for his hire—not coin,
but a glowing crown!

SOMETIME

O, THE glorious, golden Sometime of our dreams,
and hopes, and prayers—
What a rosy hue invests it, what a smile of peace
it wears!
It is stored with balms and odors, it is full of song
and shine,
It shall gladden us like music, it shall comfort us
like wine.

O, the happy, happy Sometime that is coming
with the years!
It shall ease our hearts of trouble, it shall keep our
eyes from tears;
There will be no place for sorrow, there will be no
time to sigh,
In the shining, songful Sometime that is coming
by and by.

In the rosy, radiant Sometime there will be a won-
drous rest—
We shall lie and drink in gladness, as an infant
sucks the breast;
No more the heart shall be disturbed by any woe
or wile,
The earth shall wear a heavenlier look, the heav-
ens themselves shall smile.

Hope will fruit upon its branches as the orange
rounds and glows;
There will be no strife and tumult, only concord
and repose;

Every joy will be discarded that another may not
share,
And the ills of life will soften into something sweet
and fair.

In the gracious, golden Sometime we shall love
and never tire—
Keep the sweet emotion glowing, as the vestal
kept the fire;
There will be a sturdier trusting and a sympathy
sublime—
The heart shall be in league with peace and peace
in league with time.

We shall lay aside our burdens, we shall be dis-
robed of care,
Cease our stifling low-land living, rise and breathe
the mountain air;
We shall feel ourselves uplifted over meanness,
spite and wrong—
Firmly then will throb our pulses and our heart-
beats will be strong.

In the braver, better Sometime life will broaden
and expand,
Every impulse will be noble, every purpose will be
grand,
Speech shall put on loftier meanings, thought to
higher plains ascend,
And the action prove the motive and the motive
show the end.

We shall dream, but we shall labor; we shall
labor, but shall sing,
As the skylark pipes its carols while it plies its
patient wing;
We shall work with eager fingers, we shall run
with willing feet,
And the rest that crowns our striving will be
something heavenly sweet.

There will be a sense of freedom that will make
our pulses leap,
And a sweeter sense of safety, that will hush our
hearts to sleep;
All our doubts will leave us ever, all our fears will
be at rest—
Life will then be less like being than like being
always blest!

O, my brother in the struggle, O, my comrade in
the strife!
Keep thy courage and thy patience, fill thy sta-
tion, live thy life;
Twine thy hopes about the Sometime, trust it
ever, hold it fast—
Though it tarry, wait thou for it; it will surely
come at last!

ANSON G. CHESTER

A LOVE SONG

She who sleeps upon my heart
  Was the first to win it;
She who dreams upon my breast
  Ever reigns within it;
She who kisses oft my lips
  Wakes their warmest blessing;
She who rests within mine arms
  Feels their closest pressing.

Other days than these shall come,
  Days that may be dreary;
Other hours shall greet us yet,
  Hours that may be weary;
Still that heart shall be my home,
  Still that breast my pillow;
Still those lips meet thine as oft
  Billow meeteth billow.

Sleep, then, on my happy heart,
  Since thy love hath won it—
Dream, then, on my loyal breast—
  None but thou hast done it;
And when age our bloom shall change
  With its wintry weather,
May we in the self-same grave,
  Sleep and dream together.

AT NIAGARA

In the Maytime, at Niagara,
As a Sabbath morning broke,
Full of glory, peace and beauty,
From his dreams the sleeper woke.

All was quiet, save the thunder
That forever there prevails—
That, throughout the gathering ages,
Never pauses, never fails.

But the thunder of the torrent
Of a sudden died away,
Just as if a spell of silence
On the rampant waters lay.

For a robin, at the casement, trilled
Its carols sweet and strong,
And he heard the roar no longer—
It was vanquished by the song!

On thine ear the roar and tumult
Of the noisy world must fall,
But a little song of love and trust
Will overcome it all.

LIGHTS GONE OUT

High on a bold and overhanging cliff
That mocks the sea and frowns upon the sands—
A ghostly presence in a lonely place—
The crumbling lighthouse stands.

No hand swings back the battered oaken door,
No footfall sounds upon the winding stair,
But for the swallows, not a sign of life
Invests it anywhere.

And, as the darkness falls, its lamp no more
Vies with the stars to cheer the gloomy main,
And guide the eager vessel as she hastes
Back to the port again.

So from a life that once was wondrous bright—
Like the Italian heavens, unceasing fair—
The light that blessed it has forever fled
And all is darkness there.

The rayless beacon may be trimmed again
And burn as brightly as it burned before;
But who shall ever to the dark, dark life
The olden flame restore.

HYMN

For the Dedication of New Forest Lawn, September 26, 1866.

These quiet acres, with this solemn grove,
These slopes, where many a blossom lifts its head,
These nooks, where pipes the thrush and moans the dove—
We give them to the dead.

Here shall respose the matron and the maid,
The infant and the father, side by side,
And here in holy faith and trust be laid
The grandsire and the bride.

Here shall the heart its choicest incense burn,
And here the fairest, rarest flowers shall bloom—
For Memory loves to twine the funeral urn
And beautify the tomb.

O, when in such a heavenly spot as this
Our wearied bodies, undisturbed, may lie,
Death holds for us the jeweled cup of bliss
And it is good to die.

In thy Great Name this place we consecrate,
O God triune—the Father, Spirit, Word;
Sweet be their sleep who here shall calmly wait
The summons of the Lord!

RED JACKET

It is half an age since he passed away,
The Chief we honored that autumn day.

The day was bright, but what of the deed?
Ah! that depends on the make of the creed.

It is well that his bones find rest at last,
But what of the wrongs of the silent past?

ANSON G. CHESTER

To judge from the Law brought down from the
Mount,
It will need much more to square the account.

He spoke for his people, great and small,
But our ears were closed to his plaintive call.

He sued for justice, he sought for right,
But died, as he lived, without the sight.

We gave no heed to his living tones,
But what of that?—we buried his bones!

He pled for his own and we heard him not,
But see the monument he has got!

The story returns from the ages gone:
He asked for bread, they gave him a stone!

BUFFALO, October 9, 1884.

THE FIELD DAISY

I REACHED my hand for a fallen star,
But only a daisy found it—
A little tawny and fretted disk
With a snowy halo round it.

It seemed to have dropped from the spangled sky—
A heavenly thing made lowly;
I gazed and mused till the simple flower
Grew strangely sweet and holy.

If things so humble and things so high
May blend in the thoughts of the spirit,
Then angel graces may live and thrive
In the midst of man's demerit.

Ah, we are the fallen stars of God!
But, firm in the way of duty,
Our lives will carry a heavenly glow
And the bloom of a heavenly beauty.

WELCOME, TWENTY-FIRST!

From the fields of strife and slaughter,
Fields where blood was poured like water,
Where, in swaths, the rebel foemen
Fell before our northern yeomen;
From a war most just and holy,
Though its gold is coined but slowly—
Welcome, Twenty-first!

With your frames all bruised and battered;
With your ranks all thin and shattered;
With your torn and shot-scarred banner,
Witness to your dauntless manner;
With a name and fame and glory
Which shall live in song and story—
Welcome, Twenty-first.

To the friends who smile to meet you;
To the homes which wait to greet you;

To the arms which long to press you;
To the hearts which love and bless you;
To your fathers, children, brothers,
To your sweethearts, wives and mothers—
Welcome, Twenty-first.

Tears are moistening many faces
As they see the vacant places
In the worn and wasted column—
Ah! but war is sad and solemn!
Yet why weep for those who perished
In the cause they loved and cherished?
They who choose the stoutest burdens
Win the best and proudest guerdons.

From a war most just and holy,
Though its gold is coined but slowly;
With your frames all bruised and battered,
And your ranks all thin and shattered;
To the friends who smile to meet you,
And the homes which wait to greet you—
Welcome, Twenty-first.

J. HARRISON MILLS

THE FLAG OF THE TWENTY-FIRST

An Extract.

But oh! you can't know then, how dear a thing a
tattered color can be
To men who have suffered, and fought, and bled,
as under this one, did we.

. . . . . .

Perhaps you'll remember, four years gone by,
In that wonderful spring-time of Sixty-one,
While the country was ringing with the cry
That answered old Sumter's larum gun,
That—wait; I'll be precise to a day,
'Twas, I think, just about the fourth of May,
And Sumter fell on the thirteenth day
Of the month before—yes; and that was the
way
We came to be standing, that day at noon,—
A raw, unarmed and undisciplined crew,
But flushed with high purpose,—upon the Square
Down there, in front of the Central School.

'Twas a silken wonder; all blue and gold
Where a bit of starry sky was set,
And a broken rainbow's red and white
Marked the promise ne'er broken yet.
And proudly upon its topmost height,

Poised above rainbow and sky and star,
With his wings and head outstretched for flight,
As to meet the coming foe, afar,
Was a golden image of Freedom's bird,
The bird with the flaming eye,
Whose wing o'ershadows the battle-field
And whose song is a battle-cry.

White as a fairy's, the hands that made
That flag; while, perchance, there were beautiful eyes
Drooping, to hide tears that wouldn't be stayed.
Rough hands, and brown, received the prize,
And proudly we bore it, that parting day,
A gift from the girls of the Central School
To the boys who were marching away
On that beautiful day in May.

Two years after that,—to a day, almost,
Buffalo welcomed back her boys—
Two or three handfuls of the host
That had marched so proudly away
On that beautiful day in May.

. . . . . .

Well, up Main Street, 'twas a beautiful sight
To us hardened old fellows to see,
Look up or look down, to the left or the right,
Every place jammed as tight as could be
With welcoming faces; and was there a place
That would not admit of another small face,
There a hand waved in welcoming glee.

And if you should ask me (the truth to say)
What was the saddest, to me, that day,
Of all the sights that might have been seen
In the little column that marched up Main,
Whether the thin and wasted ranks,
Or the two platoons of crippled men,
Or the many faces you couldn't see
And knew you would never see again,
Or the hardened and weary, yet hopeful look,
In others that went away, young and fair,
As though they were trying, but couldn't forget
The awful touch of the battle air,
Or the weeping ones, who looked in vain
And knew it, yet looked, and looked again
Along the lines where they might not see
Some dear one who marched away
On that beautiful day in May
Why friend—*this* is what I should say:—

These were all sad enough sights to see,
But the saddest—yet proudest of all—to me,
Was that bit of discolored red and blue,
And grayish white, with a dingy hue,
Blurred too with spots of a darker stain—
Tell-tale spots—where its folds have lain
Sometimes, for a moment, where mingled blood
Of friends and of foemen fed the sod;
With its stars and its tassels of tarnished gold,
And ragged rendings in every fold,
And its tattered fringes, about half way
Where its edge was once—on that tearful day,

That day two years ago in May,
When we all so proudly marched away—
Why, *that* was the saddest sight, I say.

And when we halted, upon the Square
In front of the Arsenal, and there
Gave it back to the hands that on that day
Placed it in ours when we marched away;
Why, that remnant of silk, so ragged and old,
Was dearer to us than moneys of gold,
And a kingdom couldn't have bought a fold,
Nay! a tatter! a thread! had been wealth untold.
Yes, sooner than sever one sacred shred,
Not a man in that line but had willingly bled.

For its staff never felt a foeman's hand;
And many a grave we know
Scattered across that sunny land
Where its bearers sleep so low,—

Since, a blood-red crest on a billow's breast,
Where the tide of death ran strong,
It swept the cloud, with a bearing proud,
Keeping time to the battle song—

And their fitting knell was the battle bell
That boomed with a tongue of flame
And the Minie hail, with its fearful wail
Scattering its track with slain.

But on! still on! 'till the goal was won,
Bending to rise again,
While swiftly and true our bullets flew,
That eagle o'er-swept the plain—

Till one dark day when the tide set back,
Leaving ten thousand slain,
All at once he was gone, and by sunset or dawn
He never came back again.

And whether he still went sailing on,
Scorning the coming foe,
Or whether he fell; I cannot tell,
But he never came back, I know;

And his image yet, is firmly set
In hearts that have turned to clay.
And there it shall be till the reveille
Arouses the sleepers, by river and sea,
On that last great muster day.

BOOTHS

1866.

Smiling,—wiling,—brain beguiling,—
Pleading sweetly,—reconciling
All our protests to complying, while our pockets lighter grow;
Beaming,—gleaming,—never seeming
Half so fair as when they're scheming,
Half unfairly, to despoil us of a double X or so;
Oh! most blissful 'tis, of blisses,
Thus, surrounded by the misses,
Sweetly to disgorge the "pieces," as from hand to hand you go!

"Buy a doll, sir?—Have a shawl, sir?
Please do walk up to our stall, sir."
And so "lamb-like" to the slaughter, *gambling* you're sure to go,
Winning smiles worth more than "greenbacks" as you ramble through the show.

Ah! but past me, grim and ghastly,
Glide the shades that once compassed me,
When the fate of Battle cast me 'mid the dying and the dead;
Where the gleanings all were lying,
Husk and kernel, dead and dying
In the wards of pain and sighing, sinking heart and drooping head;
In the line of cots, unbroken,
Lying there a sign and token
Of the horrors never spoken, of the field with carnage red;
Lips that moan in every tone in which racked Nature's prayers are said,
Eyes that, seeming fixed, are dreaming some sad vision of the dead.

"Buy? of course! who *wouldn't* buy, Miss;
Don't each dollar ease a sigh, Miss;
Lighten up some grateful eye, Miss, where your bounty shall be shed?
And I know that His own blessing rests upon you, Who once said
To a needy, suffering mortal, 'Friend, arise: take up thy bed.'"

JEROME B. STILLSON

AGNES

When the bleak autumnal weather, moaning over
moor and heather,
Reveled with the giant shadows where the barren
mountains loom,
When the winds were weirdly raving, and the
forests grimly waving
All the night's dim terrors braving, forth I wan-
dered, in the gloom,—
Wandered through the whispering darkness of the
dismal midnight gloom,
To a mossed and lonesome tomb.

All around was dead and lonely;—wind, and
cloud and darkness only;
And the coldly-slumbering landscape wore a chill
and ghostly air;
And a mournful thrill came o'er me, gazing on the
mound before me,
And a voice seemed to implore me—"Linger not
in sadness there,—
Linger not in hopeless longing; naught but ashes
slumber there,
Neither beautiful nor fair.

"Gone the dark eye's heavenly luster, gone the
light that used to cluster
Round her brows' transparent whiteness in a
spiritual flood;—

Never more beside the river, where the glancing
moonbeams shiver,
Shall her sweet lips softly quiver, murmuring of
Faith and God.
Thou art crouching in the midnight by a damp
and sunken clod,—
By a nameless burial sod!"

Then the voice my spirit haunting with its melan-
choly chanting,
Sounded all the depths of memory, rent the shroud
of buried years,
While I stood in silence weeping, o'er the dead my
vigil keeping,
O'er a loved one softly sleeping, undisturbed by
wrongs or fears;
And a flood of disappointment, and a cloud of
bitter fears
Fell upon the mound in tears.

O, that memory undying! O, that voice, that,
sadly sighing,
Surged its tale of desolation through my bosom
like a wave!
Still its gloom my heart o'ershadows, and I look
out on the meadows,
On the cold and dreary meadows which the snows
of winter pave,
And, so gazing, O, lost Agnes, on thy white and
distant grave,
Slumber there is all I crave.

CHARLES D. MARSHALL

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT CHARLES S. FARNHAM

Not in the lowering smoke,
Robing the battlefield,
Not by a saber stroke
Were life's strong fetters broke
And Heaven's last seal unsealed.

No glory-shrouded death,
Bright with Fame's magic smiles
And crowned with Honor's wreath
On Victory's bloody heath,
His pain-wrapped thought beguiles.

But skeletoned and grim,
Death came without disguise,
The far-off battle-hymn
Lighting the eye grown dim—
Floated in distant skies.

And on a bed of pain,
Stricken, yet not cast down,
He struggled—but in vain.
Our sorrow is his gain,
Our loss gives him a crown.

CHARLES D. MARSHALL

THE PARTING

Let not another's rude kiss stain
The lips that I caress;
Let not another's touch profane
The hand I fondly press.

But let this last kiss linger long,
And keep this white hand free,
And like a joyous morning song
My sunny life shall be.

If clouded moments intervene
Ere we again shall kiss,
The clouds will catch a silvery sheen
From this remembered bliss.

Then let no other rude touch stain
Those lips that I caress,
And let no other clasp profane
This hand I fondly press.

THE POET'S THOUGHT

The poet roams through flower-strewn meads
And plucks a bright bouquet;
He binds it with a thread of thought;
It lives its little day.

But soon the chilling breath of Time
Shall strew the leaves around;
The cold world with its iron heel
Will crush them in the ground.

But let this truth his sad heart cheer
And soothe in hour of need;
Beneath the calyx of each flower
Lies hidden precious seed,

Which borne upon the changing wind,
Wafted by every air,
Will find rich soil in some fond heart,
Take root, and blossom there.

KIND WORDS

Sparkling, through the foam-heads
That tip the ocean waves,
Chasing the rolling billows,
Searching their deep, dark graves,

Down come the silvery moonbeams,
Silently into the night,
Shedding afar, through a dreaming world,
A wavy, tremulous light.

So, dropping from some lovéd lips,
Soothing some wave-worn soul—
Gilding the troubled waters
That ceaselessly over it roll—

Sweetly fall words of kindness,
To those who, mourning, grope.
Lighting eyes, filled to blindness,
With rays of quiet hope.

CHARLES D. MARSHALL

STORM CLOUDS

Quietly, quietly
Rolls the deep sea,
Under the moonlight,
Under the starlight,
Lovingly, lovingly.

Grandly, oh! grandly
Rolls the blue sea;
Rising in billows,
Heaving to mountains,
Tipped by the moonlight,
Decked by the starlight;
Grandly, so grandly
Rolls the blue sea.

Solemnly, solemnly
Rolls the dark sea;
Dimmed is the moonlight,
Dimmed is the starlight,
Shining through storm-clouds,
Solemnly.

Fearfully, fearfully
Leaps the wild sea;
Foaming—its billows
Breaking in foam-caps,
Chasing each other,
Dashing together,
Rolling and tumbling
Fearfully!

Gently, oh! gently
Rolls the green sea,
Bearing up corpses,
Floating so calmly
Under the moonlight,
Under the starlight,
Gently, so gently!

Quietly, quietly
Rolls the deep sea;
Sunken the corpses,
Vanished the moonlight,
Paling the starlight,
While the bright sunlight
Steals o'er the ocean
Quietly.

GLEN IRIS

Where the seven-hued arch spans the beautiful river,
By spray-shadowed phantoms upraised;
Where the waves on the brink of the precipice quiver,
Shrink backward, affrighted, amazed,—
Delay for a moment the mad plunge before them,
Then leap into song 'neath the bow bending o'er them;—

There, afar from the clamor of town, and the shadow
That rests under smoke-tainted skies,
In the lap of green hills, mapped with forest and meadow,
Glen Iris, the beautiful, lies;
A lawn, a cool wood, a clear lake and a fountain,
The wild stream before, and behind, the low mountain.

There earliest spring gives her full breast to nature,
And buds break in bountiful bloom;
The trees on the hills crown with sweets their full stature
And load the moist air with perfume;
Like a maiden new risen to meet her adorning,
The valley is fresh with the incense of morning.

There music is born of the wind-shaken willows
That fringe the lake's margin around;
It floats from the Genesee's miniature billows,
And rises, low-voiced, from the ground;
In the full tide of life all the fair glen rejoices,
And valley and stream blend their rhythmical voices.

Oh, the charm of the spell of that beautiful valley!
Oh, siren-like song of its Fall!
We would fain in life's voyage there linger and dally
Amid the bright scenes of its thrall;

'Mid carols of birds and rare odors of flowers,
Days lapse into moments and moments hold hours.

When the days shall be told and the moments all
reckoned
That life has held bitter or sweet;
When the timorous soul to the unknown is
beckoned,
And faith and reality meet,
E'en death would be sweet by the murmuring river,
And rest 'neath the sign of the Promise, forever.

AMANDA T. JONES

COMING HOME

A SIX-YEARS' child, I climbed the gate
All round the world to see;
"Oh, why does mother stay so late?
Where can she, can she be?"

I saw the pond as gray as lead,
Blue iris near the brink,
The rough-railed pasture, sorrel-red,
The meadow, clover-pink.

I saw the yellow sands where lay
My periwinkles brown,
Silver Cayuga wind away,
And purple mists fall down.

I saw the flume, the waterfall,
The white and flying foam,
Yet missed the dearest sight of all,—
My mother coming home.

It surely, surely would be night;
The lady four-o'clocks
Unwound their silky ribbons bright,
Shook out their party frocks.

The miller-moth went high and higher,
Went round and round about,
The sun's broad face was red as fire,
He was so tired out.

So down he sank behind the brush,—
I thought he dropped a spark,
Right after such a crimson blush
Ran kindling through the dark.

A spark, a blush, a smoky blaze
Began to creep and turn,
To catch and cling,—a hundred ways
To burn and burn and burn!

"Oh, is it truly fire?" I thought,
"Or people of the air,
With mantles from the sunset caught
And fiery floating hair?"

My heart beat hard with fancy fright;
"Should mother come that way,
And should they snatch her, hold her tight,
What would we, *would* we say?

"Their shiny cloaks, how far they blow!
They'll wind her round and round.
She'll never think, she'll never know,
She'll never hear a sound,

"Not even should we call and call,
They'll take her up on high;
They'll hide her, wrap her, burn her all
'Way through the burning sky."

Out gushed my tears—the silly child!
Such bitter grief I had.
First thing I knew, there mother smiled!
And all my world was glad.

O, mother, mother! thought is swift,
But who would count the hours
Since lightly blew that snowy drift,
Right in among the flowers?

Ah, not so long ago, not long,
You passed the lowly gate,
I know your love is sweet and strong,
Why will you stay so late?

What use to me the gray and blue,
The rosy and the white,
The silks of summer, fair of hue?—
It surely will be night.

You, you I want, I call your name,
All round the world I see,
So whirled away in holy flame—
Where can you, can you be?

Hush, foolish one, heart-struck with fear!
The sorry thought let go.
You look so far, she comes so near,
Soft-smiling, still and slow.

Not rushing fires that skyward fling,
Though wide they be and wild,
Not Life, nor Death, nor any thing,
Will keep her from her child.

Turn round and face the heavenly sight;
Spring to the loving breast;
Oh, sweet surprise! Oh, dear delight!
All kissed away to rest!

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER

Awake, little daughter, awake!
The sad moon is weaving her shroud;
The pale, drooping lily-bells quake;
The river is sobbing aloud.
I want your sweet face in my sight,
While I open my room to the night;
The torn clouds are flying, the lupine is sighing,
The whip-poor-will wails in affright.

There's a shadow just marked on the floor—
Now soaring and breaking its bond;
'Tis the woodbine, perhaps, by the door,
Or the blooming acacia beyond.
Oh, pitiful weakness of grief!
Oh, trouble, of troubles the chief!
When shades can assail us, and terrors impale us,
At sight of a quivering leaf.

I weep, little daughter, I weep;
But chide me not, love, for I heard,
Three times in the depth of my sleep,
The clang of a terrible word.
"Your Harry is dying," it cried;
"Is dying" and "dying," it sighed;
As bells that, in tolling, set echoes to rolling,
Till fainting sound ebbs like the tide.

Then the walls of my room fell away;
My eye pierced the distance afar,
Where, by the plowed field of the fray,
The camp-fire shone out like a star.

And southward, unhindered, I fled,
By the instinct of motherhood led;
The night-wind was blowing, the red blood was flowing,
And Harry was dying—was dead!

I dreamed, little daughter, I dreamed—
Look! the window is lit by a face.
It is not? Well, how life-like it seemed!
Go, draw down the curtains of lace.
It may be 'twas only a flower;
For fancy has wonderful power.
The loud wind is whirring—hark! something is stirring—
'Tis midnight—the clock knells the hour.

The horseman had ridden all night;
His garments were spotted with gore;
His foot crushed the lily-bells white—
He entered the vine-covered door.
"Your Harry is dying," he said:
The mother just lifted her head,
And answered unweeping, like one who is sleeping,
"Not dying, good soldier, but dead!"

AT FIRST

If I should fall asleep one day—
All over-worn,
And should my spirit from the clay
Go dreaming out the Heavenward way
Or thence be softly borne,

I pray you, angels, do not first
Assail mine ear
With that blest anthem oft rehearsed:
"Behold, the bonds of Death are burst!"—
Lest I should faint with fear.

But let some happy bird at hand
The silence break!
So shall I dimly understand
That dawn has touched a blossoming land
And sigh myself awake!

From that deep rest emerging so,
To lift the head
And see the bath-flower's bell of snow,
The pink arbutus and the low
Spring-beauty, streaked with red,

Will all suffice! No otherwhere
Impelled to roam
Till some blithe wanderer, passing fair,
Will smiling pause—of me aware—
And murmur: "Welcome Home!"

So sweetly greeted, I shall rise
To kiss her cheek;
Then lightly soar, in lovely guise,
As one familiar with the skies
Who finds and need not seek.

AMANDA T. JONES

FOOD SEEKERS

I.

A WIDE-WINGED butterfly
Upon the white flowers of a bitter weed
Settled to satisfy his noon-day need.

Through sunshine far and high
His kindred wavered, but he took no heed;
Pretty it was to watch his dainty greed.

II.

A wondrous beetle came—
All emerald-green, save that upon his back
There blazed a mimic sun; and in his track

Lured by the dazzling flame,
A lace-wing fluttered—purple, gold and black.
Of pleasure for them all there was no lack.

III.

Down dropped a bird that flies
Near to the clouds, yet perches for his seed,
And sings and sings God's little choir to lead!

I lifted up my eyes;
"Dear Lord, Thy fragile creatures richly feed;
Content me, also, with Thy bitter weed!"

From *The Youth's Companion.*

AT GLEN IRIS

THE moon came up that eve, full-orbed and fair—
That sovereign Cleopatra,—ruling Night,
And dropping ever in his loving sight
Her threaded pearls adown the wine-like air:
Half undissolved they sank through shadows gray,
Embroidered Mo-no-sha-sha's robe of spray,
And caught in Deh-ga-ya-soh's silver snare.

All night we heard the river-cataracts pour:
Their ceaseless timbrels smote the ear of sleep;
Till all our dreams, like waves that landward sweep,
Were wild and voluble with naiad-lore:
And we were reft of rest, and seemed to be
Kuhleborns and Undines, dripping with the sea,
Or knights and ladies drenched upon the shore.

Surely the water-witches tricked us well!
When the carved cuckoo made the morning hours
Finish their rounds with song, 'mid falling showers,
And rain-weighed rose-vines; scarcely might we tell
Whether we had not lost our souls in dreams
Of that past night, and were but sprites of streams,
Oreads of hills, or elfs of knoll and dell.

Upon the grass-fringed lakelet, fountain-fed
With cooling rills, just drained from hillside wells,
Where, to the tinkle of sweet water-bells,
Aërial jets were waltzing overhead,
By sirens lured, how daintily we rode!
Till, drawn too near their crystalline abode,
What showers the fickle creatures o'er us shed?

SHIPWRECKED

We two waited on the deck—
All around us rolled the sea;
Helpless, on our reeling wreck,
Silent, wan, and worn were we.
Where the little boat went down,
Where the sun had plunged from sight,
Hope and light alike did drown—
O'er us, dark as Fate, was night.
Face to face we stood alone,
Dreary, still, and sad were we;
Smitten by that wild cyclone,
All around us beat the sea,
Rose the sea, rushed the sea,
Roared the wrathful sea!

Cloudy shapes like hooded ghouls,
Flitted past our shuddering prow;
Death was reaching for our souls,
Chill his breath upon the brow:

Then, oh then were we aware,
Through all war, below, above,
Of a face sublimely fair—
Was it Death unveiled, or Love?
Heart to heart we stood alone,
Smiling and serene were we;
Tortured by that wild cyclone,
All around us strove the sea,
Wailed the sea, mourned the sea,
Sobbed the toiling sea.

While we watched, a seething tide
O'er our sinking vessel crossed;
Out among the waters wide,
Smiling still, we two were tossed;
Tossed and drifted, overcome
In a crowd of surges dread,
Bruised and beaten, blind and dumb,
So we sank among the dead.
O my love, and mine alone,
Sweet it was to die with thee!
Far beneath that dread cyclone,
All around us rocked the sea,
Crept the sea, sank the sea,
Slept the silent sea.

Through our slumber sweet and deep,
Stole the growing light of dawn;
Heart and brain its warmth did steep,
Out of death our souls were drawn.

So we breathed, awoke, arose,—
Heart to heart and lip to lip;
Where Love's golden ocean flows,
Ever sails our snowy ship.
Never sun so softly shone;
Fair, in saintly robes are we!
O'er us shrieks no mad cyclone,
All around us sings the sea,
Gleams the sea, glides the sea,
Laughs the lovely sea!

FATHER

I PLUCKED the bird-foot violets,
Long-lobed, white-hearted, azure-pale,
And odorous as heliotropes.
I said: "The sun in heaven begets
No fairer flower to scent the gale
That fans the angel-haunted slopes:
I would beneath his eyes they grew
Who loved me when my years were few."

Oh, he was gentle, generous, true!
He loved his home, he loved his church,
He pitied sinners everywhere;
The virtues of his friends he knew,
But was not used their faults to search,
Nor found them—if they were not there.
Whoever else is sick or sad,
I have no doubt his life is glad.

Ah me! if but the flowers he had!
That leaning down from where he sings
(Up-floated from the Heavenly plains
With that ineffable glory clad),
He might behold the pallid things
All newly washed in silver rains,
And pleased, reminded, murmur low:
"The earth bore violets long ago;

"My little daughter watched them grow:
She traveled all the fields and dales,
Crept under zig-zag fences rude,
Waded through shallow waters slow,
Went shoulder-deep in meadow-swales,
And, charmed with woodland solitude
Sank down at last, where weighed with dew,
The pretty, pretty blossoms grew.

"But these are holier of hue,
Are lovelier far, more sweet of breath,
More altogether of the skies.
And can it be that world I knew
Is reeling out from darks of Death?
And would my children all arise
And welcome me, if I should bend
My flight their way and so descend,—

"Hand holding hand as friend with friend?"
And I believe that he would yield
His crown, and in the guise that hid
His soul before the journey's end,

Would in the doorway stand revealed;
Would catch my hands as once he did;
Would lift me, kiss me, hold me high,
And bid me gaze into the sky.

Then I should see the stars go by;
And I should see—nor die to see—
Far-off, far-off, and very faint,
As through a glass, not eye to eye,
Those who were bond but now are free,
The well-beloved of that blest saint:
The two fair babes whose haste to go
Half broke his heart, he loved them so;

The pure young lad who yearned to know
Some far, imagined, perfect land,
Some rose-illumined Sharon's vale,
And hasted on through wind and snow
With leaping foot and reaching hand
As Galahad to find the Grail,—
Till passed some burning charioteer
And snatched him; white with holy fear;

And that proud patriot-boy, all dear
To God and us; no tongue can tell
How deep the hurt when he went down;
And, over all, those gray eyes, clear
As some unfathomable well
Wherein all doubts and sorrows drown—
The mother sighing: "Long I wait;
These are but four, and those are eight."

Then I should see the light abate;
Should lose and lose the vision fair;
Should sink and sink, more closely pressed,—
Upon my lids a flowery weight,
A scent of violets in the air;
Till he would lift me from his breast
All swooning—love me, lay me down,
Pass out, and so resume his crown.

ELIZABETH KELLAR

OUR NESTS

In yon soft nest,
Bird babies rest;
The calm wind rocks the maple tree;
While to my breast,
So tightly pressed,
I rock my baby on my knee.

The mother-bird
Knows not a word
Of what I tell my birdy boy.
Fond one, my song,
So quaint and long,
Is of that nest, thy pride, thy joy.

Glad mothers we,
You, bird, and me—
And truly each by Heaven blessed;
Thy wing, my arm,
Alike from harm,
So softly shields each tender nest.

With thee, I raise
My song of praise;
I scorn not, bird, to join thy prayer,
For well I know,
Each strain so low,
Must thank God for his love and care.

Then softly sway,
At close of day,
In thy arms, oh, maple-tree,
That precious nest,—
While to my breast
My fond arms fold my bird to me.

JAMES KENDALL HOSMER

THE LIGHT THAT LIGHTETH EVERY MAN

Written for the 25th Anniversary of Dr. George W. Hosmer's Pastorate in the First Unitarian Church, Buffalo, 1861.

In Israel's temple Aaron old
In glowing mitre sought the shrine;
His mantle's broad empurpled fold
With cunning work embroidered fine.
In vest of fine twined-linen dressed,
Besprent with golden clasp and gem!
And censer swung and fumed; and rung
The bells of gold that fringed the hem.

But chief, above his heart was bound
The jewelled breast-plate, folded square;
And oft, or so the tale, 'twas found
The Elohim descended there.
For beryl bright and crysolite
And sardius flushed like dawn, oft poured
With fiery ray; and Aaron aye
Bore judgment thus before the Lord.

Thee, Man of now, no hand hath graced
With Aaron's gorget, God-controlled;
But on thy heart is judgment placed
Not less than on the priest of old.

From emerald's lip and sapphire's deep,
No tinted gush of God-sent might!
But to thy soul for aye doth roll
Such holy force and fall of light!

To thine—to all! the bigot's hedge,
When God would have unbroken meads,
Hath parcelled off. With thorough edge
We cut the pale that parts the creeds.
Each pagan scheme, sweet Truth, we deem
Some lisp of thee; not folly's lie,—
A plot o'erlaid too thick with shade
Whose healthful crop came scant thereby.

Wild sybils 'mid your grottoes dim
In panting rhapsody who speak!
Ye Cymric bards who pour the hymn
Before your lichened altars bleak!
And Gueber saint whose soul doth faint
While Sirius bands his troop of stars;
And priest who turns from brimming urns
Libation pure to Jove or Mars—

God's crude and green-hewn torches ye!
That foul the flame with drift of smoke,—
That show his ray but glimmeringly;
Yet nought avails the light to choke.
Your frenzied chants and mystic dance,
And saga screamed through wintry wood
By Odin's child—all worship wild!
All broken homage of the good.

O, stream, for whose so plenteous tide
Old Aaron's gems poor conduits are,
Most sweet, indeed, thy bounty wide,
Sent full through zones and cycles far,
Doth Druid bless, and Pythoness,
And prophet hoar, and all,—but thou
The holier rush, and mellower gush
Hast in thy heart, O, Man of now!

J. V. W. ANNAN

IN CLOVER

As through a lane I chanced to pass,
I saw a primrose in the grass
Divide a laddie and a lass,—
A primrose daunts no lover.

Her blushes I could plainly see;
The stain of grass upon his knee
The story clearly told to me
That he had been in clover.

Birds, too, were singing in the air
Betrothal songs so sweet and rare,
The lover listened as if prayer
Were taking wings above her.

Her head was drooped demurely down,
I think the daisies round her gown
Quite trembled 'neath the sudden frown
That sought her joy to cover.

If lanes are narrow, who can miss
The air's reporting of a kiss,
Or shun the circle of the bliss,
Which flowers and birds discover?

GRANT P. ROBINSON

"I FIGHTS MIT SIGEL"

When I met him at first he was trudging along,
His knapsack with chickens was swelling;
He'd "Blenkered" these dainties and thought it no wrong,
From some secessionist's dwelling.
"What regiment's yours? and under whose flag
Do you fight?" said I, touching his shoulder;
Turning slowly around he smilingly said,
For the thought made him stronger and bolder:
"I fights mit Sigel!"

The next time I saw him his knapsack was gone,
His cap and canteen were missing;
Shell, shrapnel, and grape, and the swift rifle ball
Around him and o'er him were hissing.
"How are you, my friend, and where have you been?
In whose corps and brigade are you fighting?"
He said, as a shell from the enemy's gun
Sent his arm and his musket a "kiting":
"I fights mit Sigel!"

And once more I saw him and knelt by his side;
His life-blood was rapidly flowing;
I whispered of home, wife, children, and friends,
The bright land to which he was going;

"And have you no word for the dear one at home;
The 'wee one,' the father, or mother?"
"Yes! yes!" said he, "tell them, Oh! tell them
I fights—"
Poor fellow! he thought of no other—
"I fights mit Sigel!"

We scraped out a grave, and he dreamlessly sleeps
On the banks of the Shenandoah River;
His home or his kindred are alike unknown,
His reward in the hands of the Giver.
We placed a rough board at the head of his grave,
"And we left him alone in his glory,"
But on it was marked, ere we turned from the spot,
The little we knew of his story—
"I fights mit Sigel!"

REV. J. HAZARD HARTZELL

THANATOS

He plucks the pain from youthful breast,
And stills the groan of burdened age;
He lays the suffering down to rest,
And drives the cruel from the stage.

He takes no bribe, he fears no threat,
But walks the land, and sweeps the sea,
Throws back the doors whose hinges fret,
And sets the godlike spirit free.

He raps the door of rich and poor,
Goes through the earth with noiseless feet;
He shakes his glass at prince and boor,
Then winds them in his icy sheet.

He's strange and cold, breaks bolts and bars,
Dethrones the King, unbinds the slave;
He veils the sun and hides the stars,
And lays a nation in its grave.

THE OLD HARPER

Welcome all the aged harper,
As he comes with shrivelled hands;
Listen to his rapturous playing,
And his songs of glorious lands.

Mark the rising of his spirit,
As he picks melodious strings;
See the heaving of his bosom,
When song lifts her startling wings.

Music comes in joyous measure,
Hanging smiles on cherry lips;
It o'erflows the swelling bosom;
From the heart it sweetly drips.

It has power to conquer passion,
Thaw the frozen stream of love,
Clothe the soul in reverent beauty,
Ope the starry gates above.

It can stop the tear of sorrow,
Smooth the sullen frown of scorn;
It can smite the night of anguish,
Pitch the saffron tents of morn.

Gone now is the aged harper,
Wandering through a world of wrong,
To unlock the iron bosom
With the golden key of song.

THE DROUTH IN JUNE

The sun shot forth his fiery rays
On restless seas and burning sand;
No showers swept through our heated days
To cheer and beautify the land.

The earth was parched, the springs were dry,
And withered were the grass and corn;
The shining crescent lit the sky,
A grainless sickle, till the morn.

The roads were filled with dust and heat;
The streams all weakened in their flow,
And dews refused to touch the feet
Of flocks that fed in fields below.

The plough was followed in the field;
The hoe was buried in the soil;
But thirsty furrows could not yield
Their hidden wealth to earnest toil.

The farmer scanned his field so bare,
And sighed that mercy was no more;
While Famine whined, he thought, in air,
And crouched around the open door.

A frowning cloud came muttering in,
And spread above the suffering plain;
The thunder rolled with crashing din,
And earth drank in the gladdening rain.

THE COMING OF EASTER

Now ring the bells in lonely towers,
Where years shake dust from tireless wing,
And startle from their sleep the hours
Which, pillowed on Night's bosom, bring

Glad news to man, to king and slave,
That Christ is risen from the Grave.

And make the tongue, embrowned with rust,
Inspire all ranks, both small and great,
The soul is not a speck of dust,
Thrown blindly from the wheel of fate;
For Christ has seized Death's iron crown,
And trodden his dominion down.

See! Nature feels the pulse of life,
Now throbbing in her swelling veins,
As out she comes from Winter's strife
'Neath gladsome light and cheering rains;
And from the grave of silent gloom,
The flowers come smiling into bloom.

The Nations break from binding chains,
Leave Care and Strife in narrow cells,
And bowing to the Love that reigns,
They worship 'neath the swing of bells;
And with the rose of faith in bloom,
They rise with Christ above the tomb.

Now Sorrow from her turbid stream,
Climbs rugged banks, and looks away
With hope beyond the marble gleam,
Where Morning in his mantle gray,
Puts on his crown and from his throne,
Sends Easter to the Master's own.

O, Church of Christ with faith profound,
With windows rich with martyr-stain,
And altars grand, with symbols round,
Lift high the voice in thankful strain,
And let the organ's mighty peal
Bespeak the joy the People feel!

JABEZ LOTON

WILLIE'S GRAVE

EARTH holds for us one hallowed spot,
So dear, that all beside
Might fade from memory's page forgot,
Yet this would e'er abide.

To it on precious pilgrimage
Our thoughts are daily bound,
Whatever cares our hearts engage,
Whatever scenes surround.

By day, the sunlight's golden bars
Its guard securely keep;
By night, the sympathizing stars
Watch o'er it while we sleep.

The light winds kiss it as they pass,
The birds beside it sing;
And o'er it in the dewy grass,
The little wild-flowers spring.

We love the flowers, but not for this
Hold we the spot so dear;
We love the birds, but not for this
Our hearts are centered here;

Nor that the sweet breeze o'er it sweeps
And plume-like branches wave:
This spot a sacred treasure keeps,—
This spot is Willie's grave.

JABEZ LOTON

JESUS OF GETHSEMANE

Jesus of Gethsemane,—
Victim of the ruthless tree,
Soul of tenderest sympathy,
Pity me, pity me.

Tossing all the sultry night
On the restless bed of pain,
Longing for the morning light,
Seeking ease, alas, in vain;

Slake the thirst that burns my tongue,
Cool, O cool, my feverish brow,
Chase the wildering thoughts that throng
O'er my brain,—clear them now.

On Thy potent name I call,
Weary, helpless, and distressed,
Bless the faith that looks through all,
Send me rest, send me rest.

SPRING

There's a brighter blush of beauty on the mountains,
There's a richer gleam of sunshine on the sea,
There's a sweeter sound of waters at the fountains,
There's a fresher flush of verdure on the lea.

And the woods are putting on their gay adorning,
And the flowers are peeping skyward from the sod,
And the birds are singing songs unto the morning,
And the mist ascends as incense unto God.

And the breeze goes wandering by with charmed sweetness,
Won by toying with the perfume-laden trees;
Oh! the hours are winged with far too much of fleetness,
We would fain delighted dwell with scenes like these.

For the worn heart feels again a thrill of pleasure,
And the wan face wears again the smile of cheer,
And the tongue of sadness takes up music's measure,
To tell its gladness, Spring, since thou art here.

THE FALLING SNOW

How gently falls the snow!
The air is calm and still,
The whispering winds have ceased to blow
O'er wintry plain and hill,
And now from all the o'ershadowed skies
All noiselessly and slow,—
As sent on tenderest ministries,
So falls the feathery snow.

How rudely falls the snow!
When o'er the frost-bound earth
The angry storm-winds fiercely blow
From the far icy north;
On, on, before the furious blast,
Till whirled in drifts below,
The myriad flakes go hurling past,—
So falls the arrowy snow.

How lightly falls the snow!
To those where fortune smiles,
How gay the wintry moments go
Where festal mirth beguiles;
'Tis but the call to wilder joy
Than milder seasons know,
And sport and dance the hours employ,—
So merrily falls the snow.

How heavily falls the snow!
To those—the suffering poor—
How cold the hearths where want and woe
Have opened wide the door;
O, long and lone they count the hours,
And heart and hope sink low;
For o'er their lot a grim fate lowers,—
So drearily falls the snow.

THE THUNDER STORM

'Tis noon, and as entranced, creation sleeps,
The sultry sun hangs in a brazen sky,

No shadow o'er the blue ethereal sweeps,
No vagrant breeze goes idly wandering by.
Portentous silence reigns, as if in fear
The dumb earth felt the storm approaching near.

For lo! slow gathering in the deepening west,
A murky monitory cloud is seen,
And now it elevates its towering crest
With threatening brow, and darkens all the scene.
Anon, with muttering and mysterious sound
The thunder rolls o'er all the dense profound.

Then, as if shot from the impending sky,
A few drops strike the earth, a vivid flash,
And the terrific peal with quick reply
Deafens the ear with sharp tumultuous crash;
While with impulsive and impetuous roar,
As from a cataract, the torrents pour.

But soon the elemental war is past,
The scattered clouds disclose a fairer blue,
On the retreating storm heaven's bow is cast,
All nature smiles that peace is made anew;
Sweet music thrills again the leafy shades,
And charming freshness all the air pervades.

MARY E. MIXER

BERNARD OF CLUNY

O SAINTED monk of Cluny, didst thou dream
Thy whispered prayers sent forth in holy song,
(Which born in heaven, to all the world belong)
Should bind the ages by their mystic theme?
That from that lonely cell a rainbow gleam
Should span the cycles with its radiant flame,
Beneath whose arch both saint and sinner claim
Communion sweet with the Great Heart Supreme?
Thy words of comfort are the golden stairs,
God's prophet saw suspended from the sky;
Clinging to earth we grovel with our cares,
While angel visitants their missions ply;
They soothe our sorrows, upward bear our tears,
Till eager hearts see the "sweet country" nigh.

THE WEAVER

WITH wondrous skill, in the crowded mill,
The spinner her shuttle plies,
And watches the web with fear and dread,
As it forms beneath her eyes;
For well she knows that one worthless thread,
Inwove in those even bands,
Will be traced through the fabric far or near
As the work of her careless hands.

In the mill of life, full of noise and strife,
We each have a weaver's part,
And the web of each day, by the passions' play,
Is woven with curious art;
But if false to ourselves, and our Master's name,
We fashion the fabric thin,
And with its tissue blend faulty threads
Of slothfulness and sin,
To our own account will the mischief come,
And take from each joy its hoarded sum.

CONCORD TOWN

In Memory of a Happy Day.

O, FAMOUS town! thy sweet elm-shaded ways
And sparkling stream, which tell the patriot's story,
Seem to have more than rightful share of glory,
When we recall those golden later days
Where flint and fire by genius struck ablaze,
Wakened anew each legend stern and hoary,
Making thy landmarks a Memento Mori
That brought the world upon thy shrine to gaze.
Here the deep shades of "Sleepy Hollow" guard
Him of the mountain, wood and sylvan stream,
And calmly rests the stern and fiery bard
Whose magic touch unveiled the things that *seem;*
Here, too, the granite boulder seamed and scarred,
In truth eternal tell the sage's dream.

CLARA A. HADLEY

HOME FROM THE WAR

Home from the war he comes, he comes!
O, how can a mother wait?
Holding her heart from her boy apart,
Till he leaps the garden gate.

Home from the war, all battle stained,—
He is young to be so blest,
Raising his hand for his fatherland,
And now they must let him rest.

Ended at last the haunting dreams,
With terrible grim array
Of phantom fears that more than the years,
Have frighten'd my locks to gray.

He comes! he comes! I catch a gleam
From the hills where he must pass;
But my boy's glad bound is not that sound
That rolls through the meadow grass.

Why hear I not some sweet salute,
But only this doling drum?
O, mother! mother! is this the way
That thy warrior boy should come?

Home from the war, they bring a bier
To mock my expectant sight;
Was it for this with such eager hands
That I draped his room in white?

Home from the war! my soldier passed
Through the crimson field of the slain;
And no mother's cry, nor bugle blast
May summon him back again.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILD

Little child, is an angel nigh,
Glassing its glory in thine eye?
Or wears it light the spirit bore
Out of the infinite before?

Little child, is an angel nigh,
Making my soul within me die,
That thus my shadowed spirit lies,
Afraid beneath thy questioning eyes?

Sweet life that art, and know'st not why,
In which such powers unconscious lie;
Thou comest to be taught of me,
While I must pray to be like thee.

Thou comest to be taught of me,
Because of all that is to be.
Folding thy little joys away,
To be a child of God to-day.

What worldly wisdom can I give
To teach this little one to live?
O, Holy Spirit, draw through mine,
This precious soul and make it Thine.

CLARA A. HADLEY

NOCTURNE

Dark and still, dark and still,
I see no light from the distant hill;
I hear no sound from the great world sea,
God and my heart are all that be!

Low it lies, low it lies,
My heart beneath His searching eyes;
With all its sacred chambers seen,
Nor sight, nor sound, nor space between.

In the dust, heart of hearts!
What is it that quickens all thy parts;
Through every fibre flashing fires,
Purging away all low desires?

Is it life, is it death,
Thus catching away my spirit's breath,
Surging it over like a sea,
Crushing it with humility?

Can it be, can it be
That the awful presence filleth me—
That nothing lives in earth or air?
But God and my soul are everywhere!

AUGUSTUS RADCLIFFE GROTE

THE MARGUERITE

Pretty flower that June remembers,
Blossom that July forgets,
While my hand thy cup dismembers
Pity me and my regrets;

For of all thy wreathed glory
But one ray remains to fall,
And that petal tells the story
That I am not loved at all.

A LAST WORD

Hold thy heart within thy hand
Where the fools around thee stand,
So that when they torture thee
Thou canst crush it and be free.

They will show their brutal strength,
They will have their way at length;
This at least they shall not say,
They have touched my heart to-day.

MARY NORTON THOMPSON

IN MEMORY OF THE PILGRIMS

Can we forget our Pilgrim sires
Who dared the stormy main,
Who left their dear old English homes,
Freedom and Truth to gain?

Chorus—Then sing to-day in praise
Of that brave band,
"In God we trust," should ever be
The watchword of our land.

The moaning pines sad welcome gave,
The days fell dark and drear,
But in their hearts the living flame
Of Truth shone bright and clear.

When Spring the hillsides spread with green,
They counted not the graves
Of those they loved—with steadfast faith
They looked to Him who saves.

Two hundred years have rolled away,
The Pilgrim's work well done,
The seed of Truth hath grown a tree
And Freedom's nobly won.

MRS. ELIZABETH M. OLMSTED

TRAILING ARBUTUS

Behind the bars, self-drawn, of springtime care,
Pining and sick for healing of the woods
Made grand and tender by their solitudes,
Sudden as answer to a swift-sent prayer
Came rosy fragrance cradled soft in moss,—
Sweet April darlings prattling of the rain,
Their mantles braided with a fairy floss,
Rose-tinted as a shell or daisy chain,
Spring's spicy sweetness on their parted lips
A-thrill with robin's carol and refrain.
O pretty waifs! already am I glad,
Who dared to say the winter was too drear,
Since, folded in his bosom, he hath had
This ecstasy that fills the poet's year.

GLEN IRIS

Sweet sylvan Solitude! thy genius came!
Long ages waited for the tryst to be,
And in a poet's dream of ecstasy,
All smiles and tears, he spake thy fond, new name,
Glen Iris! and the voice of mountain rills
With low, melodious thunder woke the hills
In answering echo; and the swaying vines
Made leafy canopies, fair forest shrines

For silent worship. Fairy troops of ferns
Bent in a mute obeisance as they passed,
Where velvet mosses had their mantles cast,
Leading the way to nectar-brimming urns;
And over all the softly veiling mist,
Now rose, now changing pearl and lovely amethyst!

RESURGEMUS

Away from the old farm-gate it wound,
The slow, sad funeral-train;
For the reaper, Death, a sheaf had bound
Of the ripe and bearded grain.

Past the fold where the shuddering flocks
Wait for the whistle shrill;
Past the barn where the swallow mocks
The whirr of the winnowing mill;

Along where the orchard slants to the sun,
And the fruits ungarnered fall;
Away where the fields, half-plowed and dun,
Follow the moss-grown wall.

Across the stream where the drowsy herds
Rest from the noontide heat;
Through the grove where the brooding birds
Coo to their nestlings sweet;

Up the hill where the church spire gleams,
And the church bell deals its dole;
On to the grave where the sunlight streams
That shall quicken a living soul.

THE ROBIN'S TAUNT

Hush, robin sweet!
The winter is here;
Oh, winter so drear
With its snow and its sleet!

Why should you sing?
The brooks are all still,
And the springs are a-chill,
Where you moistened your wing.

To my window you come;
You're a pauper at best,
In your little red vest;
Shall I give you a crumb?

What! gone, robin sweet?
Did I drive you away,
Who sang all the day
In the snow and the sleet?

SONNET

To Mrs. George B. Mathews,
On the Death of her Father, Welton M. Modisette, long blind.

"Oh, love! oh, light! dear one, lift up thy head!"
'Tis thus thy father bids thee grieve no more:
Behold the brightness of that new-found shore
To which, through darkened days, his footsteps led,

The lamb of God its very soul of light!
What rapture of the heavenly dream fulfilled!
The anguish and the struggle softly stilled,
Fair morning breaking through the starless night!
Oh, love, her waiting angels through the years
Wrought in his heart a patience sweet, divine;
He lived as kneeling at Faith's holy shrine,
The comforter of sorrow's untold tears.
Wilt thou not listen to his tender voice?
"Oh, love! oh, light! O daughter mine, rejoice!"

MARY A. RIPLEY

ON GUARD

Do you see that strange, old picture,
With its stretches of broken wall?
The leaning and prostrate columns
Where the sunshine seems to fall?
And the skeleton shapes all scattered,
Looking so grim and hard?
But this one—this is a hero,
A Roman who fell on guard.

This is an ancient picture—
I've seen it for many a year,
Hanging just where you see it,
Over the mantel here;
I'll tell you why I have liked it
If you'll hear the simple rhyme,
I'll paint you a different picture,
I'll show you a fairer time.

Yonder rises the mountain,
And yonder tosses the sea,
And you look over valley and water,
To the pleasant hills of Capri;
The sky is so blue above us,
And the air is so balmy and still,
That we doubt the terrible story
That makes our pulses thrill.

A hundred years had not vanished,
Since Christ walked on the earth,
Pompeii's gardens and vineyards
Were ringing with festival mirth.
Above, the Vesuvian forests
Spread grandly their branches of green,
And the hillsides shone out in their beauty,
A land of enchantment, I ween.

This is the picture I show you—
Palace, and villa, and fount,
Temple, and tower, and terrace,
Under a vine-covered mount,
All this glory was buried—
Sealed by that ashen rain;
Statue, and altar, and column,
Sepulchre, forum, and fane.

Centuries heaped upon centuries
Work out their wonderful deeds;
Truth has grown strong with the ages,
Crushing down soul-killing creeds.
Man has stood firm for his birthright,
Freedom is throned in the West,
Onward the march, and still onward,
Nevermore sinking to rest.

But what of the deep-buried city
Under the fire-smitten hill?
What of the maidens and matrons,
Lying there hidden and still?

Off with their ashen covering!
Bring them out into the light!
Let the old halls of Pompeii
Break on the world's waiting sight!

Stalwart hands were outstretched then,
And the sunlight crept along,
Following the dusky toiler,
Working with jest and song;
Suddenly, all was silent,
The swarthy face grew white;
There lay a noble lady
Decked in her jewels bright.

There was her little daughter,
And there was her princely boy;
The tempest came down upon them,
In their festal hour of joy.
And under an arch of triumph,
A slave with his master lay;
They had perished beside an altar
As they lingered there to pray.

So the toilers slowly lifted
The shroud from off the past;
Statue, and tomb, and temple,
Stood out in the day at last.
But the grandest thing they found there,
His fame by time unmarred,
Was the valiant Roman soldier,
Who had fallen while on guard.

Do you see what a radiant glory
Rests on his regal head?
Is it the summer sunshine
On his brave, broad forehead shed?
Is it a mystic token
That valor forever lives?
Or is it my soul that crowns him
For the lesson that he gives?

For in that terrible ruin,
Men fleeing in pallid fear,
Some grasping their gold and jewels,
He found his duty here.
The temple might open its portals,
The palace unbar its gate,
But the soldier on guard was unheeding,
He must bravely watch and wait.

What are mosaics and marbles?
What are bright jewels and gold?
What are the antique treasures,
Out of the gray dust rolled?
Nothing, beside the master—
Lord of a royal heart—
Whom frenzy nor wild disaster
Could drive from his task apart.

So in life's tumult and tempest,
Let us stand firm for the right,
Whether we toil with the weakest
Or under the banner of might.

Then when the dead world is summoned,
When the dark tomb is unbarred,
God's blessed angels shall find us,
Fallen while standing on guard.

DEH-GA-YA-SOH

From "Voices of the Glen."

Creeping adown the gray old wall,
Comes Deh-ga-ya-soh, the waterfall.
Looking through twilight to catch the sight
We see the shimmer of raiment white.
The moonshine lies on her silver hair,
It crowns with brightness her brow so rare;
While silently down the mossy wall,
She creeps like a phantom waterfall.
As low she leaps to the starlit glen,
Her beauty steals to my feet again;
And I reach my hand as she hurries by
Where the leaves and the purple flowerets lie.
I reach my hand for the maiden's kiss,
Ere she wanders away through the deep abyss.
A splash of water o'er ragged stone,
And I am left in the dark alone.
But ever she comes and ever she goes,
And over the spot her magic throws,
Till a nameless mystery wraps the shade,
Where naught but the leaves and waters played;

And a mystical chant thrills all the air,
As we linger and list to the voices there;
And we see a spirit in saintly white,
Where Deh-ga-ya-soh falls down in light.

OH, POET! SING AN AUTUMN SONG!

Oh, POET! sing an autumn song!
The forest shows a burning crown,
Our birds to southern isles have flown;
Oh, Poet! sing an autumn song!

The hurrying brook moans cheerlessly
Between its faded, flowerless banks;
The willows stand in drooping ranks
Where summer walked so peerlessly.

Against the cold October sky,
I see bright crimson banners hang;
And where the nestled birdling sang,
The faded, ashen streamers fly.

And autumn's flaming leaves fall fast
On tiny mounds and lengthened graves;
The church-yard shows its phosphor waves,
Seared foot-prints of a fiery past.

Oh, Poet! sing an autumn song!
The day is drear, and life is low,
The vernal tides have backward flow,
And winter hours are dark and long.

OCTOBER, 1859.

FLORIDA FLOWERS

Ye make me dream, ye simple things,
Of warmer, bluer skies,
Of twittering birds, and scented woods
Where summer fountains rise.

I see the white waves wash the shore,
As on that Easter Day,
When bright before the Spanish ships
The flowery landscape lay.

I read upon your fading leaves
Old Ponce de Leon's fame,
And marvel not your balmy breath
Should give the land its name.

So like a grand cathedral looked
The strange, wild forest scene;
Gray columns twined with mossy wreath,
And blossomed aisles between,

That "Pascus Florida," they said,
"Here Christ shall be adored!"
And so they named it "Florida,"
In honor of our Lord.

FOR THEE

The last poem written by Mary A. Ripley.

I weary, for the way is hard and long;
I have forgot my early morning song;
Footsore and faint, upon the ground, I lie;
Out of the dust, I only send a cry
For Thee.

I hunger, for my food is bitter bread,
Mingled with falling tears which I have shed;
Out of the arms of death, or ere I die,
My suffering soul lifts up her pleading cry
For Thee.

I thirst; the cooling springs no more o'erflow,
The summer drought has touched their sources so;
My spirit fails beneath a fervid sky,
Yet my hot lips still tremble with a cry
For Thee.

O, Way of Life! draw in my weary feet!
O, Bread of Life! of Thee I fain would eat!
O, Living Water! fill my chalice high!
O, Blessed Christ! now hear my suppliant cry
For Thee.

JAMES N. JOHNSTON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

April, 1865.

Bear him to his Western home,
Whence he came four years ago;
Not beneath some Eastern dome,
But where Freedom's airs may come,
Where the prairie grasses grow,
To the friends who loved him so.

Take him to his quiet rest;
Toll the bell and fire the gun;
He who served his Country best,
He whom millions loved and bless'd,
Now has fame immortal won;
Rack of brain and heart is done.

Shed thy tears, O! April rain,
O'er the tomb wherein he sleeps!
Wash away the bloody stain!
Drape the skies in grief, O, rain!
Lo! a nation with thee weeps,
Grieving o'er her martyred slain.

To the people whence he came,
Bear him gently back again.
Greater his than victor's fame;
His is now a sainted name;
Never ruler had such gain—
Never people had such pain.

JAMES N. JOHNSTON

IN VAIN, O MAN! CONTENDING

From the German.

In vain, O man! contending;
Thou mak'st but care and pain;
A life-repose intending
Thou never canst attain.
O'ertakes the king and peasant
Alike, death's fearful smart,
Be silent for the present,
And patient, O my heart!

Not ever bloom the roses,
A storm and they must fall;
Yet mother-earth discloses
A grave prepared for all;
The day that has no morrow—
When that last day appears,
Then ended is all sorrow
And wept are all our tears.

From woes no man can number
We're borne at last to rest;
Close-to, in endless slumber,
Are weary eyelids pressed;
Death's arrow is unfailing
To quiet every smart;
A few more days of ailing,
Be patient, O my heart!

A MEMORY

Bright summer dream of white cascade,
Of lake, and wood, and river!
The vision from the eye may fade,—
The heart keeps it forever.
There beauty dwells
In rarest dells,—
There every leaf rejoices;
By cliff and steep,
By crag and deep,
You hear their pleasant voices.

From forest flower and meadow bloom,
The soft wind passing over,
Brings the wild roses' fresh perfume,
The sweet breath of the clover;
And odors rare,
Pulse through the air,
In waves of pleasure flowing,—
We dream away
The passing day,
Regardless of its going.

Through leafy boughs the sunlight glows,
The skies are blue above us,
The happy laugh that comes and goes
Is from the friends who love us.
Oh! bliss combined
Of sense and mind,

Rare boon to mortals given,
Before our eyes
Is Paradise,
Above the blue is heaven!

Take, Memory, to thy choicest shrine,
And guard as sacred treasure,
The hours of ecstacy divine,
The days of untold pleasure;
Though many a scene
May come between,
In way of future duty,
We still shall deem
Our summer dream
As peerless in its beauty.

SAINT AUGUSTINE

I SILENTLY sit by the Spanish Fort,
And watch the ensign fall;
The white-sailed boats are seeking the port,
Or lie by the low sea-wall.

And darkness spreads o'er the eastern sky,
Save the "flash-light" by the shore,
I hear the Matanzas ebbing by,
And the ocean's distant roar.

Stilled is the beat of the sea-birds' wings,
And borne on the evening breeze
There comes the calm that the twilight brings
From gardens of tropical trees.

And odors of sweetness fill the air,
As the shadows fall on the deep;
And lost are time, and space, and care,
And whether I wake or sleep.

For thoughts are mine, which no one tells,—
Of what life has brought to me;
They came from the old cathedral bells,
And are gone on an endless sea.

REST

Nature rewards a friendly eye—
Reveals herself to sympathy,
But coldly meets the passer-by.

And he who'd win her peerless grace,
Or scan the fairness of her face,
Must seek her in her dwelling-place.

The rifted clouds are snowy-fleeced,
The gorgeous sun ascends the East,
A fiery-vestured Orient priest.

The pine-tops glisten in his glow,
The brooks are burnished in their flow,
A brightness rests on all below:

On leaf-roofed nook and wooded ridge,
On cataract and lofty bridge,
Down to the kindly water's edge.

Away from narrow, selfish schemes;
Where cheerful sunshine ever beams,
In hallowed rest my spirit dreams.

From human strife and wordy brawls,
I list to Nature's pleasant calls,
And drink the joy of waterfalls.

A halo rests on rock and tree,
A glory flits across the lea—
God's work in beauty robed I see.

While upward mounts the smoking spray,
Soft airs about my temples play,
And breezes kiss the heat away.

Beyond the river's graceful leap,
Where white-lipped segments seek the deep,
The shining waters downward creep.

The sky bends o'er us crystal-clear,
No tokened wraith of storm is near,
And yet God's covenant is here!

Calm's finger leaneth on the air,
Peace dwelleth on the waters there,
And Rest abideth everywhere.

The air is full of symphonies,
Leaf-rustles and the hum of bees,
And sounds like roar of distant seas.

Love's curtain shuts the past so grim,
No future cometh dark or dim,
In present bliss the senses swim.

AT THE GRAVE OF MARY E. LORD

Queen City of the western lake,
By Erie's pleasant waters,
You mourn for her whom death did take—
The kindliest of your daughters.

A child of yours, she loved you well,
She shared your growth and glory;
Her name shall in your annals dwell,
Her life will be your story.

The joys of nature were her own,
In country or in city;
Of all God's creatures she found none
Too low for love and pity.

Into her hospitable home
Came many a woodland stranger,
For there they fearlessly might roam,
Secure from foe and danger.

When hearts were cold and law was dead,
She saw the horse o'erloaded,
The wound unhealed, the kine unfed,
The beast to th' shambles goaded.

Her woman's soul, with holy zeal,
Passed not the wrong unheeded;
She taught a city's heart to feel,
And conquered where she pleaded.

The true, the tender one is gone,
The faithful heart is sleeping;
Home of our dead, dear Forest Lawn,
We leave her in your keeping.

JAMES N. JOHNSTON

TO GLEN IRIS

The home, at Portage, N. Y., of the Honorable William Pryor Letchworth, LL. D., the widely-known Author and Philanthropist.

For all the magic by thy master wrought,
In working out on thee his bounteous scheme,
And making thee an artist-poet's dream,—
For friendship's sweet repose, exalted thought
And generous welcome, ever unforgot,
Thy summer woods, the moonlight on the stream,
With all the memories that rise supreme,—
Dear Glen, for these alone I love thee not.
Thy master's weary years of ceaseless care
To aid the sick, the hapless one to seek,—
His voice of mercy pleading for the weak,—
His word of hope to brighten dark despair,—
His potent message helpful everywhere,—
For these I love thee most and these forever speak.

DAVID GRAY

THE FOG BELL AT NIGHT

Out on the dim and desolate lake,
Chime on chime falls, measured and slow;
Scarce the dull trance of the night they break,
Sounding so wearily, long and low;
Telling the hour in its voiceless flight—
Stirring old thoughts of our dear, dead joys:
O, dreary, mysterious night,
Shadow and fear have at last a voice.

Far in a region of dream-delight,
Fondly I wandered but moments ago,—
Ah, that knell from the distant night,
Hanging my dreams with trappings of woe!
Sadly, solemnly tolling—tolling,
Floating afar on the misty air;
Every bell like a dirge is knolling,
Every chime is a funeral prayer!

"Life!" they cry to the mariner, seaward,—
What to the slumbering thousands near?
Father above, do they beckon us Thee-ward?
See! I strain thro' the night to hear!
Sadly, solemnly tolling—tolling,
Dying away on the ghostly air,—
Every bell for a soul is knolling,
Every chime is a funeral prayer.

THE LAST COUNCIL ON THE GENESEE

The fire sinks low; the drifting smoke
Dies softly in the autumn haze;
And silent are the tongues that woke
In speech of other days.
Gone, too, the dusky ghosts whose feet
But now yon listening thicket stirred;
Unscared within its covert meet
The squirrel and the bird.

The story of the past is told;
But thou, O Valley sweet and lone—
Glen of the rainbow—thou shalt hold
Its romance as thine own!
Thoughts of thine ancient forest prime
Shall sometimes tinge thy summer dreams,
And shape to low poetic rhyme
The music of thy streams.

When Indian Summer flings her cloak
Of brooding azure on the woods,
The pathos of a vanished folk
Shall haunt thy solitudes.
The blue smoke of their fires, once more,
Far o'er the hills shall seem to rise,
And sunset's golden clouds restore
The red man's paradise.

Strange sounds of a forgotten tongue
Shall cling to many a crag and cave,
In wash of falling waters sung,
Or murmur of the wave.

And oft in midmost hush of night,
Shrill, o'er the deep-mouthed cataract's roar,
Shall ring the war-cry from the height,
That woke the wilds of yore.

Sweet Vale, more peaceful bend thy skies,
Thy airs be fraught with rarer balm!
A people's busy tumult lies
Hushed in thy sylvan calm.
Deep be thy peace! while fancy frames
Soft idyls of thy dwellers fled;—
They loved thee, called thee gentle names,
In the long summers dead.

Quenched is the fire; the drifting smoke
Has vanished in the autumn haze;
Gone too, O Vale, the simple folk
Who loved thee in old days.
But, for their sakes—their lives serene,
Their loves, perchance as sweet as ours—
Oh, be thy woods for aye more green,
And fairer bloom thy flowers!

COMING

She said she'd come in May, but it seemed so far
away
That our hearts grew sick at first, to think of
waiting her so long;

And the months were counted o'er, to the day that
should restore
In one rich gift the spring to earth, to us our
light and song.

And autumn shed its leaves on the wind that
comes and grieves
In the wood and 'round the houses, like a ghost
that died of woe;
And the dull, cold clouds, at last, drooped and
whitened in the blast,
Till all the earth lay still as death, in one long
dream of snow.

But long ere spring had filled the earth with sap,
or thrilled
The subtle nerves of flowers, or called to swal-
lows o'er the main,
Our hearts had felt the stir of the spring to come
with her,
And yearned with joyous thoughts to greet our
darling back again.

And the snowdrop floated up from the snow its
fragile cup;
And the violets stole the blue of heaven, one
morning after rain;
And the wild anemone met us trembling on the
lea,—
All with the sole sweet words to tell: 'She is
coming back again';

Fast, fast, O March, fleet past, on thy winter-
battling blast,
And, gentle April, linger not beneath thy skies
of rain;
But strew thy scanty flowers, and speed the happy
hours
That bring sweet May to earth, to us our dar-
ling back again!

DEDICATION IN A LADY'S ALBUM

I THINK now, of some knight in fairy times,
Whose footsteps falter on the charmed limits
Of some enchanted place, where, in the hush
Of vacant halls, white Silence is uprisen,
Her finger high uplifted to forbid
The impending foot; for, Mary, so my pen
Hath faltered at the white, untrodden threshold
Of this, thy Book of Beauty. I would fain
Some worthier hand than mine had broke the spell
Which sat till now about its golden rim.
But, as it is, the spell is broken; and these pages—
May their unwritten vacancy become
A beauteous garden, where sweet thoughts shall
blossom;—
A place where dear desires and hopes shall nes-
tle;—
A fount, where Memory, mayhap worn and weary,
In after years shall, bending, drink and rise
Thrilled with the wild, wild life of long ago!

DAVID GRAY

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS CREW

Toll the saintly minster bell,
For we know they're now at rest;
Where they lie, they sleep as well
As in kirkyard old and blest.
Let the requiem echo free
From the shores of England, forth
Over leagues of angry sea,
Toward the silence of the North.

Half a score of years or more,
They were phantoms in our dreams;
Many a night, on many a shore
Lit by wan Aurora gleams,
We have tracked the ghostly band—
Seen distressful signals wave—
Till we find dim William's Land
Holy with the heroes' grave.

Toll the bell, that they may rest,
Haunting spectres of our brain,—
They for whom her tireless quest
Love pursued so long in vain.
Nevermore let fancy feign
That the wondering Esquimaux
Haply sees them toil again,
Wild and haggard, through the snow.

From the Erebus they pass'd
To a realm of light and balm;
And the Terror sailed at last
Into peace and perfect calm.

Toll the bell; but let its voice,
Moaning in the minster dome,
Change at times, and half rejoice;
For the mariners are home!

A NINETEENTH CENTURY SAINT

Beautiful is my darling's face;
And, yet, I know her heart so well
That, thinking always of the pearl,
I have not time to praise the shell.
I care not that with words of mine
Her eyes' deep splendor be extolled,
Nor any wreath of speech would twine
Within her tresses' wavy gold.
Not mine to praise the Saxon hue
That on her cheek the rose outstrips,
Nor see in curvings of her lips
Some Greek ideal born anew.
Ah, no; far other court is due,
From such as near her heart may dwell,
My darling, whom I love so well.

I think (while softer fancies sleep)
Of those old altar-pictures, quaint,
Which pure-souled Memling loved to paint;
Or those that in fair Florence keep
His fame as limner and as saint,
Who, kneeling, painted heaven, and so
Was named of men Angelico.

All shut, such reliquaries stand,
Rich paintings on each folded lid
That keeps the inner beauty hid,*
And almost one is stopped to gaze,
And half — before the doors expand —
Would lift the censor of his praise.
But, open! and there straightway beam
Such glories of the fairer dream,
All other light is quenched than its.
Unclouded glows the golden air,
And ringed with heaven's own aureole,
The very deep of Beauty's soul
Throbs visible where The Virgin sits.

So, curtained from the vulgar eye,
Abides the vision, chaste and fair;
And though the world may pass it by,
Or laud its covering unaware,
O soul of love! O heart of prayer!
Look inward; for the shrine is there!

* Some of the most beautiful paintings by the old masters are covered by folding lids, on which pictures have been painted by an inferior hand.

HOW THE YOUNG COLONEL DIED

You want to hear me tell you, how the young Colonel died?
God help me, memory will not fail on that, nor tongue be tied.

Aye, write it down and print it in your biggest
type of gold,
For, sure, a braver heart than his no mortal
breast could hold.
'Twas the second weary night of that hot and
bloody June;
Through the brush, along the picket, we walked
beneath the moon;
Behind us, sixty miles of death, Virginia's thickets
lay;
Before us was Cold Harbor,—the hell to come
next day;
We talked about old Buffalo, and how the girls we
knew,
At the door-steps, with their sweethearts, sat in
the silver dew.
And, looking at the fields below, where the mist
lay like a pond,
We seemed to see the long dark streets and the
white lake far beyond.
Then, turning sudden: "George," he said, "I'm
glad a moon so bright
Will hold her face to mine, when I lie dead
to-morrow night!"
We charged, at noon, the Colonel led green Erin's
old brigade,
'Twas Longstreets' blazing cannon behind their
breast-works played.
We charged, till, full in front, we felt that fiery
breaker swell—

A sea of rattling muskets, in a storm of grape and shell!—
The Colonel led, in fire and smoke his sword would wave and shine,
And still the brave sound of his voice drew on the straggling line.
Then, all at once, our colors sank; I saw them reel and nod;
The Colonel jumped and took them before they touched the sod;
Another spring, and, with a shout—the rebs will mind it well—
He stood alone upon their works, waved the old flag, and fell!
As o'er the surf at Wicklow I've seen the sea-gull fly,
His voice had sailed above the storm, and sounded clear and high;
It seemed, I swear, I had not heard the hellish rack and din,
Till then, all sudden, on my ears, the thunder-crash rushed in.
'Twas vain to stand up longer; what could they do but yield?
Our broken remnant melted back, across the bloody field.
I staid to help the Colonel, and crept to where he lay.
A smile came, tender, o'er his face, but he motioned me away.

I bent to watch his parting lips and shade him from the light—
"I'm torn to pieces, George," he said; "go, save yourself—good-night!"
As tender as my mother's, that smile came up and shone
Once more upon his marble face and the gallant soul was gone!
Three times the same full moon arose and looked him face to face,
Before the rebels flung a truce above the cursed place.
We laid him near Cold Harbor, but the spot is bleak and bare,—
I hate to think that I'm at home, and he still lying there.
I doubt his sleep will not be sweet nor his loving spirit still,
Till he lies among the friendly dust of yonder slanting hill,
Where, from the streets he loved so well, might float their daily hum,
And the lake's low roar upon the beach, in quiet nights would come.
Ah! well the town might plant his tomb, with marble words to tell
How the bravest of her blood was poured when young McMahon fell.*

* Colonel James P. McMahon, of the 164th Regiment, N. Y. S. Volunteers.

MURILLO'S "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION"

WHENCE is the spell—O, fair and free from guile,
Thou with the young moon shod! that binds my brain?
Is thine that orb of fable, which did wane,
Darkening o'er sad Ortygia's templed isle,—
Beautiful Artemis, hid from earth awhile,
And on the pale monk's vigil risen again,
A wonder in the starry sky of Spain?
Comes the Myth back, Madonna, in thy smile?
Yea! thou dost teach that the Divine may be
The same, to passing creeds and ages given;
And how the Greek hath dreamed, or churchman striven,
What reck we, who with eyes tear-blinded see
Thee standing loveliest in the open heaven?—
Ave Maria! only heaven and thee!

A GOLDEN WEDDING POEM

Read at the Golden Wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. James Goold, of Albany, N. Y.

O, LOVE, whose patient pilgrim feet
Life's longest path have trod,
Whose ministry hath symbolled sweet
The dearer love of God,—
The sacred myrtle wreathes again
Thine altar as of old;
And what was green with summer, then,
Is mellowed, now, to gold.

Not now, as then, the Future's face
Is flushed with Fancy's light,
But Memory, with a milder grace,
Shall rule the feast to-night.
Blest was the sun of joy that shone,
Nor less the blinding shower,—
The bud of fifty years agone
Is love's perfected flower!

O, Memory, ope thy mystic door;
O, dream of youth, return;
And let the lights that gleamed of yore
Beside this altar burn!
The past is plain; 't was love designed
E'en sorrow's iron chain,
And mercy's shining thread has twined
With the dark warp of pain.

So be it still. O, Thou who hast
That younger bridal blest,
Till the May-morn of love has passed
To evening's golden west,—
Come to this later Cana, Lord,
And, at Thy touch divine,
The water of that earlier board
To-night shall turn to wine.

REST

Once more, blessed valley, I seek and have found thee;
Tired, hunted, I ran, with the mad world hallooing;
I slipped to thy shade—I am safe from pursuing—
No care climbeth over the green walls that bound thee.
In the hush of thy woodlands that draw me and woo me,
By the rush of thy waters whose thunders thrill through me,
In deep hemlock cover, in vine-trellised arbor,
My heart finds once more a blest haven and harbor.
But the summers are many, the years have flown fleetly,
Since first we came hither with revel and laughter.
Ah, how easy the jest, then, the mirth following after,
The poem to praise thee, the song that ran sweetly.

. . . . . .

It was joy, then, that met us by greenwood and meadow;
It is rest, now, rest only, we crave in thy shadow.

Glen Iris, 1877.

ANNIE R. ANNAN

(Mrs. William H. Glenny)

SALUTATORY

Read at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Buffalo Seminary, June, 1876.

Hast thou a welcome, mother-shore,
For us, sea-farers, who once more
Into thy arms are backward blown,—
Thy children who have not outgrown
The need of refuge, nor outsailed
The love of the kind shore that hailed,
With prophecies that sank to prayer,
Our challenge of the sea and air?

Enfold us, while the hours and tides
Forget us, and the keen sun rides,
A heedless taskmaster, his round—
Enfold us until we have found
The little maids we used to be,
Who loved not books, but slipped from thee
To play at life, as sand birds trip
At the sea's edge with wings that dip

The waves, and with sweet folly woo
Their vast embrace, as if they knew
Their little footfalls gave the key
To that large music of the sea.
Bear with us, mother, till we find—
Our foolish child-selves left behind—
The older maids, who, scarce more wise,
Gave to the page but truant eyes;

Who conned their books, demure and grave,
While all the level years grew brave
With rosy lures. How ran the song
We used to sing when days were long?
O sunny wave, make haste to call
Us seaward from this tiresome thrall!
O laggard sun, do not delay
To light us to a freer day!

More kind the wave that now restores
Us to these old familiar shores,
Whence we may see—upheld in arms,
Like children, from all vague alarms—
The silver marriage of the sky
And sea, and it may chance descry
Those far-off headlands on whose face
Truth shines, though mists enwrap their base.

The wayfarer, who finds the hills
    That circled all his boyish haunts
    Still green, half dreams that they advance
To meet him, while the air distills
Spent odors from the days gone by;
    The clover, pines—he knows them all,
    And stops to guess at each bird call
That drops from out the friendly sky.

Like gentle leaders of the blind,
    All sounds and scents conduct him back
    On many an old forgotten track;
This slender wood-path calls to mind

The generous spring that held to him
So full a cup for all his draughts,
And how all day the quivering shafts
Of sunshine played from rim to rim.

He hurries on, a boy again;
The years are but as idle dreams,
And lads like him it well beseems
To laugh at the vain cares of men.
Is that a partridge's drum he hears?
And these the birches straight, white-limbed,
That shade the spring, as fully brimmed
With crystal as in by-gone years!

He stoops to see the ruddy face
That answers to his boyish heart,
But lo! that image has small part
In youthful jollity and grace.
Such wayfarers are we to-day,
And this the gracious spring we knew,
From whose full source we hourly drew
Some knowledge of our untried way.

What if some change be mirrored there!
An open child-soul for a guest
Is of celestial gifts the best;
Better the world to us seem fair
Than we be always fair to it.
Ah! well, the old-time groups re-form
And hand seeks hand with pressure warm
And friends to friends again are knit;

Not all—for some who had one dawn
With us, departed ere the sun
Had warmed the path they were to run.
And yet they seem not wholly gone—
A violet and the farthest star
Are neighbors in a wayside pool,
And those who to a higher school
Have passed, are not withdrawn so far
But each fair face by death endeared
Is here with ours serenely sphered.

MAIDENHOOD

What happy star shone on her birth?
What grassy corner of the earth
Grew daisies for her baby feet
To dance between, since they repeat
On all the flowerless ways they pass
That breezy motion of the grass?

What brook bewitched her to its brink
And drew her fresh lips down to drink
Its music, while it slipped unseen
Its happy cadences between?—
So sweet and glad the voice that slips
From ambush of her maiden lips.

What winds upon the hills gave room
To her and buffeted to bloom
Her rounded cheeks, and made her hair
A flying sunshine in the air?

For still, like sun-gleams on a rose,
Her wayward color comes and goes.

What greybeard tree upon the down
Caught, as she sped, her floating gown,
And whispered through his ancient girth
The long dumb sorrow of the earth?—
For the sweet pity in her eyes
Almost their gladness overlies.

DANDELION

At dawn, when England's childish tongue
Lisped happy truths, and men were young,
Her Chaucer with a gay content
Hummed through the shining grass, scarce bent
By poet's foot, and, plucking, set—
All lusty, sunny, dewy-wet—
A dandelion in his verse,
As children shut gold in a purse.

At noon, when harvest colors die
On the pale azure of the sky,
And dreams through dozing grasses creep
Of winds that are themselves asleep,
Rapt Shelley found the airy ghost
Of that bright flower the spring loves most,
And ere one silvery ray was blown
From its full disc, made it his own.

Now from the stubble poets glean
Scant flowers of thought: the Muse would wean
Her myriad nurslings, feeding them
On petals dropped from a dry stem.
For one small plumule, still adrift—
The wind-blown dandelion's gift—
The field once blossomy we scour
Where the old poets plucked the flower.

AT SUNSET

Winds are asleep—no lightest stir
Of ragged leaf, or tiny whirr
Of snowy plumule doth betray
  Their place of dreams;
The troubled currents of the day
Are drifting to the west away
  In noiseless streams;

The wind-ploughed furrows whitely show
Along the level of the snow
Whose utmost edge melts in the glow
  Of sunset fire;
A thicket of black branches spread
All nakedly against the red,
  And like a spire

The pine that clears the crimson bar
With slim fixed finger from afar
Points out the birthplace of a star;

But ere its birth,
The west, like a great field in flower,
Recalls her bloom for one warm hour
To the bare earth.

All birds that skim the summer skies
Seem present to my wistful eyes;
All songs that stir to sweet surprise
The solitudes,
Renew their sweetness note by note,
Between the silences there float
Faint interludes.

I see the star whose herald dim
Still clears the sky's pale yellow rim—
The steadfast finger, grown more slim,
Wears the first ray,
But, glad to merge, like John of old,
The prophet in the star foretold,
He fades away.

Old outlines from the vision fade,—
The sky grows paler shade by shade;
As a full rose, wherein are laid
Ripe seeds of change,
Drops leaf by leaf till poor and bare
The stem hangs in the sleeping air—
So, sad and strange,

A kindred trouble works decay,—
The hour's dear splendors fade away
While all its graces plead delay.

It is the night—
Birthtime of stars—no breath or sound;
Mists climb the sky, creep on the ground,
Yet gleams of light

Still linger to prolong a mood
That might some summer noon be wooed—
Of fellowship with all the brood
That paired and built,—
Of easy commerce with small lives
Whose humming told me when their hives
Were honey-filled.

Gay joys may not be thine, blest Hour,
But darkness clothes thee with a power;
The night hath given thee a dower
Of tender thought,
That lightly comes, the soul's own breath,
And hopes that outrun life and death
Are thine unsought.

There comes a night, O dear and true!
Along the path that we pursue
Its shadow drinks the morning dew;
We see it creep
Across the living bloom we tread,
A thing too fugitive to dread,
And yet we weep—

Light tears for rainbow uses meet;
Half-fears, that quicken failing heat,
And prick our lazy bliss to sweet
Self-consciousness,

That else might sometimes in a trance,
Too prodigal of time and chance,
Forget to bless!

If in mid-heaven hung our sun,
If all our path were overrun
With flowers that missed the graces won
From shadows gray,
Beloved, thou mightst fail to keep
My feet from falling on the steep
And dusty way,

Nor always guard mine eyes from tears.
In the wide margin of those years
Where all the room for speech appears
That love doth crave,
The silent speech of hand to hand
Might be less dear, in that strange land
That had no grave.

RECOMPENSE

The summer coaxed me to be glad,
Entreating with the primrose hue
Of sunset skies, with downward calls
From viewless larks with winds that blew
The red-topped clover's breath abroad,
And told the mirth of water-falls;
In vain! my heart would not be wooed
From the December of its mood.

But on a day of wintry skies
A withered rose slipped from my book;
And as I caught its faint perfume
The soul of summer straight forsook
The little tenement it loved,
And filled the world with song and bloom,
Missed, in their season, by my sense;
So found my heart late recompense.

RYDAL WATER

Day's farewell breath, scarce ruffling Windermere,
Steals on to die among the reeds that bow
To their slim shadows; and in Rydal now
Yon rosy cloud, unvexed, may see a clear,
Still vision of her loveliness appear.
Calm in the mellow air stands Silver How,
The sunshine lingering on his lifted brow,
Yet, thinly veiled, a star is throbbing near.
Sleep on now, Rydal, for at dawn the grass,
Wind-stirred, will whisper round thy Wordsworth's Seat,—
Stirred by the wind, but never more, alas!
By thy true lover's once-familiar feet.
Nature, thou virgin mother breathed upon
By God, hast thou no other priestly son?

AN AFTER-THOUGHT

I.

I HEARD a song so sweet and rare,
Its tuneful path was through the air,
Its death the echo of a prayer.

My face flamed as the singer's should,
But hers—rained on with flowers, she stood
As one who mourns a half-won good;

The song unsung we did not hear,
Though ever to her inward ear
Its prisoned sweetness grew more clear.

II.

The Poet saw through reverent eyes
The blissful world that round us lies—
The play of leaves on twilight skies,

The quiver of a swallow's wings.
So knit are souls of thought with things,
That from each form some symbol springs.

And when from pain of bliss he spoke,
Such sense of fairness in men woke,
They called him, Poet of blind folk;

But that rare grace which nature wore,
Haunting the Poet evermore,
Diviner utterance doth implore.

III.

As clouds along the eastern sky
Lean out to see the great sun die,
And turn all crimson where they lie

With glory that he casts aside—
So we, by nearness glorified,
Have watched a white soul, as it died,

Divest itself of human praise,
Deplore the guilt of blameless days,
Bewail the stain of stainless ways.

IV.

Oh futile strife that robs of rest,
And leaves the crowned soul unblessed,
Since still a better mocks its best!

The bitter thought grew sweet in me,
As though an angel changed its key
And set its secret music free.

My Singer, Poet, and Pure Heart,
Oh grieve not where you sit apart
Because an ideal mocks your art;

Earth's failures do most strongly plead
For those immortal years whose need
Has worked in men a common creed.

FALL WOOING

Late wooer, this dead rose of love—
Since you will have the reason—
Had heart of flame and fragrance once,
But now love's out of season;

For bee and breeze fell heir to sweets
You flouted in your treason.
So pass it by and pluck it not,
Since love is out of season.

A NIGHT OF WINDS, A NIGHT OF CLOUDS

A night of winds, a night of clouds
That swarm around the silver moon—
A blindfold moon that's like to swoon
With a black band across her face;
A night of skirmishes and routs,
Of rampant fears, the airy scouts
That, drugged with sunshine, sleep by day,
But with the dusk swarm from their lair,
Bestride the winds and scour the air;
A birth-night of strange revelries.
The trees by turns show black and white,
Like clouds in baths of transient light;
The shadows mask familiar things.

Now, swallow, nesting in the eaves,
This cannot be thy voice that grieves,—
Now, maple at the window-pane,

In all the music of thy leaves
Were never heard such words as these
That weirdly grow articulate:
"Up, and away, thou little Guest—
All winged things have left the nest—
Unhouse thee, soul, and try thy wings."

The little guest slips from her house,—
Undrawn its curtains and its bars,—
In fantasy below the stars,
Above the earth, she voyages.
She sees the Church—a blessed sight,
Each cranny full of silver light;
Now does she flit within the ray
Of nursery fires, whose fitful gleams
Fall on small faces bright with dreams;
Now, drifting over fields of snow,
Her shadow leaves a lighter stain
Than a white cloud's on summer grain.

She skirts the mystery of the woods;
But when dawn reddens all the plain,
She hastens to her home again.
Both guest and housewife, she renews
The order of her blithesome days,
And draws the curtains, mends the blaze,
With ancient hospitality.

Another night the voice will call:
"Empty and still is every nest,
The moon is drifting to the west,

No wind, or wave, or cloud knows rest,—
Come thou abroad, thou little Guest."

She will not come at dawn to trim
The household fire already dead,
Or draw the curtains that are spread
Across the windows of her house.

WILLIAM B. WRIGHT

FROM "HIGHLAND RAMBLES"

But when these frolic matin moods had ebbed
They sought the landscape that was hung serene
Before them, a Hesperian scope that clomb
Northward from champaign unto champaign fair,
In slow ascension, till the silver haze
Languished in dreamy distance; pastoral types
Of lovely contour, melting line in line,
Bold angles, winding mazes, gentle curves,
Mild slopes, basking in the rich dividuous Light,
Thereon unfolding all her tissues bright,
Cashmeres and damasks, lustrous tyrians,
Orange and auburn and deep lazuli.
And over all were sown with happy art
The cultured spaces, orchat valleys, groves,
Green pastures, sinuous silvers, sheets of glass,
White farmsteads, gleaming steeples, smiling vills;
And, intercepted by the jealous cliff,
Higher, the luminous fragment of a lake,
Suspended like a crescent; and beyond,
The limit and blue-breasted shore of all,
A ridge of mountain propping skies that sank
From weight of their own splendor; azure fields
Wherein the thronging fleeces in full flock
Pastured at leisure, mimicked underneath
By loitering shadows browsing up the hills.

FROM "HIGHLAND RAMBLES"

When the good man dies
Nature feels the drain;
Heights and depths do sympathize,
Suns and planets wane.

When the good man dies
Nations feel the anguish;
Thrones are loosened, tumults rise,
Hearts of heroes languish.

Who shall take his place?
None, for none is equal.
Nature not repeats the grace
Through her endless sequel.

But our fates abide,
Goodly spheres as any.
Would'st secure thy circle ride,
Be but one in many.

THE BROOK

Brief the search until I heard him,
Sweetest truant at his play;
Such a soul of laughter stirred him,
Could not rest by night or day.
Brief the search until I found him
Gamboling, crumpling all his bed;
Woods and rocks, that loved him, round him,

And the brakes twined overhead.
As I came, away he sped
On fleet pearly feet of lightning
Just behind a rosy croft;
Flashing thence with sudden brightening,
Tossed his baby head aloft,
And with cries of merriment
Down the sombre forest went.

. . . . . .

Opulent is childhood's hour;
'Tis he alone can give with grace,
And he alone can ask with power.
To the arch menace of his eye
And his half-imperious ways
Old Nature can no thing deny;
She grants him all he claims to own;
But the dear smiles that sometime light his face,
Bewitch the grandam to the bone;
Straight she unlocks her chest and brings her hoard,
And chooses him for heir of all, and lord.
And best it suits his bounteous heart and pleasure
To be royal-lavish in his measure.
Upon waste and fertile place
He sows the largess of his grace.
He, the son of myriad kings,
He, the heir of countless lands,
Wide his goodly treasure flings
To whoso asking stands.
But for his generous trust in her,

Nature her wayward worshipper
With tenfold measure will requite;
Coins his harms to just and right;
Reaps from his dear improvidence
Harvests of large experience;
Husbands each squandered farthing of his dower,
And brings it back, changed to eternal power.

. . . . . .

Along the eastern border gray
The night holds skirmish with the dawn,
And that strong star, whose fearless ray
Closest scouts the marching Day,
Has slowly from his watch withdrawn,
And many a far-flung crimson spear
Quivers in the cloudlet's breast,
As o'er the margin of the sphere
Lifts the Morn his haughty crest;
And wide and near the lazy land
Fumbles with slumber's easy band,
While drowsy sounds in wood and field
From dreaming throats are faintly pealed.
Starts the nigh-belated swain,
As the prying ruddy beam
Cuts the tendrils of the dream
That tightly hugs his heavy brain.
The smoke climbs upward through the thatch,
The housewife lifts the early latch,
And standing on the door-sill sees
The thick dews winking in the trees,
What time the flapping chanticleer

Winds afar his horn of cheer,
And every bird of blithesome note
Fingers light his woodland oat;
And the herdsman's whistle shrill
Stirs the laughter of the hill,
As through the meadowy mists he strides;
Issuing from whose purple tides
Towards the grange the sleepy kine
Reluctant trail their straggling line,
Whose burthened udders, as they pass,
Spill their rich streams on the grass;
And swinging light in either hand
The cedarn pail with well-scoured band,
The maid hies briskly down the lawn
With gathered sleeve and skirt updrawn,
And loose braids 'scaping from her hood,
Carolling in her matin mood
Some silly stave too weak to hear
But for its honest heart of cheer;
Since in her breast, as everywhere,
Is manifold delight to spare.
Anon the yoke's laborious beam
Is locked upon the broad-necked team,
The farm-lad cracks his wanton thong,
The huge wain lumbers loud along,
Where the clustered haycocks steam
In the morning's simmering beam,
And striding heart-deep in the math
The mower lays the dewy swath,
Or rings with bantering rifle clear

A challenge to his stanch compeer.
And everywhere the human hand
Reaches for its proper tool;
Since those whom Nature puts to school
Learn the rough eternal rule,
Who best can work, he shall command.

. . . . . .

The year moves to its sad decline,
A dull gray mist enfolds the hills,
The flowers are dead, the thickets pine,
In other lands the swallow trills;
For since they stole his Summer flute
The moping Pan sits stark and mute;
The slow hooves of the feeding kine
Crack the herbage as they pass;
The apples glimmer in the grass,
And woods are yellow, woods are brown,
The vine about the elm is red,
Crow and hawk fly up and down,
But for the wood-thrush, he is dead;
The ox forsakes the chilly shadow,
Only the cricket haunts the meadow.

The feast is ending, the guests are going,
In bands or singly they quit the board;
The torch is paling, the flutes stop blowing,
The meat is eaten, the wine is poured.

. . . . . .

Time, the tamer, puts his bit
In the strong man's mouth;

His hirelings in the saddle sit
And quell the blood of youth.
Time, the herdsman, turns his years
To pasture on his vernal cheek;
Ploughman, through his feature steers
A stealthy share in grooves oblique;
Reaper, he with sickle cleaves
From his eyes their burning sheaves;
With flail from his adventurous heart
He threshes all the bolder part;
With fan he winnows from his lip
The airy laugh, the winged quip.
Upon his brow the quill of care
Begins to write a sober page,
And through its raven warp his hair
Admits the hoary woof of age.

The rumble of the world's loud course
Ebbs from his inattentive ear,
The wine of youth has spent its force
And leaves his spirit clear.
Now solemn themes his thought employ,
He sits on Nature's temple-stair,
Walks by immortal founts of joy
And haunts the tripod of sweet prayer.
Forebodings bright to him are given,
His faith burns like a sun,
And up the shining porch of heaven
His hopes like couriers run.
Upon his lips ripe Wisdom lays
Her purple clusters forth,

His words are fragrant with sweet praise
And glad with holy mirth;
And life's tumultuous dithyramb
Changes to an eternal psalm.

LAW

WHAT knightly port of man draws near,
What hero carved from the antique,
What child of battle and the spear?
Full-armed he rides by lawn and creek,
Fenced, breast and thigh, in glorious scale,
The visor dark on brow and cheek.
O creature fashioned to prevail,
What errand, what ideal quest,
What sainted shrine, what holy grael?
Ever his lance is poised in rest,
Ever his glances search afield,
Ever before his pillared breast
The fulgent orbit of his shield
Makes splendor, like a captive sun;
And on it, graved in ample field,
The letters of his motto run,
"The perfect Law." O dauntless heart!
Proud goal forever never won!

Behold from brake and glen they start,
All shapes that bear the name of foe;
Whatever pierces with the dart,
Whatever bends afar the bow;

And monsters of the middle air
Wheel o'er his march in circle slow,
Or sweep on thunder-plumes to tear.
But nothing prospers to his harm;
Midway they pause, stung with despair.
For something fateful in his arm,
Something of terror on his plume
Melts with the breath of mad alarm
Their order, and completes their doom.
Like mist they drift in wracks of flight,
Swift blasts confound, strange fires consume.
Mayhap he stirs himself for fight
To wipe some dark plague from the earth;
Who sees him strike, would guess the might
Of every god in heaven went forth.
His broadening purpose knows no bar;
A sleepless warrior from his birth,
From bourn to sliding bourn afar
He rides, of lawless enmity
The mock and mark by sun or star.
He, without sorrow, without glee,
And mingling not with love or hate,
Knows one strong word, Necessity.
Sure hands of a conclusive Fate
Work out to men through sword and lance,
Through what they shatter, what create.
Not short nor over nor askance
The pith of his endeavor falls;
No slip, no halt; his steps advance
Through what seduces, what appalls;

Clear in the counsel of his mind,
He works his will, whate'er befalls.
Him yield full praise; ye will not find
His equal by the land or sea,
And yet a greater than his kind,
It is my dream, will come to me,
Larger in bearing and degree,
And of diviner race than he.

LOVE

THE best among the sons of men,
God led up hither for a grace;
Such luck, I guess, comes not again.
Unknown his name, for our two ways
Had never crossed since time began,
Our eyes not mixed their kindred rays.
Yet had I spoken with this man
Ere the blue firmament was spun,
Or the first star his circuit ran.
No casque nor cuirass on him shone,
Nor guise of any martial thing;
His foe breathed not beneath the sun.
All natures gave him welcoming,
Yea, warring kings ungirt their ire
To fetch him a love-offering.
The omens writ in signs of fire,
The thunders of an angry law,
The startings of half-crushed desire

Raged far below him; for he saw
Beyond the knitted brows of night,
Where meaner spirits fail for awe,
That ocean of serenest light;
So was he gladdened as a child
That gambols in its mother's sight.
The sweetness of his mien beguiled
All things to yield him of their best;
From hideous forms, from brute and wild
He drew by charms the holiest,
The fairest. Fate's most rude intent
Fell like a rose upon his breast.
Ah! unto him the gods had lent
Power so sure, repose so even,
He never sighed nor toiled nor bent.
Albeit all he asked was given,
No sign he made, he shaped no vow,
Nor seemed at all to crave of Heaven.
But as the plume above the brow
Of some divinely tempered knight
Cheerily dances whether he go
To mix with pastime or with fight,
His deed, that stayed a lapsing race
And sowed the dreary wastes with light,
Seemed a slight symbol of his grace,
Hovered about him airily,
And could not flatter from his face
The lofty dear simplicity;
Yet all his speech was tuned thereby
Unto a deeper melody,

And all the glances of his eye
Lined with a finer majesty.
Once more, yet once before I die,
Ye gracious years, lead him to me
Or me to him, that Life may know
The grandeur of her ministry;
Till her frore fountains break and flow
Down from these polar crests of snow
To the warm Eden spread below.

OPEN HOUSE

Hold open house; dwell not apart;
Spread forth a liberal board, and keep
A world-wide welcome in the heart.
To entertain the gods is cheap;
They come in dusty rags, and crave
A little bread, a little sleep.

Make haste, arise, give all you have;
The beggar's staff to Mercury's rod
Will change, the wrinkles of the knave
To the bright features of a god,
And into wings of fire the shoes
With which his homely feet are shod.

Borne upon every wind, the Muse
Beats at the casements of the bard
With freightage of melodious news;
But all is dark; he keepeth guard;

She cannot find a chink or rent;
To bless the overwise is hard.

The pallid prisoner, worn and bent,
Through scrolls of magic peeps and pores,
Handling with a sublime intent
Forgotten spells; lo, at his doors
The spirit-feet of Ariel wait
Whom he laboriously implores.

Fling wide, O fool, the grate, the gate,
The couriers knock, the dæmons throng,
Accept, accept the bounteous fate.
Nay, rather let me suffer wrong
Than slight the meanest elve that brings
The symbol and the soul of Song.
Bear hence the mighty harp that flings
The epic thunder from its strings,
For I will chant rejected things.

THE STRAYS

The budding maid, not half a flower,
When first the warbling days of June
Build nests about the household bower,
Loves to unlatch her little shoon
And wade and paddle in the grass
From matin to the glare of noon.
The tickled soles in frolic pass
Their wonted range; she slips along

From mead to mead, a truant lass.
Gliding, she purls, a brook of song,
Tripping, she chirrs, a happy dove,
Dancing, she shouts, a bacchante strong.
Crowfoot and buttercup for love
She gathers, but the fingers fair,
Though bursting, cannot pluck enough.
She thrusts them, blithesome, in her hair
Longwise and crosswise, to her taste,
And since her hands have yet to spare,
She trims her bosom and her waist;
Then looping up in graceful fold
Her span of apron, fills in haste
Its fairy hollow with the gold,
And, gazing sadly round her, sighs,
Nigh weeps, because it will not hold
All the bright meadows in her eyes.
Anon she smiles, in thought to please
Her mother with a dear surprise,
And sitting, plaits upon her knees
A chaplet; round it throng to sip
A choir of splendor-drunken bees.
Right homeward then with trill and skip
She gambols, dangling from her arm
The sweet grace of her workmanship;
And, entering, springs with kisses warm,
And clambering to the mother's breast
About her temples girds the charm;
Who lightly chides the foolish quest,
The truant prank, the hoiden play,

But sits for secret gladness dressed
In those poor weeds the summer's day.
O darling maid!—And shall I chide
The wayward muse, the elfin stray
That brings from brook-marge and hill-side
Flower-foam and waifs of woodland rhyme?
Not I: be not the grace denied
To wanton in her honeyed prime,
If faintest foretaste but abide
Of sober thought in riper time.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN

(Mrs. Charles Rohlfs.)

RISIFI'S DAUGHTER

Extracts.

ZENO.

Most fair; her innocent face
Hath that sweet look which comes from gentle thoughts,
And in the glance of her large, lucent eye
A witchery dwells that many a princely dame
Would give her ancient pedigree to add
Unto her store of charms. O you will love her
When you shall see her.

GIOVANNI.

Think you so, good Zeno?
A heart like mine springs not at bliss so lightly.
If kindness starts unbidden in my breast
At touch of her soft spirit, it is all
My anxious soul dare hope.

Ah, what is life!
'Tis but a passing touch upon the world;
A print upon the beaches of the earth
Next flowing wave will wash away; a mark
That something passed; a shadow on a wall,
While looking for the substance, shade departs;
A drop from the vast spirit-cloud of God
That rounds upon a stock, a stone, a leaf,
A moment, then exhales again to God.

Oh, I had hoped the heavens had turned the scale
Against that hard alternative. But fate
Wills not to man both fame and happiness;
He who would rest his daring foot on heights
So single and so lofty, ev'n must learn
To tread his own heart down.

No, no, not proud, I was but thinking, father,
How base a thing it is for one who hoped
To walk above all earthly littleness,
To lead a trusting woman to the altar
Just for the gold she brings.

It is music, boy,
Long known to these high walls. Let it sing on,
A past like ours commands the present's patience.

Those who have lost their mothers unbetimes,
Oft show these sad lines in their faces, signior;
'Tis nature's mark that life's most precious boon
Hath somehow missed them.

Lady, I would not startle your sweet soul
Into a sudden passion. Not the wind
But the soft sunshine best constrains the bud
To ope its delicate leaves. Of all the words
Of gentle courtesy and deep regard
With which I come full laden to your side,
I will but proffer one. Accept this, dear,
The choicest of my store, the rose of speech,
The sweet, *I love you*, which has been the gem

Of every language since the first fond hour
That woman's smile became a good man's heaven.

SUNRISE FROM THE MOUNTAINS

Hung thick with jets of burning gold, the sky
Crowns with its glorious dome the sleeping earth,
Illuminating hill and vale. O'erhead,
The nebulous splendor of the milky way
Stretches afar; while, crowding up the heavens,
The planets worship 'fore the throne of God,
Casting their crowns of gold beneath His feet.
It is a scene refulgent! and the very stars
Tremble above, as though the voice divine
Reverberated through the dread expanse.
But soft! a change!
A timid creeping up of gray in east—
A loss of stars on the horizon's verge—
Gray fades to pearl and spreads up zenithward,
The while a wind runs low from hill to hill,
As if to stir the birds awake, rouse up
The nodding trees, and draw off silence like
A garment from the drowsy earth. The heavens
Are full of points of light that go and come
And go, and leave a tender ashy sky.
The pearl has pushed its way to north and south,
Save where a line spun 'tween two peaks at east,
Gleams like a cobweb silvered by the sun.
It grows—a gilded cable binding hill
To hill! It widens to a dazzling belt

Half circling earth, then stretches up on high—
A golden cloth laid down 'fore kingly feet.
Thus spreads the light upon the heavens above,
While earth hails each advancing step, and lifts
Clear into view her rich empurpled hills,
To keep at even beauty with the sky.
The neutral tints are deeply saffroned now;
In streaks, auroral beams of colored light
Shoot up and play about the long straight clouds
And flood the earth in seas of crimson. Ah,
A thrill of light in serpentine, quick waves,
A stooping of the eager clouds, and lo,
Majestic, lordly, blinding bright, the sun
Spans the horizon with its rim of fire!

THROUGH THE TREES

If I had known whose face I'd see
Above the hedge, beside the rose;
If I had known whose voice I'd hear
Make music where the wind-flower blows,—
I had not come, I had not come.

If I had known his deep "I love"
Could make her face so fair to see;
If I had known her shy "And I"
Could make him stoop so tenderly,—
I had not come, I had not come.

But what knew I? the summer breeze
Stopped not to cry "Beware! beware!"

The vine-wreaths drooping from the trees
Caught not my sleeve with soft "Take care!"
And so I came, and so I came.

The roses that his hands have plucked,
Are sweet to me, are death to me;
Between them, as through living flames
I pass, I clutch them, crush them, see!
The bloom for her, the thorn for me.

The brooks leap up with many a song—
I once could sing, like them could sing;
They fall; 'tis like a sigh among
A world of joy and blossoming;—
Why did I come? Why did I come?

The blue sky burns like altar fires—
How sweet her eyes beneath her hair!
The green earth lights its fragrant pyres;
The wild birds rise and flush the air;
God looks and smiles, earth is so fair.

But ah! 'twixt me and yon bright heaven,
Two bended heads pass darkling by;
And loud above the bird and brook
I hear a low "I love," "And I"—
And hide my face. Ah, God! Why? Why?

THE NIGHTINGALE

And now soft night hath ta'en her seat on high,
Outbreathing balmy peace o'er all the land;

Silent in sleep the dimpled meadows lie
  Like tired children soothed by mother's hand.
  Throughout the valley hums the zephyr bland,
Charming the roses from their passionate dreams,
To hear the wild and melancholy streams
  Pulse to the waving of its mystic wand;
While large and low leans down the mellow
    moon,
Whose whitely blazing urn doth make a silver
    noon.

But hark! what heavenly sound is this that now
  Steals like a dream adown the fragrant vale,
Or like a thought across a maiden's brow,
  That brings a lambent flush upon the pale?
  It is the heart-song of the nightingale,
Which yearns forever upward in a mist
Of subtle sadness, clouding all who list,
  With softened shadows of her sacred ail;
And now so purely fills the silence clear,
Great Nature seems to hush her beating heart to
    hear.

PREMONITIONS

The sweetest hour in all Love's wondrous story,
When Hope first whispers of the coming glory.

A SUDDEN strange unfolding
  In the cheerful noontide glare;
A sudden passionate heaving
  In the bosom of the air.

The sense of something coming,
Mysterious and dread,
The lightning for its crowning,
The thunder for its tread.

A whisper in the breezes
One has not heard before;
A longing in the billow,
A yearning in the shore.

A bubbling up of life
From every wayside thing;
A meaning in the dip
Of even a swallow's wing.

A fear as if the morrow
Would ope some hidden portal;
A joy as if the feet
Stood at the gate immortal.

An angel in the pathway
To every common goal,
A widening of the outlook
That opens on the soul.

A sound of song at midnight,
A mist of dreams at noon;
A tear upon the eyelash,
The lips' smile might impugn.

A coming back of childhood
When morning suns are bright,
To find yourself a woman
Upon your knees at night.

RT. REV. A. CLEVELAND COXE

(1865—1896)

TO MY FATHER

From "Advent, a Mystery."

FATHER, as he of old who reaped the field,
The first young sheaves to Him did dedicate
Whose bounty gave whate'er the glebe did yield,
Whose smile the pleasant harvest might create—
So I to thee these numbers consecrate,
Thou who didst lead to Silo's pearly spring;
And if of hours well saved from revels late
And youthful riot, I these fruits do bring,
Accept my early vow, nor frown on what I sing.

(1837)

A GROWING KINGDOM

OH, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong:
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;—

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

THE HEART'S SONG

In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!

Say not 'tis thy pulses beating;
'Tis thy heart of sin;
'Tis thy Saviour knocks and crieth,
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut.
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.

Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot
Jesus waited long to know thee
But he knows thee not!

WATCHWORDS

We are living, we are dwelling
In a grand and awful time;
In an age, on ages telling,
To be living, is sublime.

Hark! the waking up of nations,
Gog and Magog to the fray,
Hark! what soundeth is Creation's
Groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally
With your music, with your wine?
Up! it is Jehovah's rally!
God's own arm hath need of thine.

Hark! the onset! will ye fold your
Faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, oh up, thou drowsy soldier!
Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging, heaven beholding!
Thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now, the blazoned cross unfolding,
On, right onward for the right!

What! still hug thy dreamy slumbers?
'Tis no time for idling play,
Wreaths, and dance and poet-numbers;
Flout them! we must work to-day!

Fear not! spurn the worldling's laughter;
Thine ambition trample thou!
Thou shalt find a long Hereafter
To be more than tempts thee now.

On! let all the soul within you
For the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew
Tell on ages, tell for God!

IONA

A Memorial of St. Columba.

We gazed on Corryvrekin's whirl,
We sailed by Jura's shore,
Where sang of old the mermaid-girl
Whose shell is heard no more;
We came to Fingal's pillared cave,
That minster in the sea,
And sang — while clapped its hands the wave,
And worshipped even as we.

But when at fair Iona's bound
We leaped upon its soil,
I felt indeed 'twas holy ground,—
Too holy for such spoil;
For spoilers came, in evil day,
Where once to Christ they prayed;
Alas! His Body—ta'en away,
We know not where 'twas laid.

We strode above those ancient graves,
We worshipped by that Cross,
And where their snow-white manes the waves
Like troops of chargers toss,
We gazed upon the distant scene,
And thought how Columb came
To kindle here the Gospel's sheen,
And preach the Saviour's name.

Came where the rude marauding clan
Enforced him to an isle;
Came but to bless and not to ban,
To make the desert smile.
He made his island church a gem
That sparkled in the night,
Or like that Star of Bethlehem,
That bathes the world with light.

But look! this isle that gems the deep—
One glance may all behold—
This was the shelter of his sheep,
This was Columba's fold.

Bishops were gold in days of yore,
For golden was their good,
But in their pastoral hands they bore
A shepherd's staff of wood.

Here elders and his deacons due
'Neath one blest roof they dwelt,
And, ere the bird of dawning crew,
They rose to pray—and knelt;
Here, watching through the darker hours,
Vigil and fast they kept,
Like those, once hailed by heavenly powers,
While Herod drowsed and slept.

Thus gleaming like a pharos forth
To shed of Truth the flame,
A Patmos of the frozen North
Iona's isle became.
The isles that waited for God's Law
Mid all the highlands round,
That beacon as it blazed, they saw,
They sought the Light and found.

It shone upon those headlands hoar
That crest thy coasts, Argyle;
To watchers far as Mona's shore,
It seemed a burning pile;
To peasants' cots and fishers' skiffs
It brightened lands and seas;
From Solway to Edina's cliffs,
And southward to the Tees.

Nay more! for when, that day of bliss,
I sought Columba's bay,
Came one, as from the wilderness,
A thousand leagues away;
A bishop of Columba's kin,
As primitive as he,
Knelt, pilgrim-like, these walls within,
The saint of Tennessee.

Thrilled as with rapture strange and wild,
I saw him worship there;
And Otey, like a little child,
Outpoured his soul in prayer.
For oh! to him came thoughts, I ween,
Of one who crossed the seas,
And brought from distant Aberdeen
Gifts of the old Culdees.

Great God, how marvellous the flame
A little spark may light!
What here was kindled first—the same
Makes far Atlantis bright:
Not Scotia's clans, nor Umbria's son
Alone that beacon blest,
It shines to-day o'er Oregon
And glorifies our West.

Columbia from Columba claims
More than great Colon brought,
And long entwined those twins of names
Shall waken grateful thought;

And where the Cross is borne afar
To California's shore,
Columba's memory like a star
Shall brighten evermore.

I KNOW—I KNOW WHERE THE GREEN LEAVES GROW

Extracts from Carol.

My Beloved is gone down into His garden, to the beds of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies.— *Canticles.*

I KNOW—I know where the green leaves grow,
When the woods without are bare;
Where a sweet perfume of the woodland's bloom
Is afloat on the winter air!
When tempest strong hath howled along,
With his war-whoop wild and loud,
Till the broad ribs broke of the forest oak,
And his crown of glory bowed;
I know—I know where the green leaves grow,
Though the groves without are bare,
Where the branches nod of the trees of God,
And the wild vines flourish fair.

I know—I know where blossoms blow
The earliest of the year;
Where the passion-flower, with a mystic power,
Its thorny crown doth rear;
Where crocus breathes and fragrant wreaths
Like a censer fill the gale;
Where cow-slips burst to beauty first,
And the lily of the vale;

And snow-drops white and pansies bright
As Joseph's colored vest;
And laurel-tod from the woods of God,
Where the wild-bird builds her nest.

I know—I know where the waters flow
In a marble font and nook,
When the frosty sprite in his strange delight
Hath fettered the brawling brook,
When the dancing stream, with its broken gleam,
Is locked in its rocky bed;
And the sing-song fret of the rivulet
Is hush as the melted lead;
Oh, then I know where the waters flow
As fresh as the spring-time flood,
When the spongy sod of the fields of God
And the hedges are all in bud.

. . . . . .

I know—I know no place below,
Like the home I fear and love;
Like the stilly spot where the world is not
But the nest of the Holy Dove.
For there broods He mid every tree
That grows at the Christmas-tide,
And there, all year, o'er the font so clear,
His hovering wings abide!
And so, I know no place below
So meet for the bard's true lay,
As the alleys broad of the Church of God,
Where Nature is green for aye.

ARTHUR W. AUSTIN

PALLAS ON HELICON

From aiding Perseus in the war,
Through dangers braved and triumphs won,
Pallas with grandeur greater far
Than mortal pomp hath ever known—
Her spear-point gleaming like a star—
Came to the mount of Helicon.

With glory meet, and armed complete,
What went she up the mount to see?
Not Phœbus yoke his chargers fleet,
And rising, gild the laughing sea,—
But smiling sweet she came to greet
The daughters of Mnemosyne.

The sacred sister deities
Who thrill and fire each minstrel's breast,
And yield their own sublimest prize
Confirmed by Time's supreme attest!
To these the goddess of the wise
With greeting came, a worthy guest.

Past Oread haunts, where forms of grace
Gleam fairy-like, and disappear;
Past groves, where lovers of the chase
Might well employ the hunting-spear—
Up to the Muses' dwelling-place
Came she whom Athens held so dear.

Among their bowers a wondrous rill
Gave forth low-lisping melodies;
When first with eager, restless will
Winged Pegasus explored the skies,
Descending on the sacred hill,
Beneath his hoofs these waters rise.

Beside the spring Athené stood,
And brighter hues her glories take,
While all the queenly sisterhood
Before her due obeisance make;
A welcome then, in reverent mood,
The Muse of stars, Urania, spake.

Not lacking cheer, nor mutely cold,
Remained the bright, illustrious throng,
But radiant with Apollo's gold,
High honors to their guest prolong,
And all for her, with power untold,
Revealed the matchless charm of song.

To render vain earth's sweetest strain,
Thalia's voice might well aspire,
That full accordance could maintain
With proud Euterpe's notes of fire,
And lofty Clio's calm refrain,
And hers who swayed the tragic lyre.

Then one, the chiefest, most divine,
Thrilled on her harp of epic tone,
And sang, till o'er the sun's decline,
Hesper, the faithful herald, shone;—

Thus Pallas met the tuneful nine
Upon the mount of Helicon.

O, sacred ones, there tarry ye!
Nor may the storm-clouds o'er ye roll;
But throned forever may ye be
On that supreme ideal goal,—
There hold the unswerving fealty
And love of every poet-soul!

SCIENCE AND POETRY

Inscribed to Mr. David Gray after hearing his lecture on the subject.

The Muse, her future life and ministry;
This was the argument, and well he taught—
In glowing speech expressing noble thought—
The true conditions of the harmony,
Which is not yet, but which shall surely be
By Song and Science mutually sought;
Nor sought in vain, but found, and richly fraught
With strength to both, and glorious augury.
Then shall the halo of the deathless Muse
Make Science beautiful, its triumphs grand,
Illume with hues she only can command;
This is the faith he taught, and bade us choose;
A faith which shines now like the lonely light
Set in the shrine at night, on desolate Ætna's height!

ARTHUR W. AUSTIN

THE TRIUMPH OF LIGHT

Pan-American Exposition, 1901.

"When a great illumination surprises a festal night."—*Browning.*

CREATED by Niagara's surge and roll,
This mystic force, this silent, radiant power,
Encircles dome and spire, scales the high tower,
And leaps in triumph to its utmost goal.
So seeming free, yet held in sure control,
It pours down richest rays in shower on shower,
And to some far-off dream-realm charms the soul,
Above the earth, beyond the passing hour.

By skill of artist, sculptor, architect,
Our magic City of the Rainbow stands,
In beauty day and night without defect.
We praise them all, with grateful pride requite
The minds that planned, the thaumaturgic hands
That wrought this lofty, lovely marvel of light!

"IF MUSIC AND SWEET POETRY AGREE"

I REJOICE, O, beloved of my heart,
That you are a music-lover,
Nor fail in the glorious art
New beauties and charms to discover;
For thus may our spirits combine
In the love of the beautiful truly,—
I, loving the rhythmical line,
You, the bar of sweet music as duly;

I, loving the poet's high song,
You, a song set to musical numbers;
I, the thoughts that to poets belong,
You, the thought music wakes from its slumbers.

Yes, with each loving each, we remain
True lovers of infinite beauty;
That sonnet of Shakespeare makes plain
The rule of our faith and our duty;
For Music and Poetry sweet,
Said the Master, are sister and brother;
His words as our creed are most meet,
You loving the one, I the other.

TO BISHOP COXE

On the Twentieth Anniversary of his Episcopate.

"Honor and reverence, and the good repute,
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him whom we to-day salute."

SERVANT of God, who through a score of years,
Thy great commission worthily didst fill,
With steadfast zeal to do thy Master's will,
How grand to-day thy holy work appears!
And we rejoice that still thy presence cheers
And guides thy flock, and that we hear thee still,
Commending what is good, reproving ill,
With God's own truth dispelling doubts and fears!

Long may it be before thy labors end;
Long may thy voice, invoking heavenly grace,
Be heard with reverence in the sacred place;
And to the last, our father, teacher, friend,—
Keep thou the love thy people gladly own,
Till God shall bid thee lay thy staff and burden down!

Buffalo, January 3, 1885.

DIE TRAUMEREI

The soul of Schumann, wandering in a maze
Of dreamful reverie, made music so
Express emotions deep which all may know,
When memory leads the mind through devious ways
Of joy or grief, and scenes of other days—
Strange, varied pictures of the long ago,—
Glide into view, now rapidly, now slow,
While each a separate influence conveys.
This was my thought when first my listening soul
Heard with delight the "Traumerei's" tender strain,
And still its wondrous melodies remain,
Holding a sure, unchangeable control.
The Traumerei! tone-picture of a dream!
Drawn with a skill that glorifies the theme!

MARY E. BURTIS

THANK GOD

THANK God! The baby Jesus went to sleep
On Mary's breast,
And when she sang her first faint lullaby
The morning stars hung silent in the sky,
And heaven was still, and angels stooped to hear
Her sweet voice, singing low and clear
Her babe to rest.

Thank God! The tired Christ found repose
As Martha's guest;
Outside the angels stood with folded wing,
While Mary did their ministering;
Her soft cool fingers eased the pain
Of wearied heart and throbbing brain,
And gave Him rest.

Thank God! Who gavest to human love
Such might divine,
Even as a little child's caresses
The care-worn father soothes and blesses,
So her weak woman's love had power
In that cool, quiet, twilight hour,
To rank with Thine.

Oh! happy women of that olden time
And happy we—
Still from pathetic baby eyes
The Christ-child looks with strange surprise,
And for every sick, tired soul we cheer
Still ring the bells of God out clear,
"Ye do it unto me."

GOOD NIGHT

Good night, beloved, in thy low, cold bed
Sleep soft and sweet;
God's strongest angel standeth at its head,
His promises are planted at its feet.

Good night, beloved, there's no need to say
God keep thee, any more;
He's keeping thee until the dawning day
Shall wake us both on the eternal shore.

Good night, beloved, in God's love and thine
My heart rests sure;
All living love may change, or know decline,
But like His mercy, thine shall aye endure.

LINDA DeK. FULTON

SONG OF FREEDOM

Buffalo Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

O Children of a western land, far from the pomp
of court or king,
Inheritors of Freedom, let shouts on all sides ring!
Protect and guard thy country's fate,
And vigil keep o'er open gate.

. . . . . .

Defend this heritage of thine, won by the blood of
gallant sires,
From subtle foe without, or strife's internal fires.
Protect and guard that banner bright,
With Freemen's sword and Freemen's might.

. . . . . .

Until from north to distant south, from eastern
shore to western plain,
From every grateful heart shall swell the glad
refrain,
Protect and guard from age to age
With Freemen's sword thine heritage.

Then when this earthly race is run, and Heaven
disclosed to eager view,
The guerdon bravely won by loyal hearts and true,
Protect and keep us safe with Thee,
O Lord, throughout eternity.

LINDA DeK. FULTON

PERHAPS

Most men dread death, that dark, mysterious thing
We know full well must come to one and all,
And though the day seems distant, still we cling
To life, and shun the mention of the bier and pall.

And yet, perhaps, if we could lift the veil
That screens our eyes from visions sweet and fair,
Our daily task would heavy seem, and we would fail
To fight life's battles, so fain would we be there.

This may be why the future life is hid
From mortal eyes, for we are needed here.
Our duties lie around us, and amid
This turmoil, we must do our best,—nor fear.

JOSIAH LETCHWORTH

THE NEW COMMAND

This new command I give to you,
Henceforth, "love one another,"
Kind thoughts, good will, to all are due—
Esteem each man your brother.

The ever chilling blast of strife
Stamps care on human faces,
But gentleness, like words of life,
Distils its own sweet graces.

And gifts of grace are hard to win,
Nor come they for the asking—
So easy are the paths of sin,
So manifold their masking.

We need to rest ourselves on Him
Who knows no wrong nor weakness,
Whose watchful eyes grow never dim,
Whose face is love and meekness.

Forever sitting at His feet,
We learn His wondrous teaching—
His ever gracious words we greet,
And bow in love beseeching.

JOSIAH LETCHWORTH

GLEN IRIS

NATURE here with silent musings
Fills my inmost spirit's need,
Draws me from my self-accusings,
Nerves me on to nobler deed.

By her charm at first she won me—
Who can half her wonders tell?—
Won me by her mystic beauty,
By her soothing sylvan spell.

Golden sunsets, treasures priceless,
Perfumes from earth's altars blown,
Was there ever king or princess
Unto whom such wealth was shown?

Here hath God Himself engraven
Words of peace that still our fears;
And within this circling haven
Breathes "the music of the spheres."

O, thou vale of chastened beauty,
Safe retreat from worldly care!
Where so oft inspired to duty,
I have breathed thy fragrant air;—

In thy midst, O fair Creation!
Soul entranced and fancy wild,
Here in silent meditation
Would I seat myself, a child.

M. J. KITTINGER

OUT IN "THE CIRCLE"

Anna, and May, and Fannie,
Out in "The Circle" at play,
Watching the bees on the clover,
And as restless and busy as they.

Gathering lap-fulls of posies,
Only to scatter them there,
Just hear the peals of their laughter
Filling the clear summer air!

Could we but paint them from nature,
With faces unclouded and true,
Fannie and Anna with black eyes,
And May alone with blue;

How we would value the picture,
Just as they look to us now,
Two standing out in the sunshine,
One with the shade on her brow.

If we could look o'er their future
We would see shadows and tears,—
Joy, full of music and laughter,—
Change, with the swift passing years.

But let them play on in the sunshine,
The shadow will come by and by.
Take not a chord from the music,
Nor dim the light in the eye.

Anna and May and Fannie,
Out in "The Circle" to-day,
Now watching the birds in the tree-tops,
And as free from care as they.

JAMES W. BARKER

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue,
Little boy and girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willows fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,
He was taller—most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek,
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered in a laugh,
"You shall carry only half";
And then, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much after all,
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek,
"I am strong, but you are weak,
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep!

"Will you trust me, Katie dear?
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No—but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,

Is a cottage, where, to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone—
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has rockers at its side!

JOSEPH O'CONNOR

THE LAST OF HIS RACE

Though many a friend of mine be gone,
And squandered many a pleasure,
This world seems fair to look upon
And rich with varied treasure:
There's honey's scent, and taste of wine,
And landscape tinted mellow;
There's many a summer blossom fine,
And fruit of autumn yellow.

For youth's sweet sake, I trust that all
Old beauties round us cluster;
For me the rose leaves daily fall,
And glories lose their lustre.
I take no joy in deed or dream,
Nor care for night or morrow:
But like a lily on its stream
My heart rocks in its sorrow.

I've gaily rode through wheaten fields
Of amber stem and tassel;
I've watched the sheen of ordered shields;
I've spent long nights in wassail;
I've felt the thrill in herald's calls
And in the ring of lances;
And harpers, singing in old halls,
Have wrapt me into trances;

I've seen the palm tree wave and wail
Within a crumbled palace,
And ivy over altars trail
That shrined the Holy Chalice;
I've known the joys of swaying man;
I've felt the love of woman;
I've stood by friends when red blood ran—
And never shrank from foeman.

But, ah, what matter that I ride
Beside my monarch's bridle,
And in the council halls decide,
And move, the soldier's idol?
You'll sleep the same when you lie down
Upon your earthen pillow,
Whether you win a laurel crown
Or wear a wreath of willow!

HER HANDS

Sometimes I sit and try to trace,
In memory's records dim and faint,
The features of my mother's face,
With the calm look of gentle grace
That marked our household's quiet saint.

The innocence of her blue eyes,
The winning smile about her lips,
Child-simple and yet woman-wise,
Her shining hair, her modest guise,
All come in turn; each fades and slips.

I try to fix them, but in vain;
They waver, and yet will not fuse,
Howe'er imagination strain
To form the face that it would feign—
Till on a sudden, as I muse,

There comes a thought of her dear hands,
All wrinkled, tanned, and labor-worn—
And there the simple woman stands,
To meet her duty's hard demands,
Among the children she has borne!

No work nor written word remains,
Nor picture worthy to approve;
But read in knotted joints and veins,
And tendons strong, and honest stains,
The tale of service and of love!

O hands of ministry, that wrought
In constant care, through weal and woe,
Nor rest by crib or coffin caught,
This pang is mine—I never thought
To kiss your fingers long ago!

NEW YEAR, OLD ERA

There is no magic in the time,
No spell in New Year's merry chime
To change our being, fate, or clime.

The wintry winds, as long ago,
Among the moaning woods will blow
The ghostly mists of wintry snow;

The Spring, through tears of showery rain,
Will smile, making the drift-bent grain
And every bud and blossom fain;

The Summer's heat, the Summer's calm,
Will brood o'er earth, and Summer's balm
Rise like the incense with a psalm;

At touch of Autumn, as of old,
The green of leaves will glow to gold,
And gleam and wither and grow cold.

There will be loss, there will be gain,
And pleasure's thrill, and pang of pain,
And thousands born and thousands slain;

There will be woe and deep delight,
The victor's joy, the victim's fright,
The blush of morn, the frown of night;

The year will bring the lover's bliss,
The dying mother's farewell kiss,
The stock-dove's coo, the serpent's hiss;

The strong may fall, the weak may rise,
The wicked thrive on cunning lies,
The good go down in sacrifice;

The sun will shine on freemen's glaives,
It cannot shun the sight of slaves,
Nor help but nourish grass on graves.

Continued change for constant cause,
Success and failure under laws!
We are not blown about like straws;

What comes is earned as well as meant;
Not impulse only, but intent
And effort make development.

THE FOUNT OF CASTALY

I WOULD the fount of Castaly
Had never wet my lips;
For woe to him that hastily
Its sacred water sips!

Apollo's laurel flourishes
Above that stream divine;
Its secret virtue nourishes
The leaves of love and wine.

No naiad, faun, or nereid
Preserves its haunts in charge,
Or watches o'er the myriad
Of flowers about its marge;

But aye around the caves of it
The muses chant their spells,
And charm the very waves of it,
As out that fountain wells.

Its joyous tide leaps crystally
Up 'neath the crystal moon,
And falling ever mistily
The sparkling drops keep tune.

The wavelets circle gleamily,
With lilies keeping trysts;
Fair emeralds glisten dreamily
Below, and amethysts.

Once taste that fountain's witchery
On old Parnassus' crown,
And to this world of treachery
Ah, never more come down!

Your joy will be to think of it,
'T will ever haunt your dreams;
You'll thirst again to drink of it
Among a thousand streams!

EFFIE DUNREITH GLUCK

(Mrs. James Fraser Gluck.)

ALFONSO

Away, ye haunting shapes—ambition, pride
Of kingly state, plans unfulfilled—that cower
With gloomy eyes—desire, youth's wayward flower,
And ruined youth itself, of hope denied!
As phantoms of the night ye, mocking, glide
Before my fading eyes in this last hour
And me defy; nor hath my sceptre power
To bid ye go, nor stay death's rising tide,
Yet go ye must! For memory holds the day
When Love alone was king, and life grew fair,
And cares of state were light as frosts of May,
And breath of violets filled the happy air.
Ah, Mercedes! I see thee smiling there;
Death grants me love, earth's anguish slips away.

ESTHER C. DAVENPORT

THEN AND NOW

Little feet, restless feet, pattering o'er my cottage floor,—
Little faces fair and sweet, peeping in at the open door;
Little voices free from care
Calling "Mama" everywhere—
Calling sometimes all in vain,
For my heart was filled with pain.

Grieving that my rooms were bare,—
That no jewels decked my hair,
That my garb was coarse and old,
That my friends seemed growing cold.

And, as I sat and brooded o'er
My lack of wealth and lack of fame,
Death came in at the open door
And called my darlings, each by name.
He touched my girl with the golden head,—
And quick the light from her eye had fled,—
My boy he took by his little hand
And led him away to angel land.

Last night I stood in palace hall,
And fame was mine and jewels rare;
But wearily I turned from all
To long for my babes with the golden hair.

My fame I would give for one caress
Of the little hands I used to press
Between my own, so brown and bare,
That now, are as white as the lilies fair.

Oh, I long to sit at the cottage door,
And watch for their shadows to fall on the floor,
And listen once more to the sweet refrain
Of their gentle voices, calling "Mama" again.
But the past is past, and may not come back,—
And life must be lived whatever its lack,
But I know with anguish that I turned from my
sheaves,
That I garnered up nothing but rustling leaves.

DOROTHY

"Dead!" did you say? My little girl?
Why, life for her had only just begun;
She was my priceless Pearl,—
And yet you bid me say, "His will be done."
And, too, you bid me not to weep,
And tell me that she does but sleep—
When she lies silent on her bed
And everybody saying, "Dorothy is dead."

Oh, how can I be glad at morn,
Missing the music of her dear voice;
That has, since ever she was born,
Made our fond hearts rejoice?

Or when the hour draws near
That, listening, I was wont to hear
Her footsteps coming o'er the grass
From school, how can I, that time, pass?

Yes! Yes! I know all you would say,
"That whom He loveth feels the rod."—
And sometime there may come a day—
When grass is growing on the sod
'Neath which my Dorothy lies asleep,
When even I may cease to weep,
But until then—ah! until then,—
I dwell upon what might have been.

W. H. C. HOSMER

FUNERAL ODE

Suggested by the departure of Bishop Timon.

SERVANT of God! well done!
The heavenly palm-branch and the crown of gold
By thee were nobly won;
And the Good Shepherd to his starry fold
Hath gathered a great leader of the flock,
Faith-founded on the Everlasting Rock.

The chime of funeral bells
And wailing dirge-notes for the sainted dead
Thrilled to their inmost cells
The stricken Army of the Cross he led,
Until an angel, through the darkness, cried—
"Good Bishop, lay thy rod and staff aside!"

Away with useless tears,
Though gone another planter of the Vine—
His grave-couch is a shrine,
And like a tropic winter were the years
Of his majestical and calm decline.
Episcopal authority became
One who could temper dignity with love,
And strove to find his rich reward above,
Indifferent to the dazzling gauds of fame,
Poor mortal praise or blame.

Meek follower of a Master undefiled!
His charity o'erstepped the bounds of creed,
And artless in his nature as a child,
His lucid thoughts matured to holy deed.
Ah! though our hearts are with devotion stirred
By melting accents from his tongue no more,
While the blue waves of Erie kiss the shore
His honored name will be a household word;
Lips, touched with fire, are mute,
And shades of night are on his coffin thrown,
But seed that he hath sown
Is ripening in sad hearts to precious fruit.

Oh! not unmeet are types of outward woe,
The chanted requiem, and imposing rites,
When, one by one, go out the guiding lights
That cheered our paths below.
In sympathy capricious April seems
With weeping thousands bitterly bereaved;
Flow on with sadder melody the streams,
And wails the fitful blast like one who grieved.
Far from the frost that kills,
The blight that withers on this finite shore,
Gone is our friend to summer on the hills
Of God forevermore.

Avon, April 23, 1867.

GRACE BALFOUR

SIGNS OF SUMMER

THE tender grass has grown full ankle deep,
And o'er this fresh, green carpet of the wold
The dandelions gleam like flecks of gold;
While from their downy buds and winter sleep
The pink-tipped snows of apple blossoms peep,
And in the warm, south breeze their leaves unfold,
Filling with odors sweet and wealth untold
The fragrant winds that through the orchards creep.
At morn and eve, the woods resound with song,
As birds and echo join their voices clear;
All through the sunny day, a busy throng,
The birds flit to and fro with loving fear,
Weaving their nests of twigs so safe and strong,
And all the air is glad, for summer's near.

GLEN IRIS, May, 1876.

ELLEN M. FERRIS

NARCISSUS

He lay reclining on a fountain's brink,
Narcissus, fairest youth of mortal mold;
Half-closed his radiant eyes, adown his neck
Wide rolled his hair in waves of living gold;

The earth was lapped in summer's purple haze,
Enamored zephyrs kissed his ivory brow,
The fountain murmured softly in his ear,
A wild bird twittered from a neighboring bough;

All summer sights, all pleasant summer sounds
Allured him, and he drank in their delight,
And in delicious languors steeped his soul,
As flowers are steeped in sunshine hot and bright—

But at his heart eternal longing lay,
A longing that half pleasure was, half pain;
A dream of beauty never yet fulfilled,
A dream whose substance he had sought in vain.

"Why did the gods make me thus beautiful,
Why give me this sweet sense of all things fair,
Yet place me lonely, in a lonely land
With no dear soul my happiness to share?

"For oh! it is a blessedness to feel
Myself thus beautiful and I am blest;
But were there yet some fair and golden head
To smooth its curls, to pillow on my breast;

"To gather kisses from its vermeil lips,
To answer in low silver speech to mine,
To read soft passion in its tender eyes,
Oh! then were life, indeed, a thing divine.

"Yet, there are many young and many fair,
And some who love me. It perchance were well
If I could win some fond and gentle nymph
And in sweet peace and calm affection dwell.

"But they who from the gods have godlike gifts
Seem by their very gifts men set apart
From all the world; by common joys and griefs
Untouched, no common love can fill the heart.

"And such am I, and thus I wait and watch
For her, the goddess beautiful and bright,
Who shall unlock the chambers of my soul
And bring its secret treasures forth to light.

"I feel—I feel the appointed hour has come,
I feel—I feel the goddess now is near;
The murmuring fountain seems to call her name.
O love, my beautiful! appear! appear!"

And gazing down into the crystal pool
What face is this smiles up into his own?
Oh! never since on mortal's favored sight
Hath face of such unearthly fairness shone.

Half-parted were the lips of vermeil bloom,
The azure eyes of amorous passion told;
Adown the ivory brow and polished neck,
Wide rolled the hair in waves of living gold.

Entranced he gazed upon the pictured face,
Wildly he called the goddess, but in vain.
She smiled upon him with soft luring eyes,
She smiled and smiled but answered not again.

Unhappy youth, well works the evil charm,
Who loves himself too well shall woe betide.
Thenceforth none knew Narcissus in the land,
But by that fatal pool he pined and died.

A SLEIGH RIDE

Lightly, swiftly, on we go
Over the waste of glittering snow,
Above the sky is keenly blue,
The stars like spear-points piercing through.
The air is crisp and clear and fine,
Like a sparkling draught of ice-cold wine;
And we drink it in with youthful zest
With tingling lips and heaving breast;
And we fling abroad to the listening night
Ripples of laughter gay and bright,
To blend with the chime of the silver bells
Whose fairy music sinks and swells,
Keeping time with the steady beat,
On the frozen crust, of our horses' feet.

And we please ourselves with fancies wild
As visit the dreams of a restless child,
When traveler's tales have fired his brain
Till in slumber he wanders o'er land and main.

So in the frozen zone we seem
To float along in a waking dream.
Now Lapland reindeer slim and fleet
Bear us onward with flying feet,
Now we glide over wastes of Arctic snow
In the dog-drawn sled of the Esquimaux,
While above the sky shines ghostly bright
With the slanting rays of the Northern light,
And all the scene grows weird and strange
With swift phantasmagoric change.

On and on, and near and near
A city's flashing lights appear.
Its broad white streets before us lie,
Its slim spires pierce the far blue sky,
And the night and snow have rounded away
All the hard rude outlines of the day,
Till we half believe, as the scene we scan,
'Tis the wondrous City of Genistan,
A clash of the bells and we stop before
A stately mansion's arching door,
Up the marble steps through the entry wide
And the region of magic is left outside.
"Home again?" "Are you cold?" "O, no, 'twas fun."
"Good night, sweet dreams," but the dream is done.

IRVING BROWNE

MAN'S PILLOW

A BABY lying on his mother's breast
Draws life from that sweet fount;
He takes his rest,
And heaves deep sighs;
With brooding eyes
Of soft content
She shelters him within that fragrant nest,
And scarce refrains from crushing him
With tender violence,
His rosebud mouth, each rosy limb
Excite such joy intense;
Rocked on that gentle billow,
She sings into his ear
A song that angels stoop to hear.
Blest child and mother doubly blest!
Such his first pillow.

A man outwearied with the world's mad race
His mother seeks again;
His furrowed face,
His tired gray head,
His heart of lead
Resigned he yields;
She covers him in some secluded place,
And kindly heals the earthy scar
Of spade with snow and flowers,

While glow of sun and gleam of star,
And murmuring rush of showers,
And wind-obeying willow
Attend his unbroken sleep;
In this repose secure and deep,
Forgotten save by One, he leaves no trace.
Such his last pillow.

MY NEW WORLD

My prow is tending toward the west:
Old voices growing faint, dear faces dim,
And all that I have loved the best
Far back upon the waste of memory swim.
My old world disappears:
Few hopes and many fears
Accompany me.

But from the distance fair
A sound of birds, a glimpse of pleasant skies,
A scent of fragrant air,
All soothingly arise
In cooing voice, sweet breath and merry eyes
Of grandson on my knee.
And ere my sails be furled,
Kind Lord, I pray
Thou let me live a day
In my new world.

A PORTRAIT

A GENTLE face is ever in my room,
With features fine and melancholy eyes,
Though young, a little past life's freshest bloom,
And always with an air of sad surmise.

A great white cap almost conceals her hair,
A collar broad falls o'er her shoulders slender;
The fashion of a bygone age an air
Of quaintness to her simple garb doth render.

Those hazel eyes pursue me as I move
And seem to watch my busy, toiling pen;
They hold me with an anxious, yearning love,
As if she dwelt upon the earth again.

My mother's portrait! fifty years ago,
When I was but a heedless, happy boy,
The influence of her being ceased to flow,
And she laid down life's burden and its joy.

And now as I sit pondering o'er my book,
So vainly seeking a receding rest,
I read the wonder in her steadfast look;
"Is this my son who lay upon my breast?"

And when for me there is an end of time,
And this unsatisfying work is done,
If I shall meet thee in thy peaceful clime,
Young mother, wilt thou know thy gray-haired son?

IRVING BROWNE

CRADLE SONG

Haste, my baby, haste and grow!
Wilt thou always sleep and crow?
Up and down the pleasant land
We should wander hand in hand;
Leaning on thy stalwart arm
Mother thou wilt shield from harm.
Life's a span,
Baby-man!
Haste thee, little man, and grow!

Baby, do not haste to grow,
For thy mother loves thee so!
Lay thy little head a space
Closely to her yearning face;
Snugly hid within her arms
She shall keep thee from all harms.
Life's a span,
Baby-man!
But there's time enough to grow.

When thy mother's hair is gray,
Turn a moment from thy way,
Let her tears and smiles be shed
On her darling's manly head;
Once thy mother's chiefest joy,
Let age leave thee still her boy.
Life's a span,
Grown-up man!
Time will bring us old and gray.

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND HIM

A HOST marched through a bannered street,
Proudly, proudly to the war,
But one looked up, his love to greet,
Sadly, sadly from afar.
She pressed her heart so full of fears,
She threw him a rose all wet with tears—
Oh! life is but a span—
And the fifes screamed merrily in the van,
"The girl I left behind me."

The host lay on a trampled plain,
Silently, silently there they lay,
And ever the deadly battle-stain
Redly, redly marked the clay.
One pressed to his heart a pictured face,
And fondly kissed the pictured grace—
Oh! life is but a span—
She fades from the sight of the dying man—
The girl he left behind him.

MY SCHOOLMATE

On a medallion by Erastus Dow Palmer.

THE snows have settled on my head,
But not upon my heart,
And incidents of years long fled,
From out my memory start.

My hand is cunning to contrive
The shapes my brain invents,
And keep in marble forms alive
That which the soul contents.
And I have wife, and children tall,
Grandchildren cluster near,
And sweet the applause of men doth fall
On my undeafened ear;
But still my mind will backward turn
For half a century,
And without reasoning will yearn
For sight or news of thee,
Thou playmate of my boyhood days,
When life was all aglow,
When the sweetest thing was thy girlish praise,
As I drew thee o'er the snow
To the old red school-house by the road,
Where we learned to spell and read,
When thou wert all my fairy load,
And I was thy prancing steed!
Oh, thou wert simple then, and fair,
Artless and unconstrained,
With quaintly knotted auburn hair
From which the wind refrained,
And from thine earnest, steady eyes
Shone out a nature pure,
Formed by kind heaven, a man's best prize,
To love and to endure!

Oh, art thou still in life and time,
Or hast thou gone before?

And hath thy lot been like to mine,
Or pinched and bare and sore?
And didst thou marry, or art thou
Still of the spinster tribe?
Perchance thou art a widow now,
Steeled against second bribe?
Do grandsons round thy hearthstone play?
Or dost thou end thy race?
And could that auburn hair grow gray,
And wrinkles line thy face?
I cannot make thee old nor plain—
I would not if I could—
But I recall thee without stain,
Simply and sweetly good;
And I have carved thy pretty head,
And hung it on my wall,
And unto all men be it said,
I like it best of all,
For on a far-off snowy road,
Before I had learned to read,
Thou wert all my fairy load,
And I was thy prancing steed!

SOLITAIRE

I LIKE to play cards with a man of sense,
And allow him to play with me;
And so it has grown a delight intense
To play solitaire on my knee.

I love the quaint form of the sceptered king,
The simplicity of the ace,
The stolid knave like a wooden thing,
And her majesty's smirking face.

Diamonds, aces, and clubs and spades—
Their garb of respectable black
A moiety brilliant of red invades,
As they mingle in motley pack.

Independent of anyone's signal or leave,
Released from the bluffing of poker,
I've no apprehension of ace up a sleeve,
And fear no superfluous joker.

I build up and down all the cards that I hold,
And the game is always fair,
For I am honest, and so is my old
Companion at solitaire.

Let kings condescend to the lower grades,
Let queens shine in diamonds rare,
Let knaves flourish clubs, and peasants wield
spades,
But give me my solitaire.

THE VOICE OF THE SHELL

A careless wanderer on the beach,
When the early sky is clear—
What is the pink shell's murmuring speech
To his inquiring ear?

Its voice is only Love;
Its murmur is only Love;
No cloud in the sky, and the wind is sweet,
And with joy and hope his pulses beat;—
Its murmur is only Love,
Its voice sings only Love.

At noon, when the sea is high,
And the sun is fierce and hot,
And the vision of morn has gone by,
And the clasp of Love holds not,
The shell speaks only Fame,
It murmurs only Fame;
The sky is fierce with a desert blast,
And the promise of morn on the wind has passed;—
The shell chants only Fame,
Its burden is only Fame.

At night, when the tide is low,
And the heavens are overcast,
And the pulses of life beat slow,
What is the message at last?
It whispers only Rest,
It has no word but Rest.
A star shines over a distant hill,
A single star, and the wind is chill;—
The shell whispers only Rest,
Its constant hymn is Rest.

Oh, Love of the morning so dim!
Oh, elusive Fame of the noon!

Oh, prophecy of the evening hymn!
Will my love come back to me soon?
But the shell says only Rest,
Its single whisper is Rest!
Can I gain my Love once more?
My love and my faith restore!
But the shell still whispers Rest!
Its final murmur is Rest!

ALLEN GILMAN BIGELOW

THE HIGHWAYMAN

Did you ever meet a robber with a pistol and a knife,
Whose prompt and cordial greeting was, "*your money or your life*";
Who, while you stood a trembling, with your hands above your head,
Took your gold, most grimly offering to repay you in cold lead?

Well, I once met a robber: I was going home to tea.
The way was rather lonely, though not yet too dark to see
That the sturdy rogue who stopped me there was very fully armed—
But I'm honest in maintaining that I didn't feel alarmed.

He was panting hard from running, so I, being still undaunted,
Very boldly faced the rascal and demanded what he wanted:
I was quite as big as he was, and I was not out of breath,
So I did not fear his shooting me, or stabbing me to death.

In answer to my question the highwayman raised
an arm
And pointed it straight at me—though I still felt
no alarm;
He did not ask for money, but what he said was
this:
"You cannot pass, Papa, unless you give your
boy a kiss!"

DAVID GRAY

While on the anvil of his life
The daily blows rang full and strong,
Forging the hot iron of his thought
Into the plowshare or the knife,
Whate'er his busy hammer wrought,
His wearying toil, or short or long,
He lightened with a song.

Men say the toiler's task is done,
And soon his work they may forget—
A rusted share, a broken blade,
Cast to one side at set of sun,
All that is left of what he made;
But, now the sun is fully set,
His singing lingers with us yet.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BELLS

High in the belfry of St. Paul's
A strange, weird spirit dwells
Amid the ghostly wheels and ropes,—
The Spirit of the Bells.

As often as the bells are swung
The Spirit loudly sings;
Now wild and sweet, now gay, now sad,
His changeful music rings.

On Sabbath morn the Spirit's voice
Loud o'er the city peals,
At evening, like the Angelus
His silvery summons steals.

The wedding of two loving hearts
The Spirit gladsome tells,
Pouring a shower of golden notes
From great and little bells.

Anon, with solemn tolling tones,
The Spirit slowly knells
The parting of a human soul,—
And sobs amid the bells.

On glorious Independence Day
With patriotic shout
He makes a joyous clangor as
He whirls the bells about.

Amid the perfume of the flowers
Which Easter morning brings,

A risen and triumphant Lord
The Spirit loudly sings.

Again, beneath the wintry moon
The Spirit's voice I hear
'Mid flying snow and flying cloud,
Proclaim the glad New Year.

But ah! when Christmas-tide returns,—
The birth-night of our Lord,—
'T would seem a year's glad ringing then
Within the bells is stored.

The Spirit holds high carnival
Up in his belfry then!
And "Gloria in Excelsis" sings,
And "Peace, good-will to men."

He swings the pealing bells about,
The iron cups o'erflow
And dash their floods of melody
Upon the streets below.

The pealing organ, far beneath,
The glorious anthem swells
And answers the glad carol of
The Spirit of the Bells.

Then, in the belfry of St. Paul's
A happy Spirit dwells
'Mid whirling wheels and reeling ropes,—
Glad Spirit of the Bells.

O city! canst thou e'er forget
This tale the Spirit tells

High in the tower of old St. Paul's,
Among the swinging bells?

Amid the roar of busy streets,
Which better feeling quells,
List to that voice from old St. Paul's—
The Spirit of the Bells.

JOHN CHARLES SHEA.

A WINTER SCENE ON THE PRAIRIE

From a farmer's lonely dwelling, on a dull and cheerless morn,
Went a youth to feed the cattle, but, alas! there was no corn;
There was ice upon the lowlands, where the chilly wind flew fast,
And the clouds, like ramparts frowning, seemed to hold the wintry blast.

A dark line on the prairie, where the Machehaha runs,
Marks a place for cooling shelter from the summer's burning suns;
But the bare and brittle branches of the trees now sadly drear,
Moan along the frozen waters like a death-knell on the ear.

The youth looked to the eastward where the day god shines afar,
But the dun clouds in the heavens had shut out the golden car—
As if the drowsy angels, shivering through celestial light,
Came down with hands too chilly to upfold the shades of night.

As he gazes o'er the country—look! a shimmering
light is seen,—
'Tis the icy diamonds' glitter on earth's jewelled
carpet's sheen;
And the dun clouds in the heavens, casting shadows
as they pass,
Can be viewed, as in a mirror, on the sea of frozen
grass.

Hark! a sound comes from the rising of the hill
beyond the streams,
Where a dead oak's gnarled branches in the dis-
tance waves and gleams—
It re-echoes through the distance in a long, vibrat-
ing note,—
'Tis the prairie wolf in hunger—'tis the cowardly
coyote.

A deer has broken cover on the upland far away,
It is making easy progress where the quiet shad-
ows play;
The breeze from prairie warrens now the wild
dog's barkings bring,
And the hawk affrights the game bird with the
shadow of its wing.

But the youth hears sadder noises than those
upon the breeze,
And he views a deeper shadow than those among
the trees,

For he's heard the neighbors telling that the cattle
in the sheds
Cannot rise for want of fodder, from their cold and
frozen beds.

From the farmer's lonely dwelling, on a dull and
cheerless morn,
Went a youth to feed his cattle, but, alas! there
was no corn.
There was nothing that would strengthen on the
ranges where they fed,
And half the herd were dying, and—the other
half were dead.

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, March, 1875.

IN THE PARK

AMONG the leaves! Among the falling leaves,
The stately trees have lost their summer's glow,
And passing o'er the fields the evening breeze
Awakens voices that are sweet and low.

Along delightful pathways of the park
Nature has painted scenes both rich and rare,
And all her colors, shining light to dark,
Produce a picture glowing bright and fair.

Bright friends, you are in passing season's flow—
For Hope, with your unfolding, marks the spring,
And in the summer's bright and genial glow
You throw the charm of shade o'er everything.

And under thy protection birds have made
The woodland ring with joyous songs of love,
And in the secret corners of thy shade
They found a shelter from the storms above.

Among thy leaves!—among thy rustling leaves
I played, enraptured, when a thoughtless child,
And learned their softer cadence in the breeze
And marked their voices when the storm was wild.

Thus through this life; and when we've passed away,
The leaves, our friends, will nestle where we lie,
Their colors brightening in the sunlight ray,
Their voices mellowed 'neath the autumn sky.

I WANT TO GO FISHING TO-DAY

There's a langorous feeling and sultry air,
In office and store and street;
There's a longing for shores where the winds are fair,
And cooling sands for the feet.
There's the swish of the waves and the splash of the oars,
The sound of a distant call;
There's the far-away cloud that gently soars,
And the blue that covers all.

And, oh, as I look from my window high,
And watch the clouds at play,
There comes from my heart such a rising sigh—
I want to go fishing to-day.

I strive to banish the thought of a line
That leads to the lair of the bass;
I think of the dangers that may be mine,
Ere the island's head I pass.
But, oh, that bare-footed boy that comes
With his rod, has stirred me again,
And I sing once more the song that he hums,
And I long to be in his train.
For memory launched a silvery boat
On a sea that is bright and gay—
The happiest man I would be afloat,
Could I but go fishing to-day.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE

The voice of her I love, how dear!
Tho' far my wand'ring footsteps stray,
It lingers on my list'ning ear,
It vibrates thro' each passing year;
And, thinking of that voice to-day,
Remembrance claims the willing tear.

My mother's voice! Its gentle power
Has turned temptation's face away;

And tho' the tempest clouds may lower,
To darken life's most joyous hour,
It comes, like sunshine on the day,
To brighten field, and wood, and bower.

That voice comes to me when alone,
In cheering accents, soft and sweet;
In festive halls I hear its tone;
And when to wilder scenes I've flown—
Thro' haunts of men, thro' busy street—
Its magic spell is round me thrown.

How sweet the voices are that blend
In murmuring rill and flow'ry lee;
In whisperings that the south winds send;
In sighs from trees when branches bend;
In thrilling sounds from heaving sea,
And in the echoes valleys lend!

Yet naught has ever touched my heart
Like that sweet voice I long to hear;
An echo of the soul thou art!
And from this revery I start
To feel my mother's spirit near,
Sweet voice! ah, we shall never part!

MARY EVELYN AUSTIN

TWILIGHT

SOFTLY the twilight comes from out the land
Of shadows, and upon each weary brow
She lays a touch that calms—we know not how,
But only feel the softness of her hand;
And cares that have oppressed, at her command,
Leave us in peace, and bitter sorrows, now,
She lulls to sleep, and will no more allow
Their wakening till the clamorous day's demand.
No active life disturbeth them—the power
Of her majestic presence so has filled
Our secret souls, that all unconsciously,
We yield unto the spirit of the hour;
And so are comforted, hushed, and stilled;
As children are when round their mother's knee.

DECEMBER

THE earth lies flooded in the light
Of a strange star, a star so bright,
The others hide themselves; the bells
Are ringing out a song that tells
Of joy on earth, and in the sky
An Angel chorus, from on high,

In hallelujahs tell, that peace
And love to man shall never cease.
Now comes a maiden, grand and fair,
An ice-crown on her golden hair,
With warmest love in her soft eyes;
She leads us where a Baby lies
Sleeping upon a lonely bed,
A glorious halo round His head.
Surely art thou, December dear,
The blessed month of all the year.

A WATER LILY

See what a perfect form has this fair flower
That lies reposing on the river's breast;
Moving whene'er the swelling water breathes,
And by the motion lulled to dreamy rest.

It does not seem as if the sombre ground
Could to so beautiful a thing give birth,
And yet the slender, pliant stem has found
Below the wave an anchor in the earth.

Each pearly petal is a mystery,
So beautiful it is, so pure and white;
It might have been a jewel once in heaven,
Dropped by an angel in his upward flight.

So plenteous is the perfume it exhales,
The winds, the willing messengers, a part
Bear to the shore, to lure adventurous bees
To seek for honey in its golden heart.

Sometimes a busy insect quite forgets—
In his intent to gather winter stores—
The night's approach, until the outer leaves
Making him captive, gently close the doors.

Oh! who would not in such a prison house
A willing dweller pass his life away,
And let the flying hours unnoticed glide
From day to night;—from night again to day!

MISS CROCUS

Miss Crocus poked her cunning head
Straight up into the snow.
"Oh my!" said she, "'tis cold up here,
I wish I'd staid below."

She would have perished, but the sun
Revived her with his light;
He raised her head and drove the snow
Away, quite out of sight.

But when the other flowers came up
They said "You selfish thing,
You should have called us when you came,
We didn't know 'twas spring."

"I didn't like to waken you,
You all were sleeping so,
Besides," she said, "some one must be
The first to start, you know."

FREDERIC ALMY

KING TOIL

Read at the dedication of the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, May 20, 1901.

A KING is crowned on this May day
With pomp beyond the dreams of kings;
From pole to pole extends his sway,
And half a world its tribute brings.

Two continents of freedom bend
Before his throne a willing knee,
And Gods and Titans condescend
To serve the lord that is to be.

The bolts of Jove are in his hand,
Niagara yields, the seas obey;
Not Xanadu or Samarcand
Can match his palace of a day.

With throbbing flags instead of drum,
With flashing streams instead of sword,
King Toil, the king of kings, has come,
Of all mankind the hope and lord.

And Beauty comes as Queen of Toil
To share his rainbow jubilee;
Art tempering use like a sweet foil,—
A bow of hope across our sea.

Toil's Barons twain of Brawn and Brain
Their countless triumphs here display;
For Brawn has wrought what Brain has thought,
And both are passing proud to-day.

Three great nativities emboss
Peace on the young King's diadem,—
The Northern Star, the Southern Cross,
And the white star of Bethlehem.*

Who prates of Peace? What war so dire
As Labor's wars, where hungry wives,
And uncheered men, forsaking hire,
In comrades' battles risk their lives?

Though Head and Hand still vex the land
With civil strife for share of spoil,
The fettering past shall break at last,
And peace on earth shall dwell with Toil.

Culture and wealth shall learn to hold
Their gifts in trust, for others' joy;
Love shall wash Ishmael's feet, and gold
Shall purge its hard and base alloy.

Here, in Toil's temple opal-hued,
Blazing with gold and amethyst,
Its brief, eternal pulchritude
By fountains laved, by fire kissed,

We pledge this century, which shall close
A great Millennium's splendid page
And lead Man, conqueror o'er old foes,
To the new tasks of a new age.

* The motto on the Pan-American flag was *Pax*, and the emblems the North Star and the Southern Cross.

DO—SAY

Two Brothers once lived down this way,
And one was Do and one was Say.
If streets were dirty, taxes high,
Or schools too crowded, Say would cry:
"Lord, what a town!" but Brother Do
Would set to work to make things new.

And while Do worked Say still would cry:
"He does it wrong! I know that I
Could do it right." So all the day
Was heard the clack of Brother Say.
But this one fact from none was hid:
Say always talked; Do always did.

TO JOHN B. OLMSTED

On his Fiftieth Birthday, January 28, 1904.

USEFUL, yet genial, you can warm
The chilly summits of reform.
The sinners scarcely feel constraint
With such a comfortable Saint;
And yet for fifty years have you
The gospel lived of service true.

Serious and strong, you seek to share
The loads the heavier-hearted bear,
While at your smile their fardels seem
To disappear as in a dream.
The Cloud-compeller could not vie
With you in making shadows fly.

FREDERIC ALMY

When you were born, Joy laughed to see
How dear to men your life would be.
Your singing soul can drive away
The darkness of the dreariest day,
And all your hosts of friends gain cheer
Simply from knowing you are here.

MARY J. MacCOLL

CONTRADICTION

Over the purple hills,
On through the dewy dale,
Softly the twilight steals
Clad in her misty veil;
Dead is the after-glow;
Fair on the brow of night
Gleameth the moon; below
Mirrors the lake her light.

Creeping o'er clovered leas,
Stealing through boughs abloom,
Bloweth a gentle breeze
Laden with rich perfume.
Sweetly adown the dell
Floateth a lightsome lay;
Katydid, hush! and tell—
Rideth my love that way?

Close by the ivied tower,
Weaving sweet dreams, I wait,
Wearing his favorite flower;
Yet, when he opes the gate,
I shall be cold and shy;
The buds aside I'll throw,
And wish he would pass by,
Though I should weep, I know.

The robe he praised I wear,
A simple gown of white;
I've bound my shining hair
With sprays of myrtle bright.
O, heart! he is anear
In haste I turn aside,
Albeit I love him dear,
Dearer than all beside.

A PENITENTIAL PRAYER

O, God! I lift my tearful eyes to Thee,
Hear Thou my prayer;
For comfort, Lord, I cry imploringly,—
My sorrow share.

Here at Thy feet my wounded heart I lay,—
Thou wilt not spurn,
Though I have wandered from Thee far away,
Nor would return.

Though oft with patient love Thou didst beseech,
In wrath command,
I heeded not the lessons Thou wouldst teach,—
I built on sand.

I sought with earthly love my soul to feed,
But all in vain,—
It left me famishing in hour of need,
And brought but pain,

Rending the veil that hid my inner life
From human eyes,
Revealed past failures, errors, sorrow, strife,—
In cold surprise.

Love, seeking for perfection, scornful turned
From me aside;
The comfort, help and strength for which I yearned
Were each denied.

Now, ever faithful Friend, to Thee I come;
Dear Lord, forgive!
A weary wanderer returning home,
I pray receive.

An empty, undivided heart at last
I offer Thee;
O seal it Thine,—my broken idols cast
Afar from me.

With willing feet I'll follow evermore
Where Thou dost lead;
Thy love hath proven an exhaustless store
In hour of need.

Within the shelter of Thine arms alone
Is peace and rest;
Dear, tender Saviour, gladly do I own
Thy love is best.

MINNIE FERRIS HAUENSTEIN

A MEMORY

Bocaccio, my Gondolier! Bocaccio, once more
Along the charmèd aisles of memory,
I hear the splash of thy sturdy oar—
Upon the crystal pavement of Venice, by the sea;
I dream of the golden glory of San Giorgio 'gainst the sky,
And watch the tawny lateen sails that silently drift by.
I catch the tang of the salty wind, the Adriatic's breath,
And see in the light of yesterday, a past day's radiant death.

Bocaccio, my Gondolier, again I hear thy song,
And see the strength of thy sinewy arm, the deep brown of thy breast,
And I wish, Oh! I wish, together we were threading our way along
The silvery highways of Venice—of Venice and of Rest!

LOVE'S LOYALTY

I said to Love, What is the price I pay
To gain thy gracious favor? Shall I bring
The hoarded riches of my wandering—

Gold raiment redolent of far Cathay,
The broidered glories of an ancient day
With musky odors saturate, that fling
The Orient's incense on the breezes wing,
And jewels glimmering like the heart of May?
Would noble name, or deed of high emprise,
Or fame, or laureled Honor win for me
The cherished largess of love-laden eyes?
Then Love rose up and answered scornfully,
Dost think with these to *barter* for my prize?
My very coming is Life's Mystery!

GETHSEMANE

Agèd and gnarlèd olives bend o'er him,
Oh! the shadows deep and the mystery!
Oh! the garden drear and the Crosses three!

Kind solace pour from every branch and limb,
His cup of anguish to the bitter brim
O'erflows; beneath Iscariot's perfidy,
And cowering Peter's sin, spent hopelessly,
He gropes and suffers 'mid the wood-paths dim,
And cries, "Am I alone? No outstretched hand
To give me succor that I grief withstand?"
Oh! faithless, slumbrous, unaccounting friends,
Small peace your presence to the Master lends.

Oh! the shadows deep and the mystery!
Oh! the garden drear and the Crosses three!

MINNIE FERRIS HAUENSTEIN

SACRAMENT

Cool, in the shrouded shadows of the night,
The table in that Upper Room was laid;
No glittering goblet there, no cloth arrayed
In silvern broideries,—only the white
Of one poor wheaten loaf to glad the sight,
One Cup for all, Betrayer and Betrayed!
O'er these, with deepest thanks, the Master prayed,
Unheeding gloom, and taunt of vanquished might.

Beloved Christ! so patient in Thy pain,
I shrink to own my starveling heart of fear
That counts the petty coin of common care,
As 'twere some Calvary, or thorn-cut stain!
Oh! let me breathe that Faith-charged atmosphere
Which made Thee triumph over Death's despair!

KATHERINE E. CONWAY

NEW LAND AND NEW LIFE

From "A Dream of Lilies."

Behold, your quest is ended,
And the New Land strange and splendid,
No longer luring from afar, is firm beneath your tread;
And the way is free before yė,
The skies unclouded o'er ye,
And the past is dust and darkness and the dead have earthed their dead.

Raise your cross and raise your altar,
Why shrink ye thus, and falter?
Are ye men, or love-lorn maidens? ye late were stern and brave.
What's worth a strong man's weeping?
The New Land hath in keeping
Guerdon for valiant battle that the Old Land never gave.

Have done with fruitless yearning,
Know ye not there's no returning?
The wrathful sea's between ye and your far-off fatherland.
The worst it threatens brave ye!
Now from yourselves I save ye—
Lo, the ships that brought ye hither ablaze upon the strand.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY

AT A GRAVE ON EASTER-DAY

Credo . . . in Resurrectionem Mortuorum.

I KNOW the sting of death—its victory—
Since one more dear than mine own life is dead;
And I can nevermore be comforted,
Whatever love may come in years to be,
Till God give back what Death has wrenched from me.
Yet, ye would slay my hope. Who was it said
"There is no resurrection for such dead,
What thou hast lost hath perished utterly?"

False seer! my dead shall live again, I know.
Those eyes once oh, so kind! shall smile again;
And the dear hands that wrought but good to me,
Hold mine in warm close clasp. I can forego
Life's solace, and be patient with its pain
Until the day break and the shadows flee.

LOTUS AND LILY

SOMETIMES a dark hour cometh for us who are bound to bear
The burden of lowly labor, the fetters of lowly care.

An hour when the heart grows sick of the work-day's weary round,
Loathing each oft-seen sight, loathing each oft-heard sound!

Loathing our very life, with its pitiful daily need,
Learning in pain and weakness that labor is
doom indeed.

And this the meed of the struggle—tent, and rai-
ment and bread?
Oh, for the "Requiescant," and the sleep of the
pardoned dead!

Oh, the visions that torture and tempt us (how
shall the heart withstand!)—
The fountains and groves and grottoes of the
Godless Lotus-land!

Oh, the soft, entreating voices, making the tired
heart leap,
"Come over to us, ye toilers, and we will sing you
to sleep."

A fatal sleep, I trow! but we are sad unto death,
And the Lotus-flower unmans us with its sweet
and baneful breath.

We look to our fellow-toilers—what help, what
comfort there?
They're bowed by the self-same burden, beset by
the self-same snare.

Falleth the ashen twilight—meet close for the
dreary day;
Hark to the chimes from the church-tower! but
we are too tired to pray—

Ah, God who lovest Thy creatures, sinful, and poor and weak,
Hear'st prayer in the tired heart's throbbing, though the lips are too tired to speak?

Is this Thy answer? Is this the herald of Thy peace?
For the Lotus withers before him, the songs of the Syrens cease,

And the palm-trees and the grottoes, fountains and streamlets bright,
Waver and change as he cometh, then fade from our weary sight.

He is worn with care and labor; he is garbed in lowliest guise,
But we know the firm, sweet mouth, and the brave, brave patient eyes;

And we know the shining lilies—no blooms of mortal birth—
And we know thee, blessed Joseph, in the guise that was thine on earth.

Thy hands are hardened with toil, but they have toiled for Him
Upon whose bidding waited legions of Seraphim.

Thy hands have trained to labor the hands of Him who made thee,
Whose strength upbore thy weakness, when thy awful trust dismayed thee.

Oh, lift thy hands in appealing for us who, unwilling, bear
The burden of God's beloved, lowly labor—and care.
Oh, pity our fruitless tears, to-night, and our hearts too tired for prayer!

AN ALTAR-LAMP

O SHINING meek and shining bright,
An Altar-Lamp, indeed!
With ready, tender, helpful light
For groping wanderer's need.

Without the temple-walls he stands,
His heart is sore with sin;—
Through pictured saints' outreaching hands
Thou beckonest him within.

Into the House of Christ the Lord,
The wanderer's rest from roaming—
Where robe and ring and festive board
Await his longed-for coming.

Sweet beacon-light, what joy is thine!
I breathe, in far-off greeting;—
So near, so near the Heart Divine,
Thou tremblest with its beating.

KATHERINE E. CONWAY

A LIFE'S REGRET

Oh, long-lost friend, what have I harvested
Of thy youth's bloom and mine, with its delight
Of love and laughter and forerunnings bright?
Not peace, not hope, but life-long pain instead.
Sometimes this sleepeth, till I dream it dead—
When lo! a word, a look, a soft-drawn breath,
And into fullest life it wakeneth,
Ah, me! unrested and uncomforted
For all its sleep. How could I let thee stray
Into the vale of death, thy torch unlit,
And mine ablaze that might have kindled it?
Oh, what befell thee on that fearsome way?
And oh, what greeting would be thine to me
Could thy voice reach me from eternity?

WILLIAM McINTOSH

TALISMANS

Didst ever turn, in critic mood,
The pages of an album over,
And mark the blissful platitude,
Soul-rapt, inane, of friend and lover?
To see, in feeling's magic fount,
Forgotten thoughts renew their youth—
Each heart its world-old vows recount
Like gems of new-discovered truth?

Here on this spot where souls have met
Each passed the word its comrade knew.
Scant is the tale we least forget—
Short as a life in death's review.
Here in the focus of a page
The feelings of a life-time center;
Soft vows are told and counsel sage—
Didactics from a loving mentor.

Why so alike? Why say they all
"Be just—Be true—Be fond—Remember"?
Why tell of pleasure's flowers that fall,
And hope that bides the heart's December?
Ah, friend! our hearts are tuned to sing,
Like wild birds, but a single strain—
Of all its chords, one pulsing string
Our passion tells, our joy, our pain!

Old is the pledge—"I love but you!"
Familiar words the friend's deep vow;
Worn hearts have held heaven's hope in view
From Eden's first despair till now;
Yet shall we spurn the flowers, the sky,
The summer's breath, because 'tis old?
Hush hope's sweet whisper, love's dear sigh
If other lips the tale have told?

All that we feel and are and know
Has been before, shall be again;
A myriad hearts have felt the glow
Of hope and love, dear memory's pain,
And all that stirs our souls, or tells
The dreams that fire, the thoughts that thrill;
Creation's music ceaseless swells,
Old themes, old tones, renewing still.

If earth and sky and changing flood,
Remingling, lost their separate charm;
If life were stilled in field and wood,
Stars ceased to twinkle, suns to warm;
If nature's laws to nought returned,
To spring again from primal chaos,
They'd be the same whose ways we've learned,
And some would rule and some obey us.

Change comes and goes: the new grows old,
The old, reborn, renews its power;
Warm hearts are laid beneath the mold,
Warm hearts are born in every hour.

And every pulse that's silent now
Shall in some bosom find its force;
Each thought that stirs the busy brow,
Through silent tongues has held its course.

These are but echoes that we hear
Of all the heart can feel or tell;
Divinest music to the ear
Of him who knows the singer's spell;
Dear talismans of lover, friend,
Whose magic rules some answering heart—
In whose blest sway two spirits blend
And each finds each its counterpart.

THE CLOSE OF CARNIVAL

And now, good night! Let parting words be spoken,
Our week of mime and revelry is past;
The music dies away, the spell is broken;
O'er the fair scene one lingering look we cast,
And, sighing, say, Good Night!

Good night to all the world—to pole and tropic—
The sun-land's smile, Aurora's ghostly beam!
Babel of peace—millenium microscopic,
Thy voices fail, and from the enchanted dream
We wake to say, Good Night!

To walled Cathay and to Japan's fair islands;
To storied Rhine and vine-clad hills of France;
To Spain's fair rivers, Erin's, Scotia's highlands;
To languid Turks that dream, and Moors that dance—
Fair scenes, fair maids, Good Night!

Good night to gypsy seers, the future scanning
In cards or stars or labyrinthine palm;
Good night to elf-land scenes—to breezes fanning
Our brows from goblin caves, whose pulseless calm
Scarce whispers back, Good Night!

Good night to all our mirth and mimic splendor;
To mocking tinsel and true gems that shone;
Good night to flattery's smile, to whispers tender
In quiet nooks—nay, shall these, too, be gone
When Morning says, Good Night?

Must all the light go out when we have taken
Our homeward way and these gay robes laid by?
Must we to hard reality awaken—
Forget the melting voice, the speaking eye,
That told all in "Good Night?"

Good night, dear scene of joy — half true — half seeming!
Good morrow, Memory! thy pale dawn is near,
Moon of the soul! o'er our past splendors streaming,
Hold, precious treasurer, all thou findest here—
One long, serene Good Night!

ALADDIN'S LAMP

THE mad world spins on our finger-tips
And dazzles the whim of each grown-up boy,
But once in a while when, in dull eclipse,
The gay toy falters, its pleasures cloy—
A gentle whisper from unseen lips,
And a ghostly touch on the shining ball,
And lo! earth opens, and palace and hall,
And rivers of gems like the soul of the sun,
And the princess of earth at his feet to fall
Who the poet's generous spell has won!

On autumn fields when the trees are bare,
On slopes that shudder when snows come down,
The buds of a summer that's wondrous fair
Are folded and hid in the leaves that are brown.
In hearts that have never won love's dear crown
Love waits but the magic touch and smile,
As the white fields wait for the summer air,
Nor heed how the tempests thunder and frown,
For they dream of the south wind's kiss the while,

Sweet spell that lasts while the world goes round!
For genius and love and life are one—
And the poets that every age has crowned
Since the song of the morning stars begun,
Have found but a voice for the lips that move
In eloquent kisses but not in song,
And the fields that have blossomed since earth was young.

Guard well your treasures of beauty and love,
Ye singers that carve all things in breath,
For the secret of Aladdin's lamp is yours,
And the gleam of your light, like a star's, endures,
When its source is lost in the shades of death.

THE PATH OF TEARS

In every tear a prisoned rainbow lies
Till tears and smiles shall meet,
And pain, transfigured by love's ministries,
The radiant arch complete.

Sweet Iris! Not in eyes that ever beam
With smiles thy light is born:—
The leaden sunset sees thy promise gleam,
And not the cloudless morn.

Love's recompense! that comes not till we know
By loss what love has given,
And bids us, mocked by joy's brief sun below,
On rain's path climb to heaven.

HER BIRTHDAY

When my sweetheart came to town
Skies were dark and fields were brown.
In a sheltered nook just one
Dandelion mourned the sun.

Brooks were silent, earth was numb,
All the forest aisles were dumb.
How the slanting rain came down
When my sweetheart came to town!

When my sweetheart came to town,
She brought all the blossoms down
From far hills of paradise
Mirrored in her baby eyes.
Scents of grape flowers in her hair,
Breath of rose and lilies where
Laugh and dimple were at play,
Making life all holiday,
Till the sleepy stars looked down—
When my sweetheart came to town.

When my sweetheart came to town
She was tender love's dear crown!
Silent in a world of noise—
Battling winds and romping boys,
Winning with prophetic wile
All dominion with a smile.
What if all the hills were cold
Storm-swept sea and rock and wold?
Smiling heaven to earth bent down
When my sweetheart came to town.

REV. PATRICK CRONIN

GOOD FRIDAY

On this day so drear and lone,
Hear, Oh Lord! our plaintive moan,
See, our tears are falling fast,
And our hardened hearts, at last,
Are in anguish raised to Thee
Hanging on that bitter tree:
Parce Nobis Domine.

By the heavy cross Thou bearest;
By the thorny crown Thou wearest;
By the perforating lance,
And that agonizing glance,
By those nails that pierced Thee there,
Hear, Oh Jesu! hear our prayer:
Parce Nobis Domine.

Ah! that scourging by the crowd,
'Mid their curses fierce and loud;
Ah! that vinegar and gall,
And the thrice-repeated fall!
Sins of mine, you wrought this day!
Weeping 'neath the cross, then, pray:
Parce Nobis Domine.

Hide me, Jesu, in Thy side!
There I'll evermore abide,

Let Thy blood, all precious, roll
O'er my dark and sinful soul,
Washing all its guilt away,
While these tearful eyes still say:
Parce Nobis Domine.

Whither, Jesu, shall we go?
Where else bring our weight of woe?
Save to this thrice-holy Rood,
Red with Thy redeeming blood.
Here then rest we, here we'll stay
All this bleak and bitter day:
Parce Nobis Domine.

THE PARTING FROM THE MAY

O! PLUCK some roses fresh and gay
From garlands of the dewy May,
Ere she departs;
Ere she is borne to the tomb,
Where withered soon shall be the bloom
That thrill'd our hearts.

Through all the long, long winter hours,
My heart was longing for her flowers,
And moonlight streams;
And friends I loved were with me then,
I heard their laughter down the glen,
In vanished dreams.

And wild birds on the fragrant thorn
Were singing in the rising morn,
Sweet songs of praise:
"Oh God!" I cried, "Send, send the May,
Send me again if but one ray
Of youthful days."

The May is come, and nearly gone
But ah! my spirit still is lone,
And sighs anew —
Sighs for the friends that have not come;
The hopes deferr'd, the dreams, the bloom
That once I knew.

Poor restless heart! cease, cease thy sighing,
Thou like the waning Spring art dying
In youthful bloom;
Thy early May is long since fled,
Its hopes and dreams are with the dead,
Low in the tomb.

TO A FRIEND ON HER MARRIAGE DAY

On thy merry marriage day,
'Mid the blooms and orange spray,
'Mid the music and the laughter and the song,
Choicest blessings I implore
On thy footsteps evermore;
Be thou happiest of all the wedded throng.

Heaven guard thy future years
From the thorns and the tears;
May thy heart be ever joyous as to-day;
And the radiant sky that beams,
Let it typify thy dreams
That shall glad fulfilment find along the way.

In thy life's fresh dewy morning,
Thy fond husband's heart adorning,
Thou art leaving all thy girlhood's home behind;
All to wander by his side
As a blest and happy bride,
With the plighted troth of loving hearts to bind.

Blessings then on him and thee,
Wheresoever you may be,
In the coming years of sunshine or of shade;
And the golden ring that's worn
On this happy bridal morn,
May it symbolize the union ye have made.

SURSUM CORDA

Cease, cease thy sighs, O weary heart!
Cease, cease those sadd'ning sighs;
What though these lone autumnal eves
Bring mournful winds and faded leaves,
And kindly nature silent grieves
O'er summer blooms and dyes?

The fresh young flowers again shall blow,
The soft winds whisper sweet and low
To murmuring waters as they flow,
Reflecting azure skies.

Forget thy wrongs, much injured heart,
Forget full many a wrong;
Thine is the story often told,
Of broken trust, of friends grown cold,
And eyes long rayless 'neath the mould,
That sparkled at thy song;
But warmer friends may yet be thine,
Fresh hopes may glow, new stars may shine,
Thou yet mayst quaff that unfound wine
Thy soul hath craved so long.

Dream, dream no more, deluded heart;
Awake and dream no more!
All silent now thy youthful lute;
But withered flowers, loved voices mute,
Are all that's left thee, as the fruit
Of hours forever o'er;
But Death will come, or soon, or late;
Then brighter visions may await
Thine entrance through his darksome gate,
Beyond life's mortal shore.

Poor restless heart! were this but so,
Ah! could I only know,
Then winds might wail and leaflets fall,
Friends may deceive and vows recall,

And youthful fancies vanish all;
I'd grieve not should they go;
For then, dear Lord! this weary breast
Would be at Home, among Thy blest,
And find at last long-sighed-for rest,
To know no more of woe.

THE UNFOUND

Qui fit Mæcenas ut nemo. *Contentus vivat Hor. Sat. I. i.i.*

When youth and youthful dreams are fair,
And lovely blooms the tender cheek;
When softly waves the sunny hair,
And eyes tell more than words can speak,
Why does the young heart restless sigh,
And pine beneath its native sky?
And wish for other years to come,
And long to other climes to roam?

But when those riper years appear,
All blooming like the golden grain;
When loving hearts and friends are near,
To chase away each brooding pain,
Ah! still why heaves the lonely breast
Sighing for future years of rest,
In hope that joy may meet it yet
In the calm eve of life's sunset?

Yet when that eve falls softly down,
That turns to mist the eagle eye,

And frosted grow those tresses brown,
  And youthful fancies droop and die,
Why pensive grows the withered cheek?
Why would the sad heart fondly speak
Of youth and joys and friends that once
Were dear in life's first innocence?

Ah, Lord! 'tis that the soul still craves
  Some unfound pleasure earth ne'er gives;
It dreams and seeks, then sickens, raves
  O'er the fair phantom, and thus lives.
At rosy morn, 'tis found at noon;
At noon 't will smile with evening's moon,
Till, cheated thus at every stage,
The sad heart pines from youth to age.

Earth's treasures, youth and beauty, fade;
  E'en love's young dream but cheats awhile;
Beyond life's sea is the fadeless glade,
  Our Aiden home, where angels smile.
Ah! when we reach that deathless shore,
Nor change, nor care can touch us more;
There to the ravished heart appears
The unfound joy of earthly years.

FRANK H. SEVERANCE

FRASCATI*

Hitherto unpublished.

WE never reached Frascati, where
The sun his largess poured
As though, a charmèd spot, 't was there
The Spring her treasure stored.

Across the ancient Roman plain
In antiquary quest
We passed, we came, we went again,
And daily said, "We'll rest

To-morrow, love, upon those heights
Where sunshine ever lies—
To-morrow holds the dear delights
Of earthly paradise!"

The fickle gods, in seed-time mood
Flung showers across the plain
From where the sentry Sabines stood
Above the fields of grain.

Tivoli's olive slopes were swathed
In sweeping shrouds of mist;
In tears Tusculum's marbles bathed—
Frascati smiled, sun-kissed.

* *Extract from a letter:* — "During our stay in Rome, in the early spring, we often remarked, when on excursions across the Campagna, that no matter how wrapped in clouds or rain the landscape might be, the region of Frascati, on the Alban hills, seemed always in sunshine. We found no time to go there."

When, o'er the green Campagna wide
Storm-furies whipt the air
As though old Roman hosts did ride
In ghostly battle there,

Still on Frascati's sunny steeps—
Whence flowed that Alban wine
That Horace happy sung—there sleeps
A radiance half divine,

As though the gods, to this late age
Were granting cheerful dower
For deeds not told on Rome's dark page—
For love, the world's great power.

And here, perchance, some hero strove,
And striving, was forgot;
Perchance pure hearts on love here throve
(Love, like the hills, yields not!)—

No matter where the clouds may fly,
Elsewhere the shadow falls;
Frascati doth forever lie
With glory on her walls.

We never reached Frascati—for it lay
So near! . . . and lo, ere long
O'er seas Frascati's far away
A memory for a song.

My sunny citadel *thou* art,
My fortress of good cheer!

Grant me the largess of thy heart,
No path in life is drear.

I am content to sing my way
The devious journey through,
Knowing the sunshine day by day,
Unknown—but loved by you!

O'er the bare plains of life I go,
Glad near thy heart to dwell,
Until those fairest fields we know
Where blooms the asphodel.

NEW YEAR'S

Lo, old Time renews his youth, when the ages' chimes are rung,
In glad commemoration of the New Year's birth,
Lo, the world takes heart again, and again Hope's song is sung,
Till Glory, Glory, Glory! goes rolling round the earth.

TO THE WINTER MOON

Maids call thee fair! thou art a frigid fright!
Infidel phantom, haunting hollow space
Beyond the wholesome air, wherein no trace
Of life, heart's blood a-leap, tear-drop, or might

Of love, doth linger. All thy mirror bright
Reflects to earth is death, thy gleaming coast
But girdles in a grave. World-corpse! World-ghost!
What bodes thy spectral mocking of our night?

Where's Nature's hint of Heaven, for which we yearn?
Oh planet pale, with shifting courses spun
Around an earth where love and hope yet burn,
Shall these dear flames be quenched, when time is done?
Must fate our labors and our loves in-urn,
Eternal ashes in some final sun?

AUTUMN

From "The Flight of the Halcyon."

Bright Summer folds her fragrant fan
That swept soft incense through the trees,
Nor longer heeds the pipes of Pan,
Their music drained to dirgeful lees.

Red Autumn burns herself away;
Droop dry and sere the aster-blooms,
And wasted to an ashen grey
Hang solidago's golden plumes.

Witch-hazel's pallid flakes of gold,
Late blown by Autumn's dying breath,

The withered woodsides coldly hold,
Like kisses on the lips of death.

The lingering Spirit of the South
Yet dallies with dead flowers awhile,
As sometimes round a death-sealed mouth
The pleasant lines of life will smile.

"THIS GREATER BUFFALO"

Hitherto unpublished.

This Greater Buffalo—what is it, then?
A plain, grown fruitful with the homes of men.
Wealth, and his happier elder brother, Toil,
In myriads here
Their altars rear,
Whose streams of reeking incense rise
To blot the sunshine from the skies,
And e'en the grace of Heaven's blue despoil.

A plain, engyved with traffic trails, that bind
All lands and marts of humankind
In sympathy and purpose one.
And, where the city's hands outreach
An empire's harvests to receive,
Her towers of trade
In uncouth silhouette displayed
Stand, battlemented and arrayed
In grim, potential, gaunt parade,
Where the West Wind's chariots run.

And we, the dwellers on this fecund plain,
Children of alien lands and divers strain,
But buoyed by common hope.
    Not all our parent stock
    Reckons from Plymouth Rock.
The slow-pulsed Teuton, and the peasant Pole—
Woe worked for centuries to model him—
With offspring of the earlier emigrant;
Italia's ardor and the Norseland calm,
Strength of the Saxon and the brother Celt
(Those helped by Luther, these liege to the Pope),
Here gather in fraternity of man,
As East from West apart, but all American.

The New World's grandest marvel, this: to blend
In one new type the sons of divers strain,
Begetting here a brotherhood
    Of purer blood
    And stronger brain,
Of loftier thought and broader view,
Of clearer vision for the true.

Cities are built on ashes, and on lives
Without fruition, save that this survives:
A field more fallow for the common good,
A higher level of true brotherhood.
We Babel-builders with our cry of "great"
    Should sanctify instead
    This dowry of the dead.
That city only is of high estate
Whose sons and daughters in themselves are great.

Art, Science, Letters,— lo,
Handmaidens of the Worthier Buffalo.
Theirs still the ministering part—
The end and mission of all art—
To wake to new life, and control
The latent forces of the soul.

CHARLES S. PARKE

A SYLVAN CEREMONY

"KNEEL," whispered the breeze.
On wistful knees
In the swaying grass I sank,
While, all around,
A soft choral sound
Swelled from bower and bank.

Two slender blows,
And I arose
Of sordid aims bereft;
By the accolade
Of a green grass-blade
Ennobled and enfeoffed.

Now am I Lord
Of weald and sward,
Fellow to leaf and flower!
Brook, bee, and bird
Have passed the word
That owns me from this hour!

OVERHEARD IN AUGUST

THE song of Kissisqua, the brooklet, the silver-toned babbler,

Rehearsing the gossip of rushes to broad pebbly
reaches,
Anon lightly telling of flower loves left in the glen.

The song of the westerly breeze, full of sweet
meadow thoughts,
Orchard airs, garden fancies, fresh mem'ries of
plenty afield,
With soft undertone of lament for the passing of
summer.

The song of the cloud as its shadow slips down
the green vale—
An exquisite strain, that just floats to the far edge
of hearing;
A measure so fine that its melody dies at a look.

THE LIGHT OF LIGHTS

O, A GLORIOUS thing is the light of the sun,
Bringing life and joy and love,
O, a noble thing, when the day is done,
Is the light of the stars above.

And a welcome thing is the light whose gleams
Betoken the journey's end.
But the light of lights is the light that beams
For me in the eye of a friend.

FREDERICK PETERSON

HEREDITY

I MEET upon the woodland ways
At morn a lady fair;
Adown her slender shoulders strays
Her raven hair;

And none who look into her eyes
Can fail to feel and know
That in this conscious clay there lies
Some soul aglow.

But I, who meet her oft about
The woods in morning song,
I see behind her far stretch out
A ghostly throng—

A priest, a prince, a lord, a maid,
Faces of grief and sin,
A high-born lady and a jade,
A harlequin—

Two lines of ghosts in masquerade,
Who push her where they will,
As if it were the wind that swayed
A daffodil—

She sings, she weeps, she smiles, she sighs,
Looks cruel, sweet or base;

The features of her fathers rise
And haunt her face—

As if it were the wind that swayed
Some stately daffodil,
Upon her face they masquerade
And work their will.

ENVIRONMENT

High up around the mountain rock
Wild sweep the lightning and the storm;
The spruce grows firm against their shock,
Stunted and gnarled and rude of form,
With twisted roots that interlock.

But by the rivulet far below,
Up from the rich dark loam and drift,
Where storms come not and winds are slow,
Behold the stately willow lift
And sway long branches to and fro!

THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT BLOWS

The sweetest flower that blows
I give you as we part;
For you it is a rose;
For me it is my heart.

The fragrance it exhales,
(Ah, if you only knew!)
Which but in dying fails,
It is my love of you.

The sweetest flower that grows
I give you as we part;
You think it but a rose;
Ah, me! it is my heart.

SOLITUDE

It is the bittern's solemn cry
Far out upon the lonely moors,
Where steel-gray pools reflect the sky,
And mists arise in dim contours.

Save this, no murmur on their verge
Doth stir the stillness of the reeds;
Silent the water-snakes emerge
From writhing depths of water-weeds.

Through sedge or gorse of that morass
There shines no light of moon or star;
Only the fen-fires gleam and pass
Along the low horizon bar.

It is the bittern's solemn cry,
As if it voiced, with mournful stress,
The strange hereditary sigh
Of age on age of loneliness.

RESURGAM

The stars shine clearly in the winter night;
Beneath the ice no stream is heard to run;
The old green fields are still and waste and white;
River and field are now become as one.

But not for aye shall all this silence be,
Ere long new life shall stir beneath the snow,
And we may hear quite softly presently
The murmur of grasses and the river's flow.

So, O my heart, though thou mayst soon become
Likewise as cold, and lie as silently,
It is not long that thou must sleep, be dumb,
Before again new life shall thrill through thee!

VILLANELLE

Through these long months thy love shall bless
A lonely roamer over seas,
So love me more and sorrow less.

Each tender smile, each past caress—
How very dear to him are these,
Whom through long years thy love shall bless,

Who to his bosom aye shall press
The new-found flower of love—heart's-ease!
So love me more and sorrow less.

To listening Fates each night address
A low-voiced prayer upon thy knees,
That they long years our love may bless.

Perhaps the pitying Sisters guess
How Hope the loveless bosom flees:
Love, love me *more*—to sorrow less!

Love shall come back in tenderness,
Across the months, across the seas,
The steadfast love thy love doth bless;
So love me more and sorrow less.

HAPPINESS

She smiles and sings the livelong day—
A very happy maiden she,
Whose blessed fancies charm away
Her sorrows and her misery.

How sad and strange the people here!
They sigh and shriek and whisper things
To shun, to loathe, to dread, to fear—
But all the day she smiles and sings.

'Tis sweet to know that there can be
Someone whose woe has taken wings—
A very happy creature she
Who all the day long smiles and sings!

IN A DAHABIAH

A DESERT lies on either hand
In stern and lone repose;
Between the wastes of yellow sand
The dark Nile flows.

All through the valley strait and green
Are wafted faint perfumes
From fields of clover and sweet-bean
And lentil-blooms.

Palm groves and minarets and towers,
Like dreams before the eye,
Pass slowly as through drowsy hours
Our boat drifts by.

The dark-robed women file in troops
To fill their water jars,
Where wind-bound boats lie moored in groups
With idle spars.

All day a strident monotone
Along the shore line steals—
The noise of wells, the creak and groan
Of water-wheels.

Out on the river softly floats
The boatmen's wailing song,
Where up and down the swan-winged boats
Glide all day long.

Soon sharp against the reddening sky,
By sunset canopied,

Looms up remote and shadowy
A pyramid.

Strange sounds by curious wading-birds
Are heard along the bars,
When night brings forth too fair for words
Her moon and stars.

Then lo, a ghost!—Seneferoo
Comes from his giant tomb
To guard his Egypt all night through
On huge Maydoom!

THE LOST ARGOSIES

I've looked in vain and long for them,
My red-sailed galleys and triremes
That sailed a sea too strong for them
'Mid windy paths and ocean streams,
And now I make a song for them—
My far-tossed wrecks of dreams.

They sailed and dear shapes went with them
Swaying along their rosy wales,
And comely rowers sent with them,
Made songs that echoed on their trails;
Sang melodies, and blent with them
Were sounds of oars and sails.

An island—sirens sing of it—
They sought with sail and helping oar.

No token yet they bring of it,
Nor of the careless friends they bore,
Though I am lawful King of it—
The Isle of Nevermore.

I've looked in vain and long for them,
My red-sailed galleys and triremes,
That braved a sea too strong for them
'Mid windy paths and ocean streams,
And now I make a song for them—
My far-tossed wrecks of dreams.

AT THE GREEN FIR TAVERN

Down through the windows open wide,
To fix the noonday on the floor,
The fir-trees' gloomy fingers glide—
They glide and pause and glide once more.

There sits the round-faced drowsy host!
Perhaps some phantom from his pipe,
Floats forth to lull—some smoke-like ghost
Of Bacchus when the grape is ripe.

Without, a gray old harper stands,
And through the noiseless golden noon,
The strings pour forth beneath his hands
A wailing, sweet Italian tune.

A lonely traveller sits and dreams,
And dreams have filled his soul anew:

The mountain wine, the music, seems
To set his sad heart singing too.

For Her the harper strikes the strings;
The traveller's dream, this song, is Hers;
And loud of Her the throstle sings
Within the twilight of the firs.

RONDEL

A LITTLE love a little while,
And then we part to meet no more;
For never can old Time restore
One little sigh, one little smile.

Before us shall the years defile
A woful line, a phantom corps;
A little love a little while,
And then we part to meet no more.

Yet ere we come to reconcile
Ourselves to destiny—before
We gaze alone from either shore
At the waste waters mile on mile—
A little love a little while.

GEORGE HIBBARD

TERRA INCOGNITA

Ah me! that it has nearly passed away,
The grateful mystery, the vague delight,
Of those dim ancient days when yet there might
Be undreamed things where sombre Thule lay
In clamorous seas; or where 'neath passing day,
Hung blessed isles sometimes almost in sight;
Or later where fair Avalon was bright,
Or shone the golden cities of Cathay.

Old ocean holds no terrors any more;
We touch the limits of the farthest zone,
And would all Nature's fastnesses explore:
Oh, leave some spot that Fancy calls its own—
Some far and solitary wave-worn shore,
Where all were possible and all unknown!

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY

EVERLASTING LOVE

Our dear ones sleep awhile, and so
Their love is hushed to dreams,
But He who slumb'reth not pours forth
His love in ceaseless streams.

The tender arms that hold us fast
Are human in their strength;
Though power of earthly love be great,
It ebbs away at length.

The babe is pressed in mother-arms
The while the mother sleeps,
And quickly her repose is stirred
Whene'er her sweet one weeps.

But Love Divine can never sleep,
Nor turn His care away;
The "everlasting arms" of God
Are round us night and day.

O, weary one, why shouldst thou grieve
Or doubt the care He takes?
Come, lay thy head upon His breast,
And sleep because He wakes.

The Lord thy Keeper e'er shall be,
Thy soul shall not be moved;
O, taste the joy, the perfect peace,
Of one by God beloved.

FETTERED

I CLIP thy wings, my bird,
In kindly love,
Like as our God above
Restraineth us,
When we would soar too high,
And, sinking downward, die.

Thou art too weak, my bird,
Thy strength to try;
Wounded thou canst not fly,
So rest content;
God holds us down to earth
To give new pinions birth.

Thou must not flutter so,
But wait in peace;
When all thy struggles cease
Thy wounds will heal;
I'll care for thee, my bird;
Undoubting, trust my word.

So when our God above,
In mercy sweet,
Restrains our erring feet,
We murmur sore,
Nor see His wisdom great,
While mourning o'er our fate.

If thou wilt still rebel,
O, panting heart!
And seekest still to part

From this kind love,
I'll give thee up to go
To death and keenest woe.

But if content, my bird,
Awhile to rest
On this true loving breast,
Till thou art healed;
Then shalt thou soar to heaven,
Thy freedom gladly given.

MY OLIVE BRANCH

My heart's an ark
That rides Life's stormy sea;
One little, lonely bark,
Sailing the waters dark,
Wond'ringly.

Hungry for rest,
It longs at peace to be;
Weary of fruitless quest,
Crying in fear suppressed,
Yearningly.

O'er the waves cold,
Ambition flieth free;
Flies as the raven bold
Flew from the ark of old,
Daringly.

Flying above,
He never returns to me;
Then soareth faithful love,
Hast'neth my snow-winged dove,
Trustfully.

No rest in sight,
So homeward turneth she;
Staying her hopeless flight,
Biding the dawn of light,
Patiently.

The wild winds cease,
Again she skims the sea;
Bringeth the branch of peace,
Telling of sweet release,
Cheeringly.

And now she's flown
For aye away from me;
My love has found its own
Resting at Jesus' throne,
Blessedly.

The ark will stop,
The wearied heart be free;
Seeing the last storm-drop,
'T will touch the mountain top,
Joyfully.

CARRIE JUDD MONTGOMERY

THE SNOWDROP

O, BRAVE, fair flower, my snowdrop sweet,
The spring and winter meet.
Thy gleaming wings are blossomed snow,
But in the dainty bell below
The springtide's tender green doth glow,
O, darling flower of snow and verdure!

I bend my head a little space;
Breathe softly in my face;—
Thy tender, curving lips unclose;
I drink the breath of scented snows,
And in deliciousness repose,
O, darling flower of snow and verdure!

Thou art the winter's sweet reply
To our half-glad good-bye;
But underneath thy snowy wing
We spy a messenger of spring,
With promise of more blossoming,
Thou darling flower of snow and verdure!

O, may our lives like thee unfold,
Sweet blossom of the cold!
May we rise bravely to endure,
And be as spotless, fair and pure,
With promise of a springtide sure,
Where fairer flowers shall bloom forever.

LOVE'S OFFERING

Hitherto unpublished.

My heart is like a soft, soft nest,
Love-lined with gentlest care,
To hold in tender, joyous rest
A sweet bird brooding there;
A waiting life beneath her breast
Hath chained her pinions fair.

O, trembling, unborn hope, lie still
Within my heart's warm hold;
I fain would hush thy eager thrill,
The world is wide and cold,—
Thy tiny shell is snug and still,
Why let thy life unfold?

With joyous psalm, my fair, fair bird
Doth softly, sweetly sing,
Awhile the life, yet scarcely stirred,
She hides 'neath patient wing;
I listen, lest I lose a word
The throbbing air may bring;—

"Ah, love must live beyond its nest,
I hide it 'neath these wings
Until my life burns through my breast,
And into being brings
The sheltered hope o'er which I rest
Until it wakes and sings.

"The world its glad song cannot chill,
No soul can e'er forget

That it has known the rapturous thrill
Love's loving can beget,
And when at last all life seems still,
Immortal love loves yet."

ADA DAVENPORT KENDALL

THE LADY OF MY DREAMS

LIKE flash of wild bird in the night,
A tender fleeting thing,—
Or like a breath of soft sweet air
When Winter kisses Spring,—
As falling rose leaves in the rain
Her fragrant presence seems;
She is the answer to my soul—
The lady of my dreams.

With wild unrest she fills my heart,
The tender fleeting thing,
And yet I would not touch her hand
Or still her wandering.
As well imprison opal fire
Or catch the moon's white beams;—
And so I follow with my soul
The lady of my dreams.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

A DANDELION top growing right in my room!
A round silvery ball that is just out of bloom,
It bobs to and fro as if swayed by the breeze.
Now how did you come in my house, if you please?
What! aren't you a dandy top? I'm in a whirl,—
You can't be your mother's own tow-headed girl!

ADA DAVENPORT KENDALL

A FENCE CORNER

A BEND in the line of the time-browned rail-fence,
The rugged back-bone of the fields;
A bush-covered angle,
A fragrant green tangle
That only a fence corner yields.

Swaying this way and that like a big-sister flower
Is Matilda Jane's sun-shade of pink,
While swung 'cross a rail
Hangs a gleaming tin pail;
There'll be berries for supper, I think.

But it happens just now that a trespasser comes,
And the fence as a barrier fails.
A brace for a swing,
Two long legs make a spring,
And now side by side hang two pails.

I'll not spy, but I think that the mother at home
Should make other provisions for tea,
For the clank of those pails
As they sway on the rails
Sounds woefully empty to me.

OCTOBER

THE ambers slip through my unwilling hands;
I am a child, afraid of change and cold;
I dread the winter I have never known,
I fear the partings and the growing old.

If one survivor of the year would swing
    Those grim mysterious doors, and for a while
Return to comfort me, I could take heart
    And face the thing called winter with a smile.

But here alone, how is a child to know
    That Love goes with one all the days and years;
That 'neath the magic of December's touch
    The ambers turn to pearls instead of tears?

HENRY A. VAN FREDENBERG

THE LAND OF LANDS

The land of lands is Arcady,
The realm of mount, of mead, of tree,
Of townless hills, from Mammon free,
Of ways of sweet simplicity,
The land above
All else than love:
O heart! let's off to Arcady!

The men are bluff in Arcady,
But in their oaths all faith may be,
And there fails ne'er the pilgrim's plea
For hearty hospitality;
Though plain the fare
'Tis free gift there:
O heart! let's off to Arcady!

The maids are sweet in Arcady,
More sweet than e'er elsewhere saw ye.
To them no gallants bend the knee
In modes of fraudful gallantry,
For each is queen
In bower green:
O heart! let's off to Arcady!

The brooks sing aye in Arcady
In company with bird and bee,

And kiss the flowers as to the sea
They glide down grassy slopes in glee;
By night and day
They sing alway:
O heart! let's off to Arcady!

And Pan is king in Arcady!
The king of all the kings is he!
When all the birds on hill and lea
Are still, he playeth merrily
To listeners mute
His osier flute:
O heart! let's off to Arcady!

Smile all the eyes in Arcady,
Love all the hearts in Arcady,
Call all the maids in Arcady,
Grief hath no hall in Arcady!
There Pan gives joy
That ne'er doth cloy:
O heart! let's off to Arcady!

THE MAIDEN WHO WINS

Ballade.

Ah, maiden sweet with the drooping eye,
And the roselike cheek and tawny hair,
And the siren feint of a smothered sigh,
And the luring ruse of a languid air,
Thou seemest coy, but the maids who dare

In the lists with thee are aye outdone;
Men turn from the sun's too ardent glare:
The maiden who wins is she who's won.

The rose that brushes the passer-by
May be the sweetest, may be most fair,
But he who's hurt the thorn will spy,
And love flies ever from open snare;
The half-hid bloom is the one he'd bear,
The bloom that shrinks from the scorching sun.
'Tis the unworn charm will longest wear:
The maiden who wins is she who's won.

O, timid blossom, there's none to vie
With thee in the lists, so have no care.
Thy prince is coming, he draweth nigh!
Nay, flutter not so, but coyly spare
A first love kiss! 'Tis his guerdon rare!
Such kiss is pure as the prayer of a nun,
'Tis a kiss by which he'll ever swear:
The maiden who wins is she who's won.

ENVOY.

Rose, ever of open wiles beware;
The prey the uncovered snare will shun,
Never the moss from thy veiled face tear:
The maiden who wins is she who's won.

NO TEARS FOR ME

Rondeau.

No tears for me! Have I my will,
The friends who bend above me still
In death will not insult with tears
Me lying, acheless, with shut ears,
Unknowing aught of griefs that kill,
Unfeeling aught of pangs that fill
The o'erfull cup of human ill.
My face would say, with calm that cheers.
"No tears for me!"
Let no eye weep. Let but a rill
Of sweet regret each friend-heart thrill,
Because I've done with days and years
And, as a sailor homeward steers,
With joy have climbed life's final hill:
No tears for me!

NOTHING ENDS

Kyrielle.

The withered rose shall be rose once more,
The wrecked ship sails again from the shore,
The bow that's broken anew shall bend:
Nothing began, and nothing shall end.

The dead man lives as a man again,
The Now we know is a once-known Then,
The foe that lives is a buried friend:
Nothing began, and nothing shall end.

Sand on the desert? Not so, not so!
'Tis all that hath been in nature's flow,
And it doth newly to all things tend:
Nothing began, and nothing shall end.

Faded love? only delusion vain!
The fallen rain shall be sometime rain,
And the arrow shot again shall rend:
Nothing began, and nothing shall end.

Mournful death? 'Tis a mockery mad!
The earth-closed eyes over there ope glad,
And the earth-furled wings e'er joyward wend:
Nothing began, and nothing shall end.

LOVE

Lai.

What is love? O, pray,
Mortal, can you say
In truth?
Is it truth? "Nay, nay!"
Is it guile? "Yea, yea!
In sooth,
Cupid's only play
Is to lead astray
A youth,
Or an old man gray,
In the thornful way
Of ruth!

That was love alway,
That is love to-day,
Forsooth!"

LOVE AND HATE

Lai.

Neighbors Love and Hate
Once together sate,
And they
Made a league to mate.
After short debate
The way
Opened, clear and straight,
For this freak of fate
To play!

Virelai.

Ever since that day
Mortals have been prey
Elate
Of these two, who slay
In a friendly way,
And wait,
Love with Hate to weigh,
Hate with Love to pay—
Estate
Men must bear alway!

HENRY A. VAN FREDENBERG

ATLAS

I PITY Atlas! He must hold the earth
Forever on his back, with toil and pain;
Must nothing know of all its woe and mirth;
Must simply stand and bear, with wearied brain,
The dull gross weight of water, wood, and rock;
Stand still and hold the globe at steady rest,
Nor falter for a moment, lest a shock
Should start the little human from his nest!
If I were Atlas, I would lift my head,
Would spin the earth from off my bended back,
And let it go wherever fate might will!
But Atlas stands, with look of wearied dread,
Stands dumbly bent and bears his monstrous pack,
And e'er I pity bent-back Atlas still!

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

Rondeau.

WHEN I was young, ah! golden days!
I strolled where brooks ran minted ways,
Where grass was deep and air was sweet,
Where only whims did time my feet,
Where care at most was but a haze,
Where all the months were merry Mays,
I never dreamed of gold or bays,
My heart with wrong did never beat,
When I was young!

The birds and squirrels shared my plays
In dewy mead and woodsy maze,
And sorrow never did I meet,
In winter's chill or summer's heat;
I knew no spleen, no moody phase,
When I was young!

HENRY R. HOWLAND

"DELIGHT ROSE
Died 1769, Aged 22 Years."

Inscription in a New England Burying-Ground.

BENEATH the grass she softly sleeps,
Unheeding praise or blame,
For whom this mossy headstone keeps
The fragrance of a name.

A flower that 'neath New England skies
Found bud and bloom and blight;
A brief hour oped to life's surprise,
Then closed in early night.

Sweet child, whose smiles in vanished days
Once gladdened mortal sight,
What loving lips first spoke thy praise
And named thee "Heart's Delight"?

What tender mother, watching o'er
Thy girlhood's gentle grace,
For all her wistful dreams found store
Of promise in thy face?

What lover wooed thee, sweetest maid?
And grew thine eyes more bright
The while thou listened, half afraid,—
"I love thee, dear Delight!"

Ah! who can tell? this mossy stone
Hides all thy joys and tears;
The sweetness of thy name alone
Outlives the flight of years.

And stranger feet now linger near
This spot of thy repose,
While fancy frames an idyl here
Of fair New England's Rose.

SNOW-BORN

With Autumn's latest breath there came a chill
Of brooding sadness, as o'er pleasures dead;
And through the sunless day, with silent tread,
There seemed to pass, o'er vale and wooded hill,
The footsteps of some messenger of ill.
Through forest ways with rustling leaves o'erspread,
The pine boughs whispered low of bodings dread,
And all the air a mystery seemed to fill.

But in the shadows of enfolding night,
From out the bosom of the frosty air,
Fell a baptismal robe of beauty rare;
And when, at kiss of dawn, awoke the earth,
Each leaf and pine-bough, clad in vesture white,
Told of the peaceful hour of Winter's birth.

HENRY R. HOWLAND

O. W. H.. 1809–1879

For Dr. Holmes' Birthday breakfast, December 1, 1879.

SPRINGTIME and summer past, the frosty days
Have come which mark his three-score years and ten.
They touch but lightly him, whose jocund pen,
Catching the gladness of his sunny ways,
And weaving joy and mirth in blithesome lays,
Hath rest and joyance wrought for weary men.
What right to him hath cold December, when
He weareth still the grace of fragrant Mays?

We offer wreaths of song with incense sweet,
To crown the measure of his happy lot
With whom the heart of summer ever dwells;
And deem our budding flowers a tribute meet;
These are but of a day;—he needs them not,
Whose winter garland is of immortelles.

MIDWINTER

RELENTANT Nature in a frolic mood
Now holds her winter revels, and with glee
Hath decked in merry garb each bush and tree.
Trooping in mirthful groups along the wood,
In cloaks of down, or capped with snowy hood,
Like maskers at a carnival, we see
Strange forms tricked with fantastic mimicry,
Where late in autumn nakedness they stood.

Save where, within the depths of forests gray,
Whose sombre shades repel the garish day,
In mystery apart, a Druid band
Of solemn firs and spreading hemlocks stand.
With outstretched arms their priestly forms uprise,
Clad in the spotless robes of sacrifice.

ROBERT BURNS

January 25, 1885.

Born unto toil and framed in rustic mould,
There stirred within him, masterful and strong,
The impulse of a heaven-sent gift of song.
In strains now blithe, now sad, his verses told
The simple rugged nature, grandly bold
In honest manhood's cause to battle wrong;
The joys that unto homely lives belong,
Though oft his days were dark and skies were cold.

What heed we of the wintry winds to-night,
When hearts within are warm with friendly cheer?
We sing his songs,—and dwell in scenes more fair,
Where summer's treasures deck the meadows bright,
Where daisies bloom, and glittering waves are clear,
By banks o' Bonnie Doon and Brigs of Ayr.

BESSIE CHANDLER

(Mrs. Le Roy Parker)

ON A HEAD OF CHRIST

By Quintin Matsys (Fifteenth Century).

A grieving face, adown whose hollow cheek
The bright tears fall from tender mournful eyes;
Eyes, sad with never finding what they seek,
Lips curved by many weary wasting sighs.

The tear-drops glisten,—frail they seem and slight,
As though a breath would sweep them into air;
And yet four hundred years of day and night
Have passed since first the painter formed them there.

How strange that they should last, those painted tears,
While kingdoms perish, nations fall and rise;
Strange that through all the stormy rush of years
They lie unchanged in those sad, grieving eyes.

Does He still mourn? The world from Him enticed
Wanders afar, and will not walk His way.
O patient One! O weary, watching Christ,
Are the tears wet upon Thy face to-day?

UNAWARES

He leaned from out the dusty car,
And looked far up the village street,

Where great green boughs met overhead,
And all the air was soft and sweet—

He watched, half wistful, half amused,
The country traffic ebb and flow,
The farmers' wagons in the shade,
The village people come and go—

A little girl stood near the track,
With cheeks that matched her fresh pink gown,
She watched the train that blocked her way,
With quick, impatient little frown.

He felt the charm of simple things,
The magic of a drowsy day.
Then the bell rang, the whistle screamed,
And he was whirled upon his way.

He had no thought that summer morn
That this small village, fresh and green,
Would come to be his fairy-land,
Where that young girl would reign his queen.

Nor did she dream while standing there,
Impatient of the slight delay,
This train was an enchanted coach
That bore her lover far away!

HER FACE

Scant beauty nature gave her; in disguise
Rugged and harsh, she bade her go about

BESSIE CHANDLER

With face unlovely, save the dark, sad eyes
From which her fearless soul looked bravely out.

But life took up the chisel, used her face
Roughly with many blows, as sculptors use a block.
It wrought a little while, and lo, a grace
Fell, as a sunbeam falls upon a rock.

Across her soul a heavy sorrow swept,
As tidal waves sweep sometimes o'er the land,
Leaving her face when back it ebbed and crept,
Tranquil and purified, like tide-washed sand.

And of her face her gentleness grew part,
And all her holy thoughts left there their trace.
A great love found its way within her heart,
Its root was there, its blossom in her face.

Lo, when death came, to set the white soul free
From the poor body, that was never fair,
We watched her face and marveled much to see
How life had carved for death an angel there.

THE TRYST

Somewhere there is a stone: I go to meet it,
And all life bears me onward like a wave,
Yet when we meet, I shall not know nor greet it,
For it will come to rest upon my grave.

Where is it now? Still in the earth embosomed,
And waiting for my death to set it free?

Or 'neath the chisel's touch already blossomed,
And lacking only in its tale of me?

Oh, strange that ere my life had a beginning,
That stone was made, and for no other man,
And all my years of sorrow and of sinning,
Are but the end for which its life began!

I journey onward toward it, waking, sleeping;
We may meet soon, or not till I am old,
But neither love nor hate can stop my keeping
The solemn tryst that stone and I must hold!

OH, GREAT TRUE HEART!

Oh, great true heart that sailed life's stormy seas
With fearless courage in the roughest blast,—
The voyage is over,—you have come at last
To a safe, sheltered harbor, that will please
Your sea-worn ship, and give your tired soul ease!
I see you still, as often in the past,—
The fleck of ocean on your brown hair cast,
The sea-blue in your eyes! Ah, God's decrees
Bore you from us this time, as oft before,
Under "Sealed Orders." With our narrow scope
We cannot see you on that distant shore,—
Yet we, left here, with our great grief to cope,
Think of the stars, that all your life you wore,
And know the anchor is the sign of hope.

ROWLAND B. MAHANY

ROMA ANTIQUA

By yellow Tiber's storied stream,
How seems the pride of man a dream!
Here temples old when earth was young
Their shadows o'er this river flung—
Lone ruins now of crumbling mould,
Save Angelo the grim and old,
Nor doth that even keep in trust
Its mighty builder's scattered dust.

Here science, letters, art and song
Amused the weak, entrenched the strong;
Here Cæsar reared his lofty throne,
His "Golden House" the lizard's own!
Here Emperor, Prince, and Prelate slew
The millions of the false or true,
Yea, and the chosen of the Lord,
In the red record of the sword.

Above the unremembered dead
The roses bloom where Kings have bled;
The stately river winds its way
As in the old Imperial day;
And Nature laughs at man's pretence
To an immortal permanence.
Oh, Love, thy dreams can never die.
Still shines the blue Italian sky!

PALM SUNDAY

Dear Lord, out of innumerable ills
Thy grace hath led my feeble steps and slow,
Vouchsafed to me Thy loveliness to show,
And given that peace, unpriced, whose gladness thrills
My spirit, so that all its essence wills
The world no more, but only Thee to know:
Before Thy feet of glory palms I strow,
While my rapt heart with high Hosanna fills.

To-day Jerusalem hails Thee divine,
Yet storm of death awaits to rend the calm!
What, then, if grief and bitterness like Thine
To me shall come, I shall not lack this balm,—
To know, that if Thy way of peace be mine,
The amaranth is sweeter than the palm!

ISABEL

Isabel,
Whom I love well;
If my soul's soul's voice could reach you,
It would tell you, it would teach you,
In the tomb where you are sleeping,
That fond memories I am keeping
Of the love that once you cherished,
Of the love that hath not perished.

Not the Past
Which did not last,
Nor the smiling of the morrow,
Nor the Present with its sorrow,
Can avail to dull the aching
Of the heart, when it is breaking
With the thoughts of all your sweetness,
In the days of love's completeness.

Fare you well,
Isabel,
For the years we cannot number,
Soft and dreamless be your slumber;
Where the oriole is winging,
And the southern flowers are springing,
Till hereafter I shall meet you,
And with tears and kisses greet you.

OZYMANDIAS

SHELLEY, to show that of all earthly things
Pride is the emptiest, recounts that where
Old Nilus dreams, a Pharaoh builded there
His statue, whose long-ruined base still flings:
"*My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,*
Gaze on my works, ye mighty, and despair";
While o'er the fragments which the sands leave bare,
The desert wind a mocking requiem sings.

And yet, methinks, this King was wise to render
Unto himself such heritage of glory;
What matters now to him if none rehearse
His wars, his loves, his triumphs and his splendor,
Or anything that graced his olden story,—
He lives immortal still in Shelley's verse.

JULIA DITTO YOUNG

LIVINGSTON COUNTY

O DEAR New Scotland, why so long have I
Discoursed of very trifles, and delayed
To sing the vistas that within thee lie,
The dark clear brooks, the forest's moss and shade,
The gentle hill-slopes bathed in purple mist
The scarlet-jeweled orchard's fragrant yield,
The trees by Autumn into glory kissed,
The wide gold stretch of many a fertile field?

Behold the reason: Truly overmuch
I worship thee, and as a lover grows
Bewildered, silent, at his lady's touch,
While all his mind in passion's channel flows,
When I thy zephyrs breathe, thy streamlets drink,
And see thy skies bend o'er me blue and bright,
I feel so much I not at all can think,
My heart so dances that I cannot write!

PERFECTION

THERE is an instant at the end of day
Wherein the western sky so richly glows
We wish it might unaltered ever stay
In such blent harmony of gold and rose.

O Life! I pray thee cease thy rapid flight,
Nor haste to terminate this hour supreme,
But let me, ere the fall of gloomy night,
One moment linger in the sunset's gleam.

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES

THREE times the book aloud I read
At eve by Laurie's little bed,
And grew to love as well as he
The stories of the grateful bee,
Twin brothers, lions, hunters, hares,
Kings' daughters, fiddlers, dancing bears,
Gnomes, foxes, tailors, golden lakes,
Glass mountains, castles and white snakes.

And more than pleasure's my reward;
Suggestions so the tales afford,
That now whene'er I stranded be
For image or for simile,
The picture of a haunted wood,
Of sad enchanted maidenhood,
Of dragon battling with a knight,
Of bandit cave's alluring light,
Or some such fantasy will rise
Before me, and my need supplies,
And Laurie, when 'tis read to him,
Delighted cries, "Why, that's from Grimm!"

JULIA DITTO YOUNG

A RAINY NIGHT

Black against the murky sky
Oak trees toss their branches bare,
While the last leaves riven fly
On the wet and whirling air;
Rain like swift descending lash
Beats the cold and sodden sward,
And the wild keen lightning flash
Cuts the darkness like a sword.

God be thanked for night and storm!
'Tis a blest relief to know
Nature hath the power to form
Other things that suffer so,
Things besides my tortured heart,
Torn with infinite despair,—
Tempest, I of thee am part,
And thy maddened ragings share!

IN THE CITY

I long to go into the country to-day,
To pass the mill with its ceaseless mutter,
And follow the stream full of boulders gray,
Wherever the kingfishers poise and flutter;

To ramble into the grand old wood
With its sweet warm scents, and find out whether
The maples are yellowing as they should
In these soft hours of autumn weather;

To gather the golden-rod and fern,
To mark in the brook the trout's swift skimming,
To wander along the lane and learn
If a lilac haze the hills is dimming.

But better methinks the dusty town,
Where love is, than the glorious weather
And rustle of foliage, scarlet and brown,
Unless, dear heart! we could go together!

GOOD-WILL

I THANK Thee, God, no drop of gall
Ferments and curdles in my heart;
The sweet earth's wide enough for all,—
I grudge not any man his part.

EXTRACT FROM "SAVILLE"

Is it a chalice of shining gold, the cup of thy present delight,
Or only a grape-leaf, filled from a spring, dripping with diamonds white?
Drink thou as though it were proffered of gods, e'en as the draught were thy last,
For to-morrow, mayhap, the water and wine and the strong sweet thirst will have passed.

JULIA DITTO YOUNG

FROM "BLACK EVAN"

THEN slowly, timidly she did extend
A little hand, which Evan caught and kissed
Three times,—the first, as some evangelist
Reaching at last a distant long-sought shrine
Might reverently kiss reliques divine;
Next, lightly as a sea-gull's doubting wing
Skims o'er the billows green and glittering,
Knowing too well a fathomless abyss
Of yearning lies beyond the futile bliss
And false allurement of a single kiss;
Last, as the humming-bird within the bell
Of odored honeysuckle loves to dwell
And languid lingers, deeming all the world
Is by those fragrant petals over-curled,—
So Evan kissed her hand.

EXTRACT FROM "GLYNNE'S WIFE"

GARNET'S eyes,
Brown, bright, and clear, were as a woodspring's rise,
And her soft cheeks were such a hue as glows
In the pure pinkness of a perfect rose,—
Her robe, the ruby of a royal wine,
Was seeded thick with burning almandine,
And all unseen there lurked beneath her glove
Glynne's pledges, one of marriage, one of love,

And she was girdled, from the snowy arm
To the red satin slipper, with the charm
That compasses as in a golden shower
A woman who is in the apex-hour
Of life, whether 'tis hushed and unconfessed,
The passion fluttering within her breast,
Or whether 'tis a diadem, a star
Bound on her brow where proudest jewels are—
Dames! damsels! ponder well the truth hereof:
You, to be lovable, need but to love!

MARK S. HUBBELL

TO ONE DEPARTED

Ah, nevermore shall grey hair meet my sight,
But thy bright locks shall rise,
And the fair rays of Heaven's reflected light
Seem shining from thine eyes.

Oh, dear dead eyes, could I but feel their beams
Fall really on my sadden'd sight again
I might the better bear night's bitter dreams
And memory's waking pain.

I see thee walking on the city street,
Thy gentle phantom o'er the pavements glide,
And often in the dark I turn to greet
Thy dear face at my side.

I waken in the long night's silent hours
And travel with thy hand in mine once more
Through boyhood's sunny springtime's glades and flowers
O'er manhood's storm-swept shore.

Thou art not dead; perchance, could I but know
But once the smile that kindles on thy lips
I would not weep that all the clouds o'er-blow
That held thee in eclipse.

Death gives thee back, perchance, thy graces lost
In shining garments of immortal life,

And grants fruition to the hopes long crossed
Of daughter, maiden, wife.

So wait we, patient, knowing mortal years
Vanish where thou art, as a watch at night—
That thy enfranchised spirit, purged of tears,
Waits for us in the light;

That thou art only cured of age and dread
And earth's mortality; that thy glances see
And leap to meet those of thy blessed dead
And all is well with thee.

AT THE END

Crœsus, the lord of countless gold is dead!
Twine chaplets for the cold and pulseless head,
And 'mid the purple on the marble brow,
Set a kind act to shine a jewel now.
For, as some lofty vane, the sun once set,
Catches reflections of its glory yet,
So o'er the dead a good deed glimmering far,
Reflects life's sun and blazes like a star.

THE ANGEL SANTA CLAUS

We all know God hath angels, both beautiful and bright,
Who wait about His jasper throne forever, day and night,

And one is christened Mercy, and one is christened
Love,
And one that bears the name of Faith stands
very high above;
And Charity is also one in foremost ranks, because
He typifies the holiest of all his Master's laws.
And others, too, there are, I ween, whose wings
are white and strong—
Who bear the balm of healing to the bleeding
wounds of Wrong.
The angel, Patience called, who brings the cool-
ing breath of prayer
To fevered hearts, may well stand high amid the
hosts of air.
Yet there's another, he of whom with loving pen I
write,
Whose deeds must change the crimson's stain of
sin to purest white.

He wings his way to earth and grief through
whelming mists and cloud
But once a year, yet all his acts should make his
Master proud;
Straight from the meadows asphodel and from
the fields of bliss
He comes, the children of the world to waken with
a kiss.
He weaves within their little brains the tapestries
of love
That make the earth an Eden, like the shining
lands above.

Just once a year his loving deeds with rapture fill
the world—
At Christmastide, when cannons hush and battle
flags are furled;
In mansions rich and hovels low, in hospital and
street,
He brings to prattling baby lips the legend,
strange and sweet,
Of him who only once a year, with healing on his
wings,
Brings all the joy of heaven to the sphere of
earthly things.

And what to older ones? Ah, me! this saint
whose deeds I praise,
Makes one short era golden in the roll of leaden
days,
And pours upon their arid hearts, hot with the
blight of pain,
Injustice, wrong, and bitterness, kind heaven's
soothing rain.
And calls back childhood's bounding pulse, and
childhood's loyal creeds,
When life was void of evil thoughts and rich with
gentle deeds;
And gives them wine of perfect joy from jeweled
cups to sip,
Like water in the desert on the pilgrim's parching
lip.
The saint I plead for, gentle Lord, fulfills thy per-
fect laws,

The angel of compassion kind, that babes call
Santa Claus.
Oh, crown him angel by Thy side, and give him
largest praise,
Who makes an epoch golden in each year of
leaden days.

WALTER STORRS BIGELOW

GOETHE, THE POET

Philosophy and Dream
The fire from heaven caught
As Goethe thought.

The forest, hill, and stream
With answering voices woke
When Goethe spoke.

Art turned a listening ear
Away from all the throng
To Goethe's song.

No mystery is here:
The thoughts of day and night,
The river, wood, and height,
The fane of art,
All in their turn, desired—
Were worshipped, loved or fired
By Goethe's heart.

THE SONG-SPARROW

I woke at night, or just before the day,
And tossed, disquieted by many things,
Till sweetly came, through darkness turning grey,
A bird's new song, that fluttered like its wings.

O bird, unconscious that you sang for me,
O earliest ray, indifferently cast,
Thine is the song I hear, the light I see:
All songs, all glory, shall be mine at last.

CROSSING THE MEADOW

White, overhead,
Sails the puffed fabric of a cloud;
The wind's caress revives my spirit, bowed
With dusty cares
That soil his feet who in the roadway fares.

Ten thousand blades of cooling green —
The fresh-blown, clustering innocence between,
Seeing, I said:
"Pure blossom, tinged with heavenly blue,
My heart's dull chambers welcome you."

I pass along,
And all my inward powers awake to song;
Beneath my tread,
Even the slight springing of the sod
Sends my soul upward unto God.

AGNES SHALLOE

TRAILING ARBUTUS

When circling robins cloud the lea and charm the waking wood,
And Pan, beneath the budding tree, pipes with the singing brood;
When field and meadow, green and fine, their beauteous gems unfold,
And softly through the shadows shine the violets, blue and gold;
The mandrake with its jeweled heart, the trillium, fragile flower,
And dearer one that dwells apart far in the dreamy bower;
'Tis where the tangled brushwood sleeps, deep in the forest glooms,
The loveliest flower of spring-time peeps, the sweet arbutus blooms.

We feel its presence in our quest; its essence thrills the wood,
Close, close to earth its buds are pressed in dreary solitude.
O beauteous spring, elusive, fleet, in robe celestial drest,
All other flowers be at thy feet, arbutus on thy breast.

The oriole weaves its fairy home, and with its toil
it sings;
A wizard hand bedecks the loam with rare and
radiant things;
But where the tangled brushwood sleeps, deep in
the forest glooms,
The loveliest flower of spring-time peeps, the sweet
arbutus blooms.

CROSSING THE DESERT

Across the billowy arid sand
With fever flushed, they press their way;
Full many a lurid sun by day—
The night its cycle oft hath spanned—
Since slowly to the faded past
Sank tower and minaret at last,
Of Egypt's garden land.

The pangs of thirst, the fierce simoon—
The patient traveller, well knows he.
Through weary leagues of mystery
By darkest night or light of moon,
With longing eyes grown strained and dim,
He scans the vague horizon's rim,
At midnight as at fiery noon.

And lo! Upon the shadowy line
Appears at length the palm-tree's crown,
Where each may lay his burden down,
By leaping spring, in grove divine;

And rest, forgetting pain and fear,
And quaff the water crystal clear,
To him more sweet than priceless wine.

And so, dear heart, for you and me
Is life a doubtful desert way;
Beset with fears by night—by day—
Beyond its bounds we can not see;
In summer heat or winter chill,
As pilgrims here we journey still,
And dream of glory yet to be.

And now and then by want or woe
The brightest day is turned to night;
With faith alone for guiding light,
We move upon our journey slow.
But soon, ah soon! shall fade our ills,
And fair across the frowning hills
Shall open heaven's eternal glow!

IN SUMMER DAYS

Here in the garden beautiful,
O, Friend of the long ago,
The violets bloom in the sun-flecked gloom,
And riotous roses blow.
The lily swoons in its fragrance,
And jasmine frail and sweet
Clambereth bold as in days of old
Over our rustic seat.

The bee is lazily scorning
The poppy's scarlet and gold,
And, idlest of things, a spider wings
Over the scented mold;
Crickets are blithely chirping,
And a splendid butterfly rests
Where the dragon-fly sails slowly by
The syringa's starry crests.

Here is the old sun-dial;
Dear, on its time-worn face
'Tis mine to learn the message stern
Which the fleeting hours retrace.
Over it wings the swallow,
Beneath are the grasses wet
With silver dew, the moments through,
Like tears of the soul's regret.

Thou, who art nearest, dearest,
In thoughts that are sweet to pain,
Come from the deep of the year's long sleep,
Heart of my heart again!
Glad as the spirit of summer,
O Love, we shall wander slow,
As in perfumed haze of by-gone days
And bloom of the long ago.

SOPHIE JEWETT

(Ellen Burroughs.)

A FRIENDSHIP*

Small fellowship of daily commonplace
We hold together, dear, constrained to go
Diverging ways. Yet day by day I know
My life is sweeter for thy life's sweet grace;
And if we meet but for a moment's space,
Thy touch, thy word, sets all the world aglow.
Faith soars serener, haunting doubts shrink low,
Abashed before the sunshine of thy face.

Nor press of crowd, nor waste of distance serves
To part us. Every hush of evening brings
Some hint of thee, true-hearted friend of mine;
And as the farther planet thrills and swerves
When towards it through the darkness Saturn swings,
Even so my spirit feels the spell of thine.

* From "The Pilgrim and other Poems." Macmillan & Co., 1896. All rights reserved.

SOPHIE JEWETT

SIDNEY LANIER*

Died September 7, 1881.

The Southwind brought a voice; was it of bird?
Or faint-blown reed? or string that quivered long?
A haunting voice that woke into a song
Sweet as a child's low laugh, or lover's word.
We listened idly till it grew and stirred
With throbbing chords of joy, of love, of wrong;
A mighty music, resonant and strong;
Our hearts beat higher for that voice far-heard.

The Southwind brought a shadow, purple dim,
It swept across the warm smile of the sun;
A sudden shiver passed on field and wave;
The grasses grieved along the river's brim.
We knew the voice was silent, the song done;
We knew the shadow smote across a grave.

*From "The Pilgrim and other Poems." Macmillan & Co., 1896. All rights reserved.

"IF SPIRITS WALK"*

If spirits walk, love, when the night climbs slow
The slant footpath where we were wont to go,
Be sure that I shall take the selfsame way
To the hill-crest, and shoreward, down the gray,
Sheer, graveled slope, where vetches straggling grow.

Look for me not when gusts of winter blow,
When at thy pane beat hands of sleet and snow;
I would not come thy dear eyes to affray,
If spirits walk.

But when, in June, the pines are whispering low,
And when their breath plays with thy bright hair so
As some one's fingers once were used to play—
That hour when birds leave song, and children pray,
Keep the old tryst, sweetheart, and thou shalt know
If spirits walk.

* From "The Pilgrim and other Poems." Macmillan & Co., 1896. All rights reserved.

THE SOLDIER*

"Non vi si pensa quanto sangue costa."
Paradiso XXIX., 91.

The soldier fought his battle silently.
Not his the strife that stays for set of sun;
It seemed this warfare never might be done;
Through glaring day and blinding night fought he.
There came no hand to help, no eye to see;
No herald's voice proclaimed the fight begun;
No trumpet, when the bitter field was won,
Sounded abroad the soldier's victory.
As if the struggle had been light, he went,
Gladly, life's common road a little space;

Nor any knew how his heart's blood was spent;
Yet there were some who after testified
They saw a glory grow upon his face;
And all men praised the soldier when he died.

* From "The Pilgrim and other Poems." Macmillan & Co., 1896. All rights reserved.

A SMILING DEMON OF NOTRE DAME*

QUIET as are the quiet skies
He watches where the city lies
Floating in visions clear or dim
Through sun or rain beneath his eyes;
Her songs, her laughter, and her cries
Hour after hour drift up to him.

Her days of glory or disgrace
He watches with unchanging face;
He knows what midnight crimes are done,
What horrors under summer sun;
And souls that pass in holy death
Sweep by him on the morning's breath.

Alike to holiness and sin
He feels nor alien nor akin;
Five hundred creeping mortal years
He smiles on human joy and tears,
Man-made, immortal, scorning man;
Serene, grotesque Olympian.

* From "The Pilgrim and other Poems." Macmillan & Co., 1896. All rights reserved.

THEODORE FRANCIS MacMANUS

AMERICA, 1901

O, CAN'T you see her standing at the portals of the world—
With her eager eyes exulting in the flag she's just unfurled,
The favorite of Fortune, and the mistress of the Fates,
The heir of all the ages, flinging back the futile gates
That frown upon her progress, and dispute the mighty power
Of a goddess come to realize the glory of her dower!
She is young, and she is fearless; her heart is full of fire,
And restless with the urging of unsatisfied desire;
She has turned her back on darkness, and her brow is bathed in light
That shall stir the sodden sleepers of the lands that live in Night;
She will falter, she will stumble, she will fall, and she will sin—
She will suffer for her folly, she will rise and she will Win!
O, Thou who holdest nations in the hollow of Thy hand,

Make plain to us Thy purposes, and help us understand
The danger of our daring and the weakness of our strength—
The law of life, immutable, which layeth low at length
The proudest of Thy peoples, when pride and lust combine
To rob Thee of the glory and the tribute which is Thine!

A YULE-TIDE PLEDGE

Because that True Love in a crib was born this day,
Nothing but love I'll give to those who cross my way;
Because that True Love hath been Brother unto me,
Brother to all my fellow-men this day I'll be.

Because that True Love bore the smart and sting of cold,
Nothing my heart contains of warmth will I withhold;
So, from my deepest heart-of-hearts, O, dear friend, take
My full-and-free, unfettered love, for His sweet sake.

WILLIAM McKINLEY

September 14, 1901.

HOT with the tears that choke and blind,
Bear with us, Lord, till we be resigned.
Our hearts are human—he was our chief—
Bear with the anger that mars our grief.
Time! O, Lord, till the fight be won—
Time, to falter "Thy will be done!"

Made kind by sorrow, with joy elate,
We had thought, O, Lord, to watch and wait
Till the mists of doubt had cleared away,
That we might come to his couch and say
"Son of the people, arise and see
A nation made one by sympathy."

And now, O, Lord, we are at his bier—
We cry aloud, but he cannot hear!
Our love unspoken, our message lost,
In heart and brain we are tempest-tossed.
Time! O, Lord, till the fight be won—
Time, to falter "Thy will be done!"

A PLEDGE! A PLEDGE!

THE sound of the drum and bugle we have followed
around the world;
Aye, cold and stark, we have left our mark, where-
ever a flag's unfurled;

Was there ever a wrong to be righted—there was
the eager Celt—
Southern morass, or mountain-pass, desert, or
plain, or veldt;
Never a land received us that called for help in
vain;
We know our debt, and we don't forget—we pay
and we pay again.
We were there in rags and tatters, when Freedom's
fight was won—
First in the field, and last to yield, with glorious
Washington.
Read the rolls of the army—this is the truth you'll
glean—
In the heart of the hell of shot and shell, there was
the flag of green!
Yes, we have been good fighters—but what of our
native land?
What have we done, and what have we won—how
does the record stand?
We have fought for our new-found kinsman—the
homes that have made us free;
Have we nothing left, for the Isle bereft—our mother
beyond the sea?
We have even fought for England—is there nothing
that we can do
To clear the stain, and prove again, that Irish
hearts are true?
What shall we say—shall it be a cheer, to the boys
we've left behind—

A ringing cheer with a lurking tear, of the heart-felt
Irish kind?
Aye, give it, lads, with all your voice, and all your
soul-strength too,
God and the Right—an oath to-night — come,
pledge yourselves anew!

CHARLES CARROLL ALBERTSON

AT THE GRAVE OF JOHN BROWN

Conquering victim!
On thy pain-scarred brow
Laurels rest that kings might covet,
What is failure now?

Strangled hero!
To thy tomb, a shrine,
Come the children of the freedman,
Quenchless fame is thine!

SATIETY

Care-free, I wandered in the forest wild,
With eyes all open to the glorious Spring,
For keen of sight and sense is every child,—
And I was young, and Life was everything.

. . . . . .

Sated and self-absorbed, I walk the wood to-day,
Nor see a flower, nor hear a thrush's song,
Nor mark a single splendor in the way,
For Life is worn, and Time is over-long.

CHARLOTTE ROSALYS MARTIN

SPRINGTIME

LIGHT and life are everywhere,
All the world is passing fair,
Bud and blossom scent the air.

Rosy-tinted is the sky,
Swiftly flits a song-bird by,
Perfumed breezes dying sigh.

Now o'erhead the first star gleams,
Softly mystical it seems,
Venus, star of Lovers' dreams!

AUTUMN

BROODING sadness everywhere;
Murky darkness fills the air;
Lifeless, gnarled, the trees are bare.

Pallid is the bitter sky;
Sudden sweeps a night-bird by;
Hark! the shriek-owl's boding cry.

Now o'erhead a meteor gleams;
Portent dire its flashing beams;
Azrael's falling star it seems.

WILLARD E. KEYES

ANTICIPATION

Sweet rose and mignonette
Deep in the snow drift lie;
The yellow-banded bee
No more goes blundering by,
And the bitter wind drives fast
Beneath the low gray sky.

But ever as of old
Will come the golden June,
And rose and mignonette,
All through the sultry noon,
Will bask and nod and drowse,
Lulled by the bee's low tune.

WALTER CLARK NICHOLS

AWAKENING

With brain o'erworn, with heart a summer clod,
With eye so practised in each form around—
And all forms mean—to glance above the ground
Irks it, each day of many days we plod
Tongue-tied and deaf, along life's common road;
But suddenly, we know not how, a sound
Of living streams, an odor, a flower crowned
With dew, a lark upspringing from the sod
And we awake. O, joy of deep amaze!
Beneath the everlasting hills we stand,
We hear the voices of the morning seas,
And earnest prophesyings in the land,
While from the open heaven leans forth at gaze
The encompassing great cloud of witnesses.

BACCALAUREATE HYMN

Harvard, June 18, 1893.

Help us, O God, as we in quest
Of truth the world roam through,
To know that those men love her best
Who to themselves are true.

Give us humility; the sense
Of tearful sorrow give;

Make Thou a noble permanence
Of every day we live.

We thank Thee for Thy nurturing care,
Which we but faintly ken,
And murmur fervently in prayer,
God grant that we be men!

HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON

THE RECLUSE

Hitherto unpublished.

In a hidden nook I lie
And the world's life passes by;
Every tide of every zone
Brings me something for my own;
Every passing wind I glean,
Lying in my nook alone,
Seeing all and all unseen,
Knowing all and all unknown.

Over me from pole to pole
The organ's slumb'rous surges roll.
The tinkle of the light guitar
Sweeps past me like a dream of sound,
With notes of bugles blown afar
And mountain horns in echoing round,
And showers of bird-notes quick and true
Crossed with a dash of morning dew.

Over me from zone to zone
Subtle fragrances are blown—
Spice of frankincense and myrrh,
Warmth of rose and balm of fir,
And a stronger breath than these
Spray-wet from the tossing seas.

Round my heavens Day and Night
Follow on each other's flight;
Phantom crescents wax and waste,
Storms sweep clear the vaulted arch,
Clouds their fleecy curtains cast
O'er the planets' stately march;
Men, impetuous and fierce-willed,
Here destroy and there upbuild,
Wrest from Fate the World's command,
Hold a momentary sway.
Giant Time with careless hand
Blots the century like a day;
Cities crumble into sand,
Empires lie in vast decay,
And the unchanging stars look down
On the unchanging mountain crown.

Human hearts that laugh and mourn,
Love and labor, hate and scorn,
My involuntary arm
Moves to shield them from alarm.
And I reach my hand to bless,
And I smile because they smile,
And I thrill with their distress,
And I mock myself the while,
For I am amid the host
Like an unembodied ghost,
And as heedlessly they pass
Their own shadow in the glass.

In my hidden nook I lie
And the world's life passes by,
And the world's death at my feet
Lies like ashes lacking heat.

Hearts whose fire did warm the past;
'Twixt your pulses' troubled beat,
And their stillness here at last,
—And their stillness here,—there lie
Worlds of question — no reply.

THE UNWELCOME THOUGHT

Hitherto unpublished.

Oh! sullied summer, quickly close
And all that saw it, cease to be!
And drop your last leaf, ragged rose!
Between my thorny thought and me.

And hasten, world, upon your way
Till other stars upon us shine!
And night and day and March and May
Divide me from that thought of mine!

And strange grow all I knew of late
So this one thought may grow as strange!
Change, Hope and Hate! change, Faith and Fate!
Change, Clime and Time and all things, change!

And give the goodlier being birth
To tread our grass-grown grave-scars o'er,
And say, "In this primeval earth
There never throbbed a thought before."

HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON

THE WOOD-MAID

Why will ye bring me your bold, brown faces,
Crowned with the leaves of my plundered wood?
Why will ye lurk in the low, leafy places,
Peering and jeering, and wooing me rude?

You frighten the bee from the linden blossom,
The doe in the dell, and the shy wood-dove,
The hare in its haunt, and the heart in my bosom,
With all your talking of love, love, love.

Here I live merry until you beset me;
What the birds sow is the harvest I reap.
Here I live merry till you come to fret me;
The heart in my bosom I keep safe asleep.

With the wit of your words to your will you would bind me
As you bind the wings of the meek wood-dove;
In a snare, like a hare, you would wound me and wind me,
And bind me to the service of love, love, love.

Is love as sweet as the bloom the bee knoweth?
Is love as deep as the deep streams run?
Is love as pure as the wind when it bloweth?
Is love as true as the shining of the sun?

I'll loose my locks to the free wind's blowing,
I'll give my cheek to the sun and the rain,
I'll give my image to the clear stream's showing,
But I'll not give my lips to the lips of a swain.

Go hunt the bee with the sweet spoil laden!
Go hunt the hare, and the doe, and the dove!
Come not a-hunting a poor, merry maiden
With all your mocking of love, love, love.

Come, Wind, kiss me! kiss and forsake not!
Smile to my smiling, thou constant Sun!
Heart in my bosom, wake not, wake not,
Till streams in the forest forget to run!

ELIZABETH FLINT WADE

THE OLD STONE STEPS AT CAPRI

Up, up the steep and rugged stairs we climb
This rock-hewn path that has for ages been
Worn by the ceaseless tread of many feet.
The way is long, and wearisome, and rough,
Yet onward, upward press we eagerly
Toward breezy heights, toward tranquil fields and
green.
Above our heads, clinging to niche and cleft,
Hang gorgeous blossoms fragrant with perfume;
We reach, but strive in vain e'en one to grasp,
The wind-tossed branches just elude our touch.
Half up the stairs nestles a little shrine
Cut in the stone. We stay our steps and pause
Beside this silent monitor and grave,
And gird ourselves afresh for greater toil.

See how yon lusty youth springs up the steps,
His strong and sinewy frame knows no fatigue.
Behind him toils a worn and aged man
Bent with the burden and the weight of years.
Matron and maid, gay youth and sober age,
Jostle each other on these old stone steps,
Seeking the self-same goal,—the distant peak.

The summit gained, before the vision lies
A glorious scene, radiant with sunset's glow.

Borne on the evening breeze,—now near, now far,—
The chiming of the monastery bells
Ringing the Angelus falls on the ear.
Far in the south lies beauteous Sicily.
Its shining shores seen through the silvery mist
Seem like the outlines of some fairer world.
Beneath us ebbs and flows the restless tide,—
A liquid turquoise barrier it lies
'Twixt us and yonder bright Elysian fields.

How like unto life's highway seems this steep
And stony path with wayworn pilgrims thronged.
The flowers that mock us just above our heads,
Are fleeting pleasures which we idly seek.
The shrine and resting place, some joyous day
Marked in the mem'ry with a pure white stone.
The height, the place we hope at last to gain,—
The end of strife, and toil, and sorrow's stroke.
The restless waves beneath us typify
The eternal current of that other sea
Whose tide, rolling still nearer and more near,
One day shall sweep us from the shores of Time,
And carry us to fairer, sweeter lands
Than eye hath seen, or heart of man conceived.

THE WILLOW

Over the stream leans a willow old,
Sentinel there for years untold,
Through sultry summers and winters cold.

ELIZABETH FLINT WADE

Moved by the winds of the autumn day,
Its gray-green branches swing and sway,
Backward and forth in a rhythmic way.

The waters ripple and swirl below,
But pause not, nor stay in their onward flow;
Whence have they come? And where do they go?

Willow and stream! Like mortals are they,
One must go and the other must stay;
This is the riddle of life for aye.

BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

NIGHT AND PEACE

THE convent walls are dim and gray
In the young moon's light so softly beaming;
The great bell's voice has ceased to pray
For the world that lies asleep and dreaming.

A dusky bat bends silent wing
Through the belfry shadows darkly stealing,
And far below the crickets sing
In their plaintive tones of tender feeling.

A lonely night-hawk sadly calls;
On the evening wind, in tree-tops sighing,
The mournful owl's note rises, falls,
As home to woodland nest she's flying.

The chapel altar lights burn dim,
And a nun asks peace upon the sleeping,—
Nor pleads in vain that peace of Him
Who without, within, His watch is keeping.

A SUMMER NOON

HUSHED is the wild bird's note; he doth not sing,
Nor floats his love call forth from flowering bough;
Too weary he for melody—see how

He listlessly doth droop his languid wing.
The saucy bumble-bee forgets to sting
A chance intruder mischief bent, and now
In drowsy slumber dreams. Oh, bee, 'tis thou
Art laziest of creatures; buzzing thing,
For once thy busy wings are silent. Yea,
A butterfly in safety hovers nigh,
Nor fears thy noisy hum this sunny noon,
But pauses near to feast,—ah, well-a-day!
He, too, heeds naught, for fast asleep doth lie
Another victim of thy spell, fair June!

WHAT DO SHEPHERDS THINK?

When shepherds, o'er their fluffy sheep
Through long, long hours their watches keep
And see the little lambkins leap,
O, what do shepherds think?

Out where the bees in blossoms hide;
Where soft grass grows on every side,
And where the sky is—O, so wide!
O, what do shepherds think?

Where little birds sing all day long
The very sweetest kind of song;
Where all is good, and nothing wrong,
O, what do shepherds think?

And when the stars shine out so bright,
With such a silvery sort of light—
Out in the dewy fields at night,
O, what do shepherds think?

Do they think how, once, long ago,
Those other shepherds saw the glow
That led them to that Manger low—
Of this do shepherds think?

And are they glad they're shepherds, too,
Out in the fields the whole night through,
And do they love that Baby true?
O, what do shepherds think?

FRANCES HUBBARD LARKIN

FOR MY FATHER'S EIGHTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

What need have I, his child,
To plead in tears
For one who has "walked softly"
Through all these years?
But if to me one prayer
Were given to-day,
"Deal gently with my father, Lord!"
I'd say.

CYPRESS SPURGE

A "GARDEN ESCAPE"

Why did you run out from her garden fair,
When the colony dame first brought you there,
And grow by the wayside with none to care?
You've crept through fences, and under the wall,
You've grown by gray bridges and headstones tall,
You've planted your feet on the graves of all,
The grandsires brave and loved maiden young,
But never a song to you they have sung!

Oh! dear old green moss with milk for your blood,
Came you to earth first, soon after the flood?
No more in green gardens these days you grow,
They say you've escaped—I think 'tis so.
I'll place you here, if but for one day—
Grandma's old-time flower—so long away.

EMILY M. HOWARD

THE FIRST ROBIN

March 23, 1890 — Fifth Sunday in Lent.

Why hast thou come to greet the spring so soon,
My blissful one, who with stout heart and bold —
Like an unlooked-for joy when life is cold —
Choirest thy soul to this chill twilight moon?
Ungently on thee looked this day, whose noon
Scattered the whirling snows on field and wold; —
While yet the crocus hides his vernal gold
Why to these winds thy voice of May attune?
As yet the trees their Lenten vesture wear,
And no shy bud looks up from any bough;
Then why with thy rejoicings breakest thou
The hushed earth's silent, penitential prayer?
And with thy seraph voice why challenge now
The pagan Winter's unabsolved despair?

THE TRANSPLANTED TREE

At dawn of early spring, when all hearts turn
To greet anew — perchance with tears unseen —
The old Love's April face — ere buds are green,
Or hope can yet the crocus blade discern, —

Thy new leaf putting forth, still dost thou yearn
To stand again among thy woodland peers,
And see once more, as in thy sapling years,
The ruddy trillium hail the folded fern?

Still dost thou listen, through the noisy rush
Of times and men,—the voices of the street—
For melodies that thrilled the breathing hush
Of far-off, long-remembered springs,—the sweet
And shy confession of the hermit thrush,—
The secrets of the mosses at thy feet?

CRIMSON POPPIES

They ask not length of days, nor deemed unkind
The fate that cut their thread of life so soon;
They asked no longer than one ardent noon
The whole of life's brief blessedness to find.
As those that dreamed, awhile their heads they bent
To drain the sweet of Time's too shallow cup,
And on the edge of day they gathered up
Their scarlet robes, and went their way content.

They passed,—yet went rejoicing on their way
To meet mortality, though still divine;
For one was near more potent than decay,
And well they knew, O Love, that they were thine;
Nor hoped in vain, for all that own thy sway
Are blest, though soon or late be life's decline.

DAVID GRAY, JR.

(Undergraduate verses, 1892 and previous.)

EXPERIENCE

SHADOW of dead Yesterday,
Turn thy cynic look away;
Chill not this young atmosphere
Of the morning that is here
With thy cold prophetic eyes
Hinting at the mysteries
Of to-morrow — Let to-day
Be itself, the first of May!
Nothing, either less or more,
As there were no May before!
Hush thee, memory! Tell us not
Of the passing of the rose;
'Tis enough it buds and blows
Making fair a barren spot.
Keep thy numbing lore for hearts,
Stranger to the dumb desires
Born when Morning walks the peaks
Laden with Auroral fires,
When all cloud-land blushes rose
And the heart in rapture glows.
Launch the fancy free to float
Like a gleaming bubble boat
Bearing airily the soul
Toward that far ecstatic pole
Where the heart's own paradise
Is pictured to the sleep-sealed eyes.

GREEK CYTHERIA

Cytheria, when May breezes play
O'er Attic hillsides clad with vine,
I'd toss aside the Stoic's bay
And wear the garland which is thine!

The rose fades ere the laurel spray,
But Ah! the flower incarnadine
With sweetness doth its death repay!
The rose thy symbol is and mine!

Let Fame point out the Hero's way
Up Glory's height, I'll not repine,
But when the pipes at harvest play
Give me the paths among the vine;

And there, rose crowned, the livelong day,
I'd reap the corn and tread the wine
And weave thy choric dances gay,
And dream at noon in groves of pine.

ANSWER, GIRL!

The rose that in the sun has blown
Can it fold in the bud again
And gather in the fragrance flown
When June coquettes and frowns in rain?

Or can the heart that once was stone
And by Love's alchemy was ta'en,
Can it forget what it has known?
Can it become a stone again?

DAVID GRAY, JR.

TROJAN HELEN

NIGHT wind sweep thy lyre and play,
Play of Helen, sing her woes;
Make a murmured *Helen* sway
The cradled slumbers of the rose!
Night wind from the classic sea
Who with moon ensilvered lips
Murmurs of the Grecian ships,
Raise thy ancient monody;
Bear Her name upon thy wings
Through the cloisters of the wood,
Past the spirit-haunted springs
Where the moon-made shadows brood.
Breathe it o'er the moss-wrapped shrines
In the porches of the pines,
And the long-stilled harmonies
Of Homeric days will stir,
Stir again and seem to rise
New and wonderful and wise
In the loveliness of Her,
Helen, in whose sybil eyes
Sleep the world-old mysteries.

ON LEAVING COLLEGE

O DAYS without a shadow that was stern!
O pleasant vale of Time, this side the sea
That spreads before its pathless mystery;
In how fair regions have I made sojourn!

And from what gentle company I turn—
Ye old-time dreams, what pleasant folk ye be!—
To Emmaus, O Youth, I've walked with thee
The while my heart did all unwitting burn!
Now has the morning sun this realm passed o'er;
To lands beyond the sea the westing light
Moves on—my little boat waits on the shore
To follow till the shore sinks from the sight.
Shapes of To-day, so soon To-day no more!
The hour is come—Good-night, sweet friends,
Good-night!

IRVING S. UNDERHILL

THE BEAUTIFUL TRIO

Dorothea, Dorothy,
Sweet, my darling Dora,
She's a veritable rose,
The fairest of the flora.

When she's haughty, when provoked,
When inclined to be a
Trifle of the flirt with me,
Then she's Dorothea.

Maiden in her tennis gown
Radiant as Aurora,
Laughing with all keen delight
In the sport, that's Dora.

But when tete-a-tete we're seated,
Whispering commonplaces,
Filling in with dearer thoughts
Conversation's spaces,

When I'm sure, of women all,
One is all to me,
Would you know that wondrous one?
She is Dorothy.

DORA'S EYES

Two images those lights once caught
Of stars which, though for ages taught
To sport in rivulet or lake
Or sea or ocean, by mistake
Dived down into the dewy deeps
Of Dora's Eyes. And still she keeps
Them prisoners, caught fast I think
A-napping by a sudden wink
That snapped the cords, the mystic tie
That bound the vagrants to the sky.

TO HIM, TO HER

They sit in hammock swinging,
The birds their notes are singing;
A rustling in the leaves o'erhead
Is Cupid's tread
To him;
To her
A rustling in the leaves o'erhead.

They watch the heaving ocean,
He swears a life's devotion.
A murmuring as the winds pass by
Is Cupid's sigh
To him;
To her
A murmuring as the winds pass by.

His vow to live in hermit's den,
(That same old fiction told again)
A broken heart and all the rest
Is Cupid's jest
To her;
To him
A broken heart and all the rest.

A LONG-DRAWN SIGH

In all those gentle ways some trick
Of Nature did confide to her;
In true nobility of heart
Which may not be denied to her,
And in the play of coquetry
That now and then conceals it;
In half unspoken sympathy
So subtle yet one feels it,

In all her merry flights of gladness,
In all that rippling laughter,
The pleased glance, the touch of sadness
In the look that lingers after;
In all that honest dignity
That wreathes a crown above her
There is such sweet congruity
That how could I but love her!

HANNAH G. FERNALD

ON ARBOR DAY

"I WONDER," said the little nut,
"What I am going to be!"
The sunshine whispered overhead,
"You'd better grow and see!"
He sent two tender leaflets up
Amidst the crowding grass.
"It's stuffy underground!" he cried,
"Please won't you let me pass?"
Then Robbie saw him standing there
And carried him away.
"I've found the dearest thing," said he;
"My tree for Arbor day!
He'll need a long, long time to grow,
He's very small, you see;
But by the time that I'm a man
He'll make a splendid tree!
Perhaps then I'll be President—
I wonder what I'll be!"
The sunshine whispered low to both,
"You'd better grow and see!"

By permission of *The Youth's Companion*, April 28, 1904.

JESSIE STORRS FERRIS

THE DEAF BEETHOVEN

A SPIRITUAL giant! though the cells
Where beat the surging sound-waves silent grew
Ere yet his passionate youth had lost the dew
And song of morning, and the unplumbed wells
Of secret bitterness uprose. A thousand hells
Of thwarted purpose burst upon him. You
Whose sentient ear is pierced through and through
Each day with music, can you think what bells
Broke the vast, piteous silence of that brain,
Magnificent in failure, yet whose pain
Bore children of a kinglier growth than sound
Had yet conceived? His chord an echo found
That soothed the world's eternal, troubled breath,
Then rose and shook the very doors of death.

THE FIREFLY

HE glows within the braided net
That Twilight wove of heat and dark,
And o'er the meadows, dewy-wet,
And through the grasses of the park

He leads the dance with taper-spark;
Then suddenly he fades from sight,
As upward floats the Moon's bright barque,—
A vanished jewel of the Night.

THE LIFE NATURAL

The gods are not all dead: here 'mong the hills
Is air ambrosial, and the tangy sweet
Of strawberries is nectar all enough.
We hunt the furtive game, and on the banks
Of mountain torrents cast our baited line,
Then lay us down beneath the quiet stars
To sleep unbroken and to innocent dreams.
The keen, bright air and utter stillness bind
Undreamed-of peace about our tired brows;
And that fierce life that dwells in all of us
Springs up at last—a ringing sword, unsheathed
From the strait scabbard of our fevered life.
The Youth we thought had withered, scorchèd
Faith,
Too delicate for the hot breath of the world,
And prismic Hope, that lodgment never finds
But in pure hearts of simple trustfulness,
And Reverence, that long had buried been,
And Love we thought had taken wingèd flight,
Leaving a train of evil birds behind,—
All, all came back, here in the changeless hills.

We breathe, we move as beings born again,
And that elusive thing named Happiness
That we had hunted up and down the world,
Flees from us not again, but sweetly stays
And makes our lives a poem of Rest and Use.

MY BOAT AND I

My boat and I are comrades true and tried,
Beneath the zenith sun or cooling moon,
O'er glancing streams and splendid seas we ride.

Through water-gates all lily-choked we glide,
Past secret fens, where laughs the maniac loon,—
My boat and I are comrades true and tried.

Our oar knows well where the kingfishers hide,
And well it loves the long shore's slumberous croon;
O'er glancing streams and splendid seas we ride.

When we are weary, then we fain would slide
Within the bars of some sand-locked lagoon,—
My boat and I are comrades true and tried.

But when the day is young, our course is wide
O'er salt-lipped waves that roar a hungry tune,—
O'er glancing streams and splendid seas we ride.

Would we could float forever on this tide
Of care-free days that vanish all too soon!
My boat and I are comrades true and tried,
O'er glancing streams and splendid seas we ride.

EDITH EATON CUTTER

A FACE

The face of one who asked for bread,
And asking so received a stone;
Of one, to Faith and Hope, who fled
Till Faith and Hope were dead and gone.

Of one who stretched confiding hands
Toward all the joys that life should give;
Of one who found in weary lands
How little comes to all who live.

The face of one, when all else failed,
Who turned to Love and felt secure,
Though Faith, and Hope, and Joy had paled,
That Love, great Love, would still endure.

The face of one, when all was said,
Who turned with blankness in her eyes;
The face of one, when Love was dead,
Who felt that he might never rise.

And yet a face whose grand unrest
Ennobled those by whom 'tis known,
And casts a spell of Peace confessed
Which Life shall never make its own.

EDITH EATON CUTTER

MILK-WEED

A STRETCH of dusty country road
With harvest sunshine over all,
A vine-grown bit of crumbling wall
By seas of goldenrod o'erflowed,
And milk-weed tall.

The wiry stems bear high their prize
Of yellowing pods, that break almost
With swelling hearts, and yield their ghost
When the last daisy droops and dies
At touch of frost.

A branch of milk-weed tall and straight,
In classic vase of clouded white
Stands glinting in the firelight,
With shifting shadows alternate,
This winter's night.

Now pent within the curtained gloom,
Impatient in their white despair,
These little captive spirits dare
To flutter wild across the room
At breath of air.

They, restless, long, through wintry cold
To seek that strip of wind-swept close,
To rest where fell the bramble rose,
Beside the daisy's heart of gold
Beneath the snows.

A PICTURE OF MILLAIS'

Quaint little maid in the carven frame,
Looking out from the pictured gloom
Into the silent shadowed room,
With eyes whose question is still the same—

An artist's brush, with bold caprice,
Has caught you out from a century past,
And on the canvas pinioned fast,
You are captive held in an endless peace.

The misty lights of those far-off days
Still linger round you, it would seem,
And like the shadows of a dream
They struggle out from unknown space.

The surging tides of this mortal life
That perfect calm can never mar;
But faintly echoed from afar,
You catch the sound of the distant strife.

The flight of years, with careless ruth
Can never brush you with their wings—
In Art, and Art alone, there springs
The fountain of eternal youth.

ARTHUR DETMERS

A DAILY PRAYER

To grow a little wiser day by day,
To school my mind and body to obey,
To keep my inner life both clean and strong,
To free my lips from guile, my hands from wrong,
To shut the door on hate and scorn and pride,
To open, then, to love the windows wide,
To meet with cheerful heart what comes to me,
To turn life's discords into harmony,
To share some weary worker's heavy load,
To point some straying comrade to the road,
To know that what I have is not my own,
To feel that I am never quite alone—
This would I pray
From day to day,
For then I know
My life will flow
In peace until
It be God's will
I go.

1901.

ANNE MURRAY LARNED

SUNBEAMS

The sunbeams get up early,
While we are still in bed,
And dance upon the meadow,
Where dewy webs are spread.

They flit among the tree-tops,
And wake each drowsy bird,
Then slip into the woods below
Before a flower has stirred.

And long before we waken
Their early work is through;
They breakfast in the meadow
Off brimming cups of dew.

RAINDROPS

You may hear us on your window when you go to bed at night,
And dancing on the housetops when you waken with the light.

And when you skip away to school we pelt you as you run,—
If we should chance to wet you, you know it's only fun.

It's such a happy life we live, with naught to make
us fret;
We never have to stay indoors because it is so
wet!

And yet life isn't always play; there's work to do,
you know,—
We have to wash the whole world clean, and make
the sweet flowers grow.

But when our work is over comes the time we like
the best,
When we're lifted up and put away in a great soft
cloud to rest.

SCANDAL

"Eadem nocte accidit, ut Luna plena esset."— Cæsar.

THE wind just breathed it to the pine,
Who shook her head and sighed;
And then she told it to the oak,
Who said the wind had lied.

But, all the same, he told the ash,
Who told the willow tree;
And so it passed along the line
Until it came to me.

I heard it from the speckled trout,
Who had it from the pool;
And this is how the story ran:
Last night the moon was full!

ROSE MILLS POWERS

SONG

Oh, Love in youth is brave as Mars—
Sing, sweetheart, sing with me!
He walks with head amid the stars
And feet upon the sea,
And thinketh thoughts as deep,
As deep—
As all eternity!
But Love, grown old, spurs not apace,
But homeward wends his way;
The world has grown a weary place
And Love is spent and gray;
God grant him there one fond sweet face
To cheer the end of day!
One fond and faithful face,
Sweetheart—
To cheer the end of day!

PRESCIENCE

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:
'T will not be always thine to woo,
And lifeless fingers have no care
If laid therein be rose or rue.

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:
Give me to-day to hear thee vow
How dear my eyes, my lips, my hair,
Nor wait for Death to teach thee how.

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:
Lock me to-day in thy embrace!
Too late when shining candles flare
To rain thy kisses on my face!

Love, hear the burden of my prayer:
Walk with me gently down the days,
Lest Death come on us, unaware,
And point the parting of the ways.

SARAH EVANS LETCHWORTH

MY MADONNA

The radiance of the sunset wings the sky,
Its glories linger loath to leave her hair;
The gift of motherhood has made so fair
The girlish features of my wife, that I
Half think some angel touched her, passing by.
Her eyes are bent upon the child in prayer;
Her arms enfold him close, as though she dare
Not have him distant from her bosom lie.
Dark lashes rest above the cheeks yet pale
From danger and the weariness of pain,
But joy will charm the roses back again,
And through bemisted vision, here I see
A miracle of love that can not fail.
I bend my head and worship silently.

EMILY HOWLAND LEEMING

LOVE STANDS AND WAITS

Love stands and waits by night and day,
With pleading eyes and lips that say,
"Hard-hearted ones, pass me not by,
I starve, ah, feed me or I die!—
Will all these turn and say me nay?"

Some smile among the idlers gay,
A few give all, most turn away,
But still, with sorrow-burdened cry
Love stands and waits.

Unfeeling hearts, your hardened clay
Would crush poor Love until she lay
Dead, but her seat is far too high
For touch profane; Love cannot die,
Her own are glad. But night and day
Love stands and waits.

THE AWAKENING

Was it the blue-bird's magic note
That broke the dim enchanted spell?
Or was it song from robin's throat
That clearly on the woodland fell?

None is can say when Winter stood
And bade "Retreat" to legions drear;
Hearts only know that in the wood
Arbutus wakes and Spring is here.

What voice of wailing Autumn wind
Hushed every bud to deeper rest,
Till Spring should come, and smile to find
Them sleeping still on April's breast?

What dreams of sunshine warm and sweet
Do fleeting, drifting snow-flakes hold?
What thoughts of resurrection beat
Thro' the deep heart of Winter's cold?

No eye has seen, no lip can tell
What sign first told of Spring's advance,
When pussy-willow 'gan to swell,
Or bud awoke from dreamy trance.

But break from Winter's heart and sing,
For now in forests far and near,
Beneath the dead year's covering
Arbutus wakes and Spring is here.

VIOLETS

What angel eyes grown deep because their gaze
Had passed the place where thought grows still and dies,
Bade in your heart a purple fount to rise
In answer to their look, that in all days
Your robe of kingly color men should prize?

What vial did he bring from Paradise
Of odors rare, to make thought cleave the skies
And dream of heav'n's breath shed o'er earthly ways?
I cannot tell;—when that soft fragrance flings
Its spell around my soul, what charm'd thought springs
Within my mind; but once I dreamed
I stood in coming heaven, and I seemed
In dewless fields, while quickened pulses beat
To see the violets nodding at my feet.

MARRION WILCOX

ABOVE ALL HEIGHTS

Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh.—Goethe.

From *Harper's Magazine*, copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers.

Work for work's sake, and for our art, I say;
Not for ourselves—no, not for our best friends,
Nor heart's content when our brief day's work ends;
A thousand times less for men's praise or pay.

To crown the finished task, rest comes unsought;
But seems it finished, to the Power above
And Master even of rest, until with love—
For no reward, but as God made—we've wrought?

"Above all heights is rest." At set of sun
Spirits perturbed in darkening valleys moan:
"Because we strove for wealth and fame alone,
Our work unfinished and ourselves undone!"

LIKE THE GOOD GOD

From *Harper's Magazine*, copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.

His own face he had never seen before
In all his recluse life, and he had grown
Almost to manhood knowing nothing more
Than the poor cell in which they two alone,
He and his father, dwelt.

I can't tell why
His father fled into the wilderness,
But for some wrong he loathed society.
Taking his infant son from such distress
As he himself had felt, he fed his mind
With all experience taught of good and bad;
So the boy knew by name each horrid kind
Of crime, each lovely virtue; and he had
Such images to frighten or delight
As his thoughts made by day, his dreams by night.
With form and feature fancy did deck out
A sweet angelic choir, a devil's rout.
But One, of whom his father oftenest spoke,
Remained only a name: no image woke
Into his fancy when he heard that all
Came from that One—from that One's simple word:
The sun's uprising and the sparrow's fall:
For, while he heard such things, he thought he heard
That this Source of all life suffered death's reign;
Himself secure, permitted mortal pain.
So the boy tried to imagine good and evil
Expressed in one face—Gabriel and the devil—
But could not do it.

Now, the loveliest thing
That boy was!—Manly past imagining,
Hardy with abstinence, with high thoughts fine.
Nature in him had made her work divine.
But what he was he knew not till one day
When rain had fallen in that desert place:

A pool of water mirrored his own face,
And, seeing it, he humbly knelt to pray.

NORTH AND SOUTH FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

From *Harper's Magazine*, copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.

A POISONOUS forest of houses far as the eye can see,
And in their shade
All crime is made.
Now God love you and me!
I think He made even that shade in the cities by the sea—
In the poisonous forest of houses like a forest of upas-trees.
Look! from the south—
From the harbor's mouth—
Crisp curling comes the breeze!
From the freed stream's mouth, from the glad, glad south, from the cool breast of God's seas.

IN THE CITY AFTER LEAVING THE MOUNTAINS

From *Harper's Weekly*, copyright, 1894, by Harper & Brothers.

DULL senses, stirred
By the great city's sounds, so long unheard;
Toil-swollen hands and sluggish, sun-baked brain.
To feel this civic pulse—to think again—
I strive in vain:

For old, old mountains rise
Behind these crowds of people of to-day.
Gray rock, green forest, and their darling stream
Are in my eyes still, since my lingering gaze
Held them, them only, through long, lonely days.
So, to my eyes,
Our toiling human thousands do but play
With phantom needs, with woes born of a dream:
Chasing desires that flit, with mocking cries,
Athwart the mountainous old verities.

GOOD NIGHT

Good Night hath filled her cup with white
Star-sparkling wine—
O'erbrimmed our valley with moonlight—
Your cup and mine.
It is the dreamful wine of sleep:
Drink of it, my Delight, drink deep.
Good-night!

CHARLOTTE BECKER

A CHILD OF THE WOODS

He knew the first sweet wood-note of the thrush,
The first pale wind-flower hidden in the grass;
The little shrines where fire-flies saying mass
Swing low their censers through the marsh-land's bush;
The quickened sound before the poignant hush
Which preludes charges at old earth's cuirass—
That magic moment when the seasons pass
And all live things to newer promise rush.
He loved the bob-o-link's familiar call,
The friendly clover nodding to the bees;
The tiger-lilies flaunting, gay and tall,
Their motley coats of spotted harmonies;
And when the night lay on the forests grim,
He heard the tree-tops croon a song for him.

SYMPATHY

We laughed together, love and I,
When all the world was bright;
We mocked at pain, and thought we spanned
The measure of delight.

We wept together, love and I,
When all the world was gray;
And yet, we had not known how fair
The world was—till that day!

CHARLOTTE BECKER

A STREET SONG

He knew no call of hearth or home—
A strolling piper, old and gray,
Who cheered his fellow mountebanks
With tune and jest the livelong day;
And often one sad little song
With this refrain they heard him play—
"Ah Colinette,
Do not forget!"

One noon, within a dusty street,
They spread their cloth of scarlet down,
Where harlequins should leap and dance
Betwixt the antics of the clown;
And all the while the piper played
As if a spell rose from the town—
"Ah Colinette,
Do not forget!"

The village folk drew close about,
And on the outskirt of the throng
A worn old woman bent her head
And dreamt of words unuttered long;
Then, scarce more loud than passing wind,
She breathed an answer to the song—
"Ah Colinette
Could not forget!"

A GARDEN IN GREECE

Beneath these ilex boughs the air is still
As some deserted shrine whence life has fled,
Some tomb that holds the ashes of the dead
Deep hid from living eyes; dank grasses fill
The silenced fountain's bowl, where once at will
The water sprites held sway—now in their stead,
An ancient satyr nods his drowsy head.
Unhindered, Spring by Spring, prim daffodil
And pale narcissus people as their own
The dusky paths, which echo nevermore
To pipes of Pan, nor strains of Phœbus' lore,
Nor naiad's laugh; for years have turned to stone
The gods of eld—and solitude shall keep
A world-long vigil o'er their place of sleep.

IMAGINATION

I am the flame that springs from ev'ry fire
Of youth, or skill, or genius, or of strength;
I am the wind that smote Apollo's lyre,
And made sweet music through Eola's length.

I am the sands of ancient Egypt, where
Strange caravans pass through the warm, still gloom;
I am the phantom isles, the mirage fair
That lured forgotten races to their doom.

CHARLOTTE BECKER

I am the waves that beat upon the shore
Of Camelot and harked to Merlin's call.
I am the cloak of darkness Siegfried bore;
The talisman that loosed Brunhilde's thrall.

I am the fragrance of the forest trail,
The whispered voices of the trees above.
I am the heart of romance; and the veil
That hides with tender touch the faults of love.

I steal through cities and I haunt the moor,
I draw my scarlet thread through time, unfurled;
Though rich in gold, who knows me not is poor—
Who knows me holds in fief the whole wide world!

By permission of *The New England Magazine.*

THE RECKONING

Love taught me all I knew of bliss,
Love taught me all I knew of pain—
Lured me with laughter and disdain,
Then made me captive with his kiss.

He vowed no pleasure I should miss,
Then swift he wounded me again—
Love taught me all I knew of bliss;
Love taught me all I knew of pain.

So deep we sounded grief's abyss,
My heart to beg release was fain;
Ah, would my pleading had been vain,
For now I but remember this:
Love taught me all I know of bliss!

ARDEN

THERE is a wood wherein the thrushes fling
Their very hearts away in melody;
Where dryads have a home in every tree,
And wood-gods haunt the shadow, murmuring
Fantastic lures; where tawny lilies swing
Their fragrant bells, and bees hum drowsily;
And breezes woo the pale anemone
With tenderness that breathes the soul of Spring.

Here Summer may not pass, nor Autumn rest
His blighting hand, nor harsh winds wend their way;
Beneath these boughs the wonder of the May
Shall never fade, nor Love deny his quest
Of happiness, nor beauty lose its truth;
For Arden's forest is immortal youth!

THE COST

From *Harper's Magazine*, copyright, 1903, by Harper & Brothers.

TO-DAY is only won from yesterday;
The flower must lose its sweet to dower the bee;
The breeze is gathered in the great wind's way;
The river bears its largess to the sea.

And we must pay for laughter with our tears;
Mint coin of sorrow for each cherished breath
Of happiness; buy knowledge with the years;
And give our lives to know the peace of death!

CAMARADERIE

To share what eyes have seen and ears have heard,
To know each other's language; and to feel
The larger meaning of the spoken word,
The subtler nearness silences reveal.

PIERROT

The Muse, his foster-mother, bids him wear
A merry face—although the skies are gray,
And night should bring him but a nest of hay
Within the new-mown fields. "For earth is fair,"
Laughs she, "and hearts lie open wide as air
To him who cheers them." So, from day to day,
In gay grotesques he sings upon his way!
Alike at peasant hearth or palace stair.
All through the sun-stained countries of the South
The people know and love this white-frocked mime
Whose eyes speak sadness, but whose laughing mouth
Brings only maddest whimsy or glad rhyme
As plea for shelter—yet, from high or low,
None meets a dearer welcome than Pierrot!

ENVOY

Say not, because he did no wondrous deed,
Amassed no worldly gain,
Wrote no great book, revealed no hidden truth—
Perchance he lived in vain.

For there was grief within a thousand hearts
The hour he ceased to live;
He held the love of women, and of men—
Life has no more to give!

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

THE CITY OF LIGHT

The Pan-American Exposition.

What shall we name it
As is our bounden duty,—
This new, swift-builded fairy city of Beauty,—
What name that shall not shame it,
Shall make it live beyond its too short living
With praises and thanksgiving.

Its name—how shall we doubt it,—
We who have seen, when the blue darkness falls,
Leap into lines of light its domes, and spires, and
walls,
Pylons, and colonnades, and towers,
All garlanded with starry flowers!
Its name—what heart that did not shout it
When, from afar, flamed sudden against the night
The City of Light!

Amherst House, Buffalo, May, 1901.

THE COMFORT OF THE TREES

McKinley, September, 1901.

GENTLE and generous, brave-hearted, kind,
And full of love and trust was he, our chief;
He never harmed a soul! Oh, dull and blind
And cruel, the hand that smote, beyond belief!
Strike him? It could not be! soon should we find
'T was but a torturing dream — our sudden grief!
Then sobs and wailings down the northern wind
Like the wild voice of shipwreck from a reef!
By false hope lulled (his courage gave us hope!)
By day, by night we watched,—until unfurled
At last the word of fate!—Our memories
Cherish one tender thought in their sad scope:
He, looking from the window on this world,
Found comfort in the moving green of trees.

ALINE GLENNY

A SONG

Come to us, Joan, the wild woods cry,
I long for you, sigh the murmuring seas;
The sweet summer days like birds fly by,
The wind moans softly among the trees:
Come to us, Joan, we yearn for you;
Our love is tender, trusting and true.

The fountain murmurs with tear-drops clear,
For you the heart of the red rose bleeds—
Come to us soon for we want you near,
Dearest, we need you, the white dove pleads;
Come to us, Joan, we yearn for you,
Our love is tender, trusting and true.

CAROLINE MISCHKA ROBERTS

THE ROSE OF AVONTOWN

Once bloomed a rose in Avontown
A rose as red as the morning;
Its thorns were sharp but its heart was gold
And diamond dew-drops its cup did hold,
A rose for a bride's adorning.

A bride there was in Avontown,
The bride of a bright June morning,
The lovely rose she chanced to see,
And said: "'Tis what my life will be,
I'll pluck it for my adorning."

"For," spake the bride of Avontown,
"The thorns are for grief and mourning,
With a petal for youth and one for health,
With another for fame and two for wealth,
And the heart for love, life's adorning."

Now as she was wed in Avontown,
In the blush of the bright June morning,
The rose's red petals all fell away
And nought but the thorny stem did stay
With the heart of gold adorning.

The bride waxed old in Avontown,
The bride of the bright June morning,

Her rosy dreams long flown away,
But happy was she, though bent and gray,
For love stayed, her life adorning.

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LULLABY

THE Moon hangs low in the eastern sky,
The Sun hangs low in the west,
The Evening Star in the heavens is high,
A gem on the Twilight's breast;
And each one says that the time is nigh
For tired wee folk to rest,
So cuddle ye close and cosily lie
Tucked in your warm white nest.

THEKLA ADAM

MARCH

This is the month when wild-flowers dream.
All winter they have slept,
Still as the dead, in frozen ground.
No lightest dream has crept
Through any drowsy flower-heart.
Now March has come,
Faint visions warm the chilly earth—
A sleep less numb
Is theirs. What do they dream of there?
Of slopes that sun
Themselves in April light? Of streams
That gurgling run
Half-mad with joy? Of the sweet breath
Of ev'ry lovely thing
That breaks the mold? Of these, and all
The sweet, sweet joys of Spring.

JANE F. DOWLING

(MRS. ROBERT B. FOOTE.)

ROSEMARY

If for each tear I've shed, a joy might spring
Into thy life, dear heart!
How gladly would I shed them all again
And so depart
Upon my way, glad that my life a price
Could be
For thy tranquility.

If for each hour of joy I've spent with thee
In days gone by,
Thou wilt retain a tender memory,
Mayhap a sigh,
'T will help me face the future steadfastly,
Though life will be
A path long, dark and shadowy;
A saltless sea,
With thee alive, though dead to me.

S. CECILIA COTTER KING

(Mrs. William A. King.)

FEAST OF SAINT CECILIA

What thrilling vibrations,
What soulful cantations,
Enrapture the heart on this drear autumn day!
Making God's sunshine rush back to the meadows,
Making the songsters recall their sweet lay.
Seraphic voices sing, glorious their Antiphon!
Bright ranks of choristers swell the grand tone,
Cherubs pronounce the song,—
Fling it the strings along
Of harpsichords glad.

God touched the love note;
All nature responded,
Cecilia's soul echoed the joyful refrain,
And harmonies captive impetuous break forth,
When trumpeting angels her festal proclaim.
Then wondrous the power is,
And magic the spell 'tis
A creature creates.

O soul, in which hides
And trembles and bides
The thoughts of our God, set to music sublime!
Touch softly our heartstrings. In tune and in time

S. CECILIA COTTER KING

Our years be as hymnals, our days their sweet
stanzas,
Until, Saint Cecilia,
Our lives blend with thine
In diapason divine.

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ

KEATS

A Fragment.

O POET whom Apollo taught to sing
And gave the lyre antique whose muted string
Sang never clearlier than at thy sweep
Of hand the bright, deep, mighty themes asleep
In memory and long forgot, arise
And visit with thy rare, immediate eyes,
Thy diadem of sky, thy robing air,
Thy throne of earth, and hear thy granted prayer,
The sea, awaited minstrel of thy court,
Before thee eloquently echoing
Thy long desire!
Despite thy mortal spring
Thy promised gifts to ripeness learned to grow
Till now hope's autumn rounds th' empurpled glow
Of all thy wanton-clustered fancies fair.
Chill reason's frugal fingers, guessing where
Most luscious hung these arbiters of cheer,
Plucked prudently thy store and, marking year,
Finds richer to the taste of practised lip
Thy joy and tragedy.
Then hither trip,
Ye lissom Mainads of the secret dell,
Boon Bakchanals, and ye of steep and fell,

O pious guardians, the sequent host
Of piping Pan, and ye who bleach the coast
Where dulcet strains of music amorous
Met your forever-listening ears till thus
In wreck of fallen flesh, quite dissolute,
Yet listening still, ye dropped a prey to brute!
And thou, queen vigilant, drawn from the height
Of heaven, snowy with erected light
Of contemplation, Dian, most romantic
Become above thy Latmian whom frantic
Thy virgin arms and eyes and kisses drave;
And ye, once more devising how to save
Olympos, Titans bent beneath the hoary
And rock-ribbed mountains, hear rehearsed your glory,
Strife and damnation, and declare if e'er
Your protest toned profounder voice than there
In his recorded guess deemed worthless care!

OBSCURITIES

To-day you see a rose
And only color glows
And speaks;
To-morrow still it reigns
But other gifts contains
And seeks.

As for the rose your eye,
So for the poem try
All ways;

If never twice the same,
To rose or eye no blame
But praise.

PHILLIPS BROOKS

NOT like a star he dwelt apart austere,
Shining diminished through the airy deep;
In midmost of the line his helm and spear
Made warriors of all and banished fear.

JAMES S. METCALFE

THE LAST LOVER

Tired of earthly loving,
Weary of earthly sin,
Weighed down with earthly sorrow,
Thy peace I fain would win,
Dear Death!

In thy pale arms enfold me!
Thy damp kiss on my brow
Shall bring me peace at last, love;
I fain would have it now,
Sweet Death!

And thy love shall last forever,
And thy constancy alway,
So tarry not, my lover,
But come, yes, come to-day,
My Death!

CARLETON SPRAGUE

J. G. M.

A score of years and ten have past,—
How stealthily they steal away our days,
These silent robbers of our opportunities,—
Since first this friend
Came to our City's gates;
Came all unheralded; and unequipped was he
With that on which
The world sets greatest store,—
Wealth, friends powerful, position ready-made,—
These and their like he lacked,
But in their stead
Some precious gifts were his, gifts not the rarest each,
But in the happy combination found in him
How rare!
And first, a mind well trained,
Stored through long, studious hours
With wealth of knowledge gained
In journeys wide through book-strewn paths, which,
Tracing out an hundred devious ways,
Converge at last
Before that lofty temple, whose white portal
Bears the inscription "Culture,"

But a single word, than which
Few higher titles name
The best of any age
Since man began to find his best expression.
And his the sweetness of the gentle great,—
Best gift of God,—
And his wide tolerance, broad sympathies
And love of fellow men.
They, feeling this, and taking his warm hand,
The kindliness flowed into them
And all were better men
Because he came and lived within their midst.
This human influence
Toward what is good in us,
This quickened flow of finer impulses
Which dormant lie
Beneath the weight of every day,—
To stir these by mere presence,
By character's involuntary worth,
Is to attain to heights few mount,
Is to behold the Promised Land.

January, 1904

BY AN UNNAMED WRITER

THOUGHTS ON A LONE OAK

GREAT, grand and gnarled Oak, continually
Thy weary arms seem reaching into space;
Of time and tempest still thou bearest trace;
Beside thee stands no sympathizing tree
To whisper comfort in thy lonely place:
The parting sun sinks silent o'er the sea,
His light a passing glory rests on thee;
I see *Endurance* crowned and hide my face!

Like thee, old Oak, I, too, have stood apart,
Beaten by winds, forsaken and forlorn,
I stretched my arms to unresponsive air;
I said in bitterness be strong my heart!
Now, life's delusions from my soul are torn;
I, too, can storm and isolation bear.

1893.

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

BLIND POLYPHEMUS

All day upon a grassy slope I stretch
My vast uncertain limbs. About me stray
The sheep I used to watch, whom still I turn
My darkened eye upon, and I can hear
The patter of their feet, stray near, stray far.
I hear as others see, and still my voice
Has worship with the sheep, they come at call.
Sometimes I lie so still the new-weaned lambs
Huddle against me when the wind blows cold,
Sometimes they leap upon me in their play.
They fear me not, my sheep have never feared.
My hand was only harsh against my kind,
And those fell creatures whom the gods gave souls
To vex the Mother with their restless lives.
Aye, such as he, the wily Ithacan.
For one long year I saw him, day by day,
Against the scar-seamed curtain of mine eye,—
His quick frank smile, his eyes that read one's mind
Yet never gave me glimmer of his own,—
His lean strong arms and broad, brown, knotted
back,
And his gaunt followers all like to him
As little foxes to their keen-eyed sire.
And each day, for a year, I felt my way,
Down to the beach, and washed the healing wound,

And laid my head upon the cool wet sand,
And cried to Father Sea to pay my score,
Tenfold redoubled, on the crafty one;
To drive him rudderless on outer seas,
To drift him wide of port, to suck his men
Deep into eddying water-pits—to death;
And then when, day by day, his blurring eyes
Had strained, to heart-break, for a sight of port,
To show him land, and then—to strike him blind.

But peace has come at last. My brothers deem
Because I rage no more, that I am mad;
Because my sight is turned upon myself
And I see dimly where the brute has lain
That made my heart his lair, and find it foul.
I cannot drive my past into the past,
My memory holds, but I shall curse no more.

And often I forget,—when at my side
The old ram crouches, legs beneath him bent,
And round his wrinkled horns I grip my hands
And pillow soft my face upon his flank.
Sleep comes—the blind may sleep as sweet and deep
As those whose eyes are weary of the day,—
And at my side the ram lies quietly—
He guards me now, for once I guarded him.

And Zeus grants one delight;—when day is gone,
When night blinds all, my sight comes back to me;
And I can see, as last I saw, the day—
The great blue breathing deep—the black ribbed slag
That Titans flung from Ætna's forge to cool

Amid the breakers and away, beyond,
The coast of Italy.—Again I see
The hazy hills where graze my brother's sheep,
The olive trees that bow themselves and peer
Down grassy gullies, and the timid joy
Of almond trees in bloom.
When morning comes
The ewes unbidden crowd about my knees,
And with blind hands grown gentler than of old
I milk them one by one;— then pasturewards
I follow them who one time followed me.

A BALLAD OF DEAD CAMP FIRES

I.

Food for the horses—lots of it—upon the bluff,
Sure to be a spring in a pocket of the hill,
There in the deadfall for a fire wood enough,
Here's the place for bedding down—
Whoa! Stand still!

Throw off the saddles, untwist the hackamores,
Loads off the burro and the pack cayuse:
One shall wear a bell to keep the stock in ear-shot,
Twist the hobbles round their legs and
Turn them loose.

Here on the spot where a fire crackled last year,
Scrape the charry faggots off, kindle one anew;

Men and seasons out of mind each band that
passed here,
Lured by feed and water, stopped and
Made camp too.

Sage-brush to kindle with,
Quaking-asp to glow,
Pine-roots to last until the dawn-winds blow;
Oh smoke full of fancies,
And dreams gone to smoke,
At the camp-fires dead long ago!

II.

Here used to camp with squaws and dogs and
ponies,
Long before the coming of the pale-face breed,
Blackfeet hunters, Bannocks and Shoshones,
Laying in their meat against a
Winter's need.

Warm in their blankets, weaving savage fancies
Out of the smoke that veered above the blaze,
Fortunate hunts, the foray and its chances,
New squaws and ponies and the
Head Chief's praise.

War parties lurk on the trails to the hunting
grounds,
Treachery enters where the tepees spread,
New scalps dry in the Absaroka villages,
The lodge-poles are broken and the
Fire is dead.

Sage-brush to kindle with,
Quaking-asp to glow,
Pine-roots to last until the dawn-winds blow;
Oh smoke full of fancies,
And dreams gone to smoke,
At the camp-fires dead long ago!

III.

Here later on came the man whose race is sped and gone,
Born white, burnt red under wind and sun;
Life in the one hand, rifle in the other one,
Traps on every creek in which the
Beaver run.

Feet to the fire, watching where the eddies spin,
Pine smoke eddies, while the damp logs sing,
Conjuring visions of mighty packs of beaver skin,
Good for gold in plenty at the post
In the spring.

Trail to the traps in the creek at the break of day,
No trail back and the sunset is red;
Two eagles wheel above the brush at the beaver dam,
A timber-wolf is howling, and the
Fire is dead.

Sage-brush to kindle with,
Quaking-asp to glow,
Pine-roots to last until the dawn-winds blow;

Oh smoke full of fancies,
And dreams gone to smoke,
At the camp-fires dead long ago!

IV.

Gone bow and quiver, lance and feather bonnet,
Smooth bore and beaver-trap, buckskin jacket, all—
Here is the stage—but where the actors on it?
Dead to our plaudits, and the
Vain recall.

Still one shall hear the coyote in the moonlight,
Still hear the bull-elk whistle up the sun,
Still the old orchestra carrying the tune right,—
Oh wasted music; for the
Play is done.

We, too, shall act our parts on other stages,
Spinning out fancies while the Fates spin thread.
Heap up the fire then, keep the present cheery,
We must hit the trail, too, when the
Fire is dead.

Sage-brush to kindle with,
Quaking-asp to glow,
Pine-roots to last until the dawn-winds blow;
Oh smoke full of fancies,
And dreams gone to smoke,
At the camp-fires dead long ago!

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

THE TETONS AT DUSK

The sun has dropped behind the range,
The twilight saddens hill and tree,
A moment now the world is strange,
A shifting fairy world to me.
The same terrain spreads mile on mile
From mountain base to mountain base—
But Nature wears her vision-look
Upon a changing face.

From early years, of sterner ways,
On shadowy steeds—from Deadman's Keep—
The spectres of heroic days
Across a haunted twilight sweep.
Soldier and scout, whose dust, perchance,
Still drifts about the sage-brush plain,
Keen hunter, eager emigrant,
Start forth to life again.

A moment—and the silent band,
Down trails that thread the wastes of Dusk,
Ride back once more into the land
Beyond the old day's yellow husk;
And like grim warders of the Past
The Tetons loom, with shoulders white—
Their mighty backs forever set
Against the gates of night.

A SLEEPING PRIESTESS OF APHRODITE

She dreams of Love, upon the temple stair—
  About her feet the lithe green lizards play
In all the drowsy, warm, Sicilian air.

The winds have loosed the fillet from her hair;
  Sea-winds, salt-lipped, that laugh and seem to say:
"She dreams of Love, upon the temple stair,

"Then let us twine soft fingers, here and there,
  Amid the gleaming threads that drift and stray
In all the drowsy, warm, Sicilian air,

"And let us weave of them a subtle snare
  To cast about and bind her, as to-day
She dreams of Love, upon the temple stair."

Alas, the madcap winds, how much they dare!
  They wove the web, and in their wanton way,
In all the drowsy, warm, Sicilian air,

They bound her sleeping, in her own bright hair—
  And as she slept came Love—and passed away—
She dreams of Love, upon the temple stair,
In all the drowsy, warm, Sicilian air.

TO AN OLD FRIEND

A kindred taste in books—the better kind,
  A love for humor—of an honest vein—
  A turn for talk, for verses, and a strain

Of Scottish blood—last, but not least to mind,
A joy in vain debate; all these combined
Have made us young together—spite the score
Of years you rank me, and the little more
Of gray above a brow no deeper lined.

But to keep young together—how solve this?
Who reads the riddle never need grow old:
To leave the heart unlocked, that naught in vain
So it be worthy—yes—though it be pain—
Shall seek the door: old friend I cannot miss
The simple answer, by your own life told!

THE ROSARY

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My Rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end and there
A Cross is hung.

Oh memories that bless and burn!
Oh barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn,
To kiss the Cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the Cross.

SERENADE IN SEVILLE

All murmur, all motion is hushed on the Prado,
Concita,
No echoing tread in the dark street is heard,
I stand here alone at my heart's El Dorado,
Carita,
Waiting for one little word.

Aslant the Giralda the moon pours its riches,
Concita,
And through the dark church draws a pathway of light;
The saints are asleep in their shrines and their niches,
Carita,
We only are wakeful to-night.

All Seville is sleeping about me, above me,
Concita,
Alone in the dark I am waiting for hope or despair,
So drop me a token to show that you love me,
Carita,
Or drop the stiletto that gleams in your hair.

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

POEM DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, MAY, 1901.

I.

Great Sister of a peerless sisterhood,
Dear Sovereign of a sovereign people's realm,
Thou whose strong hand first gripped the waiting helm
Of the bright ship whose chart reads — "Liberty" —
And turned her prow into the Western sea,
We, in thy name, and as thy people should,
With arms extended, and the door wide thrown,
Welcome thy sisters of the mighty name,
To all that thou hast willed should be our own.
To thee — to them — thy sisters, not in blood,
But of one heart, of purposes the same,
Throughout whose veins exults the untamed flood
That drives the pulse of all who would be free,
This labour of our hands and brains and hearts,
Man's palm in Nature's struck and hers in Art's,
At the chief Commonwealth's fair farthest gate
We dedicate.

II.

Enchanted city where the dreaming soul
Conjures the minarets of far Cathay —
And half expects along some waterway
To hear all Venice in a barcarole;
Mistress of moods, across whose changing face
Half of old Spain and half of Greece we trace;

Hither the nations of the West have brought
Fruit of their labour, flower of their thought;
Best of their best beside our best finds place:
The Saxon vigor vies with Latin grace;
And tithes are paid in product and in art.
But in all this the past as well has part.
The imperial cities of the world have shown
Tributes as beautiful at worthy shrines;
Something is here that moves on different lines;
A master-thought that we would claim our own;
A magic word—a dominant that cries
Insistent through this fugue of industries.

III.

Some magic word in all achievement lies—
What word is ours?
If for a moment one
Might quite undo all that man here has done,
Should level to the earth these towers that rise
Hued like an opal in the morning skies,
And bid this radiant city's murmur cease;
Should lull the distant town to silent peace,
Still clanging engines and discordant cries,
And hearken as this spot in long-gone years
Hearkened with Nature's myriad woodland ears,
Out of the awful gorge whose throat pours forth
The song of all the waters of the North,
The magic word, from that vast consonance,
Clear as the Voice that in the primal night
Spoke to the waking world, "Let there be light!"
Should greet his listening ear beyond perchance.

IV.

A Force—that from the daybreak of the years
Has sent its voice above the roaring mist,
Has flung this magic word to heedless ears,
To savage, or to untaught colonist;
A Force—that knew its power yet could not gain
Man's hand, and lacking this its power was vain,
Linked with the knowledge of this later age
Flashes at last into its heritage.
A Force—whose voice acclaims to us to-day,
"Behold the Genius of the Century;
Whose beckoning hand as yet we only see
Stretched from the unseen—pointing out the way.
Yet not forever will she dwell apart,
Follow her guidance with unflinching heart,
With limbs in which no faltering finds place!
So at the last perchance ye see her face!"

V.

Type of the sprites who wait before the throne
Of the great kingdom, of the Great Unknown,
To future ages winged messenger;
Old as God's lightning but to us whose ken
Sees but the distance of the deeds of men,
Youthful as yesterday, a child new born
Just waking from its sleep, yet whose first stir
Jars the old order from its groove outworn.

VI.

Yet there is more that we would dedicate,
Something that makes these great things doubly
great,
Outside the scope of Science and of Art,
And labour's handiwork; within the heart,
O city beautiful, the heart of thee!
Child of the sunset and the inland sea,
Thou art the rainbow promise that we span,
A glowing message to the heart of man,
Across the threshold of the years to be!

* * * * * * * * * * *

We saw him go, who is but lately sped,
The old great century whose Fathers came
Out of the smoke, that with his birth turned flame;
And still we almost seem to hear his tread,
Slow, slow receding, firm unto the last,
To see him dimly with his unbent head
Leading his hundred years into the past,
Among the great centurions of lesser fame.

VII.

We know too well, with all his great emprise,
His nervous grasp on power, unclouded eyes,
His will to profit by free thought and speech,
When sullen nations grappled each with each
That he was only impotently wise.
The great wars thundered in his infant ears,
The great wars shook him in his later years;

Beneath the curtain of the stricken field
By Glory's riddled banners, half concealed—
He saw the tragedy and called it crime.
But heir to all that was, last child of Time,
He found no cure for what his soul abhorred,
And when he passed, his right hand held the sword.

VIII.

Now swing the doors upon a threshold new:—
The nations press in eager tumult through,
And with wide, careless eyes about them peer.
The pageant of the present fills the gate,
The clamor of the instant holds the ear
Till the brass portals to the echoes ring;
And man, contented with to-day's estate,
Recks not the future, howsoever fraught.
Almost it seems the steeds of action spring,
Unreined by judgment, into mid-career,
And drink no longer at cool springs of thought.
But there come moments when resistless need
To pause, to ponder what the new dawn brings,
To what adventure the dim highways lead,
Lies like a silence at the heart of things;
And who then listens with a will to heed
Shall hear, from out the mist that like a ghost
Hovers among the turnings of the way,
The murmur of a great awaking host,
The laugh of bugles in the breaking day,
And nearer drawing, nearer, nearer yet,
The trampling horse that bears the first Vidette.

IX.

What do they bring to us, these marching years?
Come they as embassies, or with the sword?
What legend on the pennons of their spears,
Defiance or long peace and sweet accord?

X.

Alas! the years with empty hands draw nigh,
They do not come to give, but to demand;
And to the question we must make reply:
"What do ye bring to our expectant band?"
The right is theirs, and we are they who ought
To meet them bearing gifts, with us it stands
To set for good or ill, within their hands,
The tools with which the present must be wrought.

XI.

O sisterhood of all who bear the name,
Ye do not seek alone a widened mart;
A larger thought than trade is in the heart;
There is a nobler and a truer aim!
The "Know thyself" engraved above the door
Of Delphi's oracle we alter here,
To "Know each other"—better—more and more,
Tenants in common of the hemisphere!
For Prejudice, so near akin to Hate,
Has Ignorance to serve him. Will ye wait
A fairer time? What time so fair as now?
What time so ripe? Clasp hand in hand, and thou,
O herald year, bear witness to our vow!

XII.

"Among ourselves, whatever fate may be,
We will not strive—except for Liberty;
Of varied speech, of varied lineage sprung,
Deep in our hearts we speak a common tongue.
When clouds drift low across the sombre skies,
When questions nettle and debate shall rise,
This mother-tongue of all who would be free
Shall seal our scabbards and unseal our eyes."

XIII.

And thou, my Country, whom God's hand has made
Greater of stature, heavier of blade
Than these thy sisters, it must be for thee
To give the password of the Century.
For thee by thine ensample to illume
The road that stretches towards the marching years,
And so to lead that there shall be no room
For home-bred cavil, or for alien sneers.

XIV.

"Oh, beautiful, my country," so he wrote,
Our Lowell, for whose peer we wait in vain,
Art thou less beautiful because the stain
Of tears is gone from off thy cheeks? Shall we
Less freely all we have to thee devote
Than did our Fathers, who gave all for thee?

We hear the little prophets of no hope
Whose eyes scarce reach the level of thy knee,
Cast doubt upon thy splendid horoscope,
Because thy robe's hem only can they see.
We know thy garments sometimes touch the mire,
We know deep waters sometimes cross thy way,
We know thy limbs must often bend and tire,
But we have faith and stronger hearts than they.
For well we know, though flood and mire be deep,
Thy steadfast feet upon the causeway keep;
And well we know that with unshaken will
Undaunted in whatever quest may be,
Above thy head, yet golden with thy youth,
Thou bearest the sacred fire of the truth,
The vestal of the great humanity
And Virgin still!

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